GOVARDHANRÁM MADHAVRÁM TRIPÁTHI'S

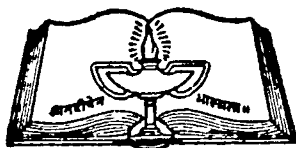
SCRAP BOOK

1888-1894

Manuscript Volumes I, II, III,
IV—Part (i)

Edited by

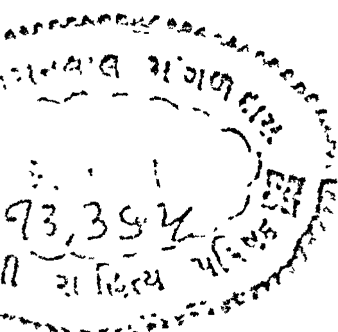
KANTILAL C. PANDYA
RAMPRASAD P. BAKSHI
SANMUKHLAL J. PANDYA



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SOME CHOICE EXTRACTS

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* The numbers in brackets in the text refer to notes and translations given on page numbers 201–204.

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SCRAP BOOK—MY FRIEND

What is the meaning of writing and writing and writing in such books? Hereby I sometimes note down my conclusions to prevent their loss; sometimes I make myself exact thereby; at other times I ease my heart by pouring it on paper. I have no friend to talk to except myself. When I turn over these pages, I feel reminded, sympathised and consoled; I look and blush at my weak moments as reflected here. I take courage and strength from here. The current that flows, now forward and now backward, can be traced here with greater continuity. My strength and weakness are here, I can take lesson from the one during the nightmare of the other. Need not be ashamed or afraid of what may be said hereof by someone into whose hands this may fall in future. Personally I have not to hear what he will say. Philosophically saying, he may benefit by the study of an underground life like mine. If he harms himself by this—how I can help it? I do not think that this will harm—but all things are capable of being abused, and he who does not guard against a likely abuse is to blame. Well, this is my private affair, and if the private be destined to be accessible to others—let those others be left to use their discretion and destroy this if fit. The Great Will has it that I should will, and I will to write, for what looks fair and proper, so far as my horizon can extend. There my duty ends.

Scrap Book II

10-7-1891

FOREWORD

The last of the seven volumes of Govardhanram Tripathi's Scrap-Book, edited by Dr. Kantilal C. Pandya, was published in 1957. The type-scripts of the remaining six volumes were ready, and Dr. Pandya had, in spite of his failing health, gone through them and almost prepared them for the press before his sad death which occurred in October 1958.

A final careful perusal and close scrutiny of that material seemed necessary. Footnotes had yet to be added and explanatory notes remained to be appended. It was fortunate that Shri Sanmukhlal J. Pandya had been, from the very start, closely and actively associated with Dr. Kantilal Pandya in the handling of the material. I happened to come into a corner of the picture when, in May 1958, I was invited by both these friends to go through the type-written copies of the first six volumes of the Scrap-Book. I am glad of the opportunity, which I thus got, of being of help to Shri S. J. Pandya, who, after Dr. Pandya's death, has borne the brunt of this undertaking.

The prefatory remarks anent Vol. I, penned by Dr. Kantilal Pandya before he died, have been prefixed to that portion in this book. This present foreword, therefore, has particular reference to Govardhanram's volumes II and III. These, between them, cover the period from 5th April 1891 to 6th November 1893. The inclusion in this book, as a matter of convenience, of a few pages of Vol. IV brings the period covered by it down to April 1894.

This was an eventful period in Govardhanram's life. It was a period of vast reading and deep reflection, of intense creative and critical literary activity in the midst of frequent illness, a dread of failing eye-sight and anxious parental duties such as the marriage of

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Scrap Book II

10-7-1891

This last mentioned topic is again taken up in the portion of Vol. IV included in this book. In this portion the author deals also with such topics as Vedanta and Ethics, the Mental Freedom of the Jnani, the position of women in Patriarchal Society and, once again, the Transmigration Theory.

In the literary domain Govardhanram has already earned a lofty pedestal of glory. The very high reputation he enjoys stands firmly on the critical appraisement of his literary works by foremost Gujarati scholars. The Scrap-Books have a value of their own. They take us round the writer's intellectual workshop and let us have a peep into the recesses of his heart. The reader is often left wondering which of the two, the head or the heart, prevails over the other in Govardhanram's life. He will, I expect, ultimately conclude that while the head predominates over the heart it is not allowed an autocratic sway. The head decides, but is not heedless of the heart's advice. Each question, whether professional, financial, social or domestic, is judged and decided after a remarkably patient weighing of the pros and cons in the scales both of benevolent sentiment and austere reason.

It will be interesting to compare this allotment, by Govardhanram, of spheres and functions to the head and the heart with the part played by himself and by his noble wife in dealing with domestic matters. I shall leave it to the reader to see for himself how Govardhanram and Lalitagauri were complements of each other in the true sense, and how they jointly dedicated themselves to the service of the joint family.

"What is the meaning of writing and writing in such books?" asks Govardhanram in Vol. II of his Scrap-Book. He has, perhaps, taken this question out of the mouth of the likely meticulous reader. But he has answered it well:

> "Hereby sometimes I note down my conclusions to prevent their loss; sometimes I make myself exact

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That "future" is now, here. And "what may be said hereof" is going to be, I dare say, a high tribute to the magnanimous soul.

RAMPRASAD P. BAKSHI

INTRODUCTION

I

It is a curious episode of the literary history of Gujarāt that the Scrap-Books portraying the mind—Manorajya—of one of its greatest savants, the author of *Sarasvatîchandra*, remained unpublished for over 50 years. As Govardhanram would have put it the "Great Will" willed that way.

These Scrap-Books were written between 1888 and 1906. The author never intended to publish them. Govardhanram treated them as his faithful personal friends and confided to them his mind and heart for his own relaxation, guidance and development.

Several admirers of the author, beginning with his dear friend Prof. T. K. Gajjar and later Ranjitrām Vāvābhai, Balvantrāi Thākore and others had attempted to publish these Scrap-Books but fate did not favour them. In 1955 various literary associations of Gujarāt celebrated the Birth Centenary of Govardhanram and decided to perpetuate the Author's memory in different ways. A Smārak Samiti—Memorial Committee—was formed in Bombay under the Chairmanship of the late Shri Krishnalal M. Jhaveri. This Samiti purchased Govardhanram's house at Nadiad for Rs. 25,000 and handed it over as the Author's "Smriti Mandir" to Dahilaxmi Library for maintenance and also arranged to re-publish his five important literary works which had been out of print for many years. But above all the Smārak Samiti was anxious to publish the author's Scrap-Books which had not seen the light of the day even once. The estimated amount of Rs. 10,000 for printing the Scrap-Books could not be collected by the Samiti. The present Publishers of these books therefore offered to contribute about half the cost of printing them.

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The Sahitya Akademi kindly indicated its pleasure to render financial assistance to this scheme to the extent of Rs. 2,000, on the recommendation of its Advisory Board for Gujarāti in its fourth meeting presided over by Kakasaheb Kalelkar.

Shri Dayaljeebhai M. Vadera of Jinga, Shri Becharbhai G. Patel of Mombasa and other friends generously offered to contribute the balance through the good offices of Dr. Ramanlal K. Yajnik.

Thus the valuable Scrap-Books of the celebrated Author are now being published for the first time. We acknowledge with gratitude the financial and friendly assistance received by us from all quarters.

The publishers and the Smārak Samiti approached the Author's daughter-in-law Shrimati Shantaben and his granddaughter Shrimati Mandākiniben in 1955 with a request to allow publication of the Scrap-Books. They placed the old manuscripts in our hands for which the lovers of Gujarati Literature will ever remain grateful to them.

The Late Dr. Kāntilal C. Pandya, himself a gifted writer and the author of "Shriyut Govardhanrām", and his devoted daughter Rajaniben took up the laborious work of preparing copies from the manuscript, the pages of which had turned brown and brittle with age, and could not at certain places be easily deciphered. Kāntibhai, as we fondly called him, and Rajaniben did an admirable job and prepared first copies with great care and perseverance. It is an irony of fate that Kāntibhai did not live long enough to see the publication of these books—which were so dear to him.

After Kāntibhai's passing away Shri Ramprasad P. Bakshi went through the Scrap-Books once again in his scholarly way and made very valuable suggestions. The Editors had many pleasant and profitable hours together comparing notes and impressions on various

points. Sharing their profound admiration for Govardhanram, they worked as a fine team with the result that all the Scrap-Books could be prepared for publication in a remarkably short time. Fortunately, they had before them for their guidance an excellent standard laid down by the Author himself, for publication of books like these. Regarding 'Lilāvatī Jeevankalā', the author had noted, "I am writing, in memory of Lilāvatī, not a biography in English fashion, but such of the relics of her thoughts and reflections as are of general use to the public . . . and my ideal is not to write after her death what she would not have suffered me to attempt when she was alive. I shall love what she loved" (3-3-03). To all those who have helped in bringing out the Scrap-Books in the above spirit Gujarāt owes a deep debt of gratitude for the difficult work done by them.

The 7th and the last volume of the Scrap-Books was comparatively in good condition. It was therefore published before others on the occasion of the opening ceremony of the "Govardhanram Smriti Mandir" towards the end of 1957. The remaining Scrap-Books are now offered to the literary world of Gujarāt. We are grateful to Shri V. V. Bambardekar and his colleagues of the India Printing Works for handling the complicated text with appreciable willingness and care.

II

Even a casual glance at the contents will take the readers far into the fields of literature, history, politics, sociology, metaphysics, religion, ethics, science and philosophy. Govardhanram, the thinker, continuously turned the searchlight of his mind on men and matters and illuminated all subjects that it touched. The man, the artist, the philosopher, enlivened these pages with a kindly grace and broad sympathy that were so typical of him. As the title implies, the Scrap-Books contain the jottings and musings on episodes and problems that came across the

earthly life-span of a noble and enlightened soul. Govardhanram's observant and sensitive mind registered like a camera-lens varied facets of life with his characteristic equanimity Samata—समता—even when it was momentarily ruffled one way or the other.

The Scrap-Books will have an abiding place in Gujarāti literature because they contain the basic raw material for *Sarasvatîchandra*—the Author's *magnum opus*. In the Scrap-Books an interested student will have a full view of the thought processes and struggles of a great mind and a magnanimous heart, while in *Sarasvatîchandra* he will find these processes moulded into various artistic forms. In this connection we cannot do better than to invite the attention of the reader to the Author's introduction to the first volume of *Sarasvatîchandra* and the masterly epilogue at the end of the fourth volume of this immortal classic, in which he has built a magnificent bridge between his lofty ideals and the realities that surrounded him.

Repetitions of certain themes are inevitable in such Scrap-Books of an introspective nature. They show the development of an enquiring mind and the intense inner urges of the Author who was always punctilious to do his duty to his higher self and to contribute to the well-being of society in general:

सर्वभूतहिते रतः

In order to keep before his mind's eye his object of retirement, he noted down in the Scrap-Book in various ways: "My duty, my mission, in life is to train people so that they may be fitter to take care of themselves" (22-8-99). He reiterated the above objective again and again because he was anxious not to waver when the right moment for relinquishing his active professional life and devoting himself entirely to the muse presented itself to him. These notes reveal that when he was weighed down by adverse forces he regained his equipoise by unbounded faith in the

Superior Wisdom of the Great Will. Some readers will find such repeated references comforting and exhilarating. The Author always aimed at absolute moral standards and was therefore unwilling to accept work anywhere, particularly in the Native States (7-1-98). He disliked sitting in judgment over others because of his innate sense of fair play and justice. Verily Govardhanram's life was a Dharmakshetra—धर्मक्षेत्र—and a Kurukshetra—कुरुक्षेत्र—an arena for performance of duties to all dear and near, to his country and to God. He did not merely preach "Practical Asceticism"—he lived up to it. Truly he attempted to be a Sthita-prajna—स्थितप्रज्ञ—a person of unperturbable—objective—mind who had obtained inner peace.

The reader interested in the life of Govardhanram will read with feeling the warm and handsome tributes paid by him to his wife Lalitagauri who inspired the famous character of Gunasundari; to his daughter Lilavati "the holiest soul that sanctified my home" and who inspired the Author to write a unique biography—*Lilāvatî Jeevankāla*— (15-1-02); to his mother who "brooded as a guardian angel over my home" (10-4-04); to his father "the most unblemished object of my dutiful solicitude" (29-7-97); to his loving and wise uncle Mansukhram to whom has been dedicated the first volume of *Sarasvatîchandra* and whose heart was "nobly free from jealousy—broad in sympathies and views" (9-4-01) and to his friend Prof. Gajjar with whom he had "reciprocal communion of mind (20-6-03).

Those interested in the times in which Govardhanram lived would find his jottings very interesting and fascinating on the subjects of British Rajya and Native States and their leading personalities, Curzon and Ripon, Gladstone and Chamberlain, Dadabhai and Ranade, the Maharao of Cutch and the Gāekwād of Baroda, Mansukhram and Purshottamrai Jhala, Samal-

das and Manubhai, Manibhai Jashbhai and the Desais of Nadiad. The Author's references to Kalāpi and Nānālāl, Anandshankar and Narsinhrao and many other contemporary literary figures would prove very interesting to the lovers of Gujarati Literature. As a Novelist, the Author has depicted many facets of the Joint Family System through his colourful and living characters but as a student of sociology he reveals in his Scrap-Book "My lesson from all this is confirmation of my views against the system" (16-9-93). Readers interested in developing their minds and personalities would find his notes on his programmes of studies very useful and instructive.

III

From times immemorial philosophers have ploughed their lonely furrow and have often traversed life wandering—

"Remote unfriended, melancholy, slow."

Govardhanram has therefore noted: "So, I resort to the often successful art of thinking on paper" (5-3-98). To the casual readers of the Scrap-Books many details would appear small in themselves but to Govardhanram's penetrating mind they had relative importance in the scheme of things and they often led him to weighty conclusions for his personal reference and guidance. The Artist and the Novelist, the Poet and the Philosopher, "Exempt from public haunt, saw books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

For those who wish to delve deep, here are the scraps of an enlightened—*Lokottara*—mind, of broadest sympathies, that created an epoch—yuga—after him in Gujarāt. Here are the pages for those who wish to see attempts made to live a life according to the tenet of the Gita:

निर्द्वन्द्वो नित्यसत्त्वस्थो निस्त्रैगुण्यो भवार्जुन ।

For them the Scraps are fascinating and illuminating.

To the admiring readers of *Sarasvatîchandra* who care to tarry and have a peep behind the plot of the novel these Scrap-Books would provide plenty of thought-provoking material of absorbing interest. The jottings here are straight from the heart, depicting interplay of forces in a life that had more than its usual quota of adversities but which to that noble soul were blessings of the "Great Will" in disguise. Thus was evolved the Author's philosophy of consumption —उत्सर्गसिद्धि—to be consumed doing his duties regardless of consequences, pleasant or otherwise. In pursuit of his ideal Govardhanram exclaimed:

> "Heavens! draw upon me the fragrance of a sweet and thrifty small home, to enable me to think of my country, for my soul and my God and to rear up the few little plants that are entrusted to my impotent humble hands—more I do not want" (9-8-98).

Repetitions of such prayers in any language have been the beacon lights of humanity. Many such gems render these Scrap-Books great and well worth a study.

8th March 1959. SANMUKHLAL J. PANDYA

MY OWN IDIOSYNCRASIES

My *sentiments* and *feelings* are of late ejected by my philosophy, and circumstances have fostered their ejection. Desire for fame, for money for itself, love, sensitiveness to reproofs and censures, etc.; these are fled like vapour, and I am the happier for their absence for good. May they never return. A *sense of Duty*, work as a corollary of life and Duty; a desire for quiet and security and peace; if these coquettes would glance at me, a preparedness for all toils and turmoils; if the coquettes choose to keep off their prudish faces, an utter disregard for the results of things out of my control; these constitute my strength or my faults, whatever they may be. I like to have them because they are my duty and my only happiness in the midst of a life that is not much obliged to Dame Fortune for any special favours beyond her continued support and endeavour "to keep up my frail and feverish being", in the midst of monsters that would have eaten it up and hurdled it down long since, but for this desire of this Lady. Whatever my vicissitudes in the future, this phase is not likely to wear any improved colour in this life which is destined to play the great fun of striving, with its best energies as a matter of Duty, for ends that are involved in a hopeless prospect of aping and pantomiming. So the Will wills, and it will be no small obligation from this Dame if she only enables me, as she has done till now, to laugh out with perfect amusement all the rest of the World in which she spins this Ego-point of 'I'. If even this favour is denied to me, why, then I ought to appreciate the remark of Swāmi Krishnānand "रोनेमें भी और मजा है". I agree with him there; only the advice is no discovery to me.

Scrap Book III
29-8-1893

PREFACE

Govardhanram came to Bombay to practise at the High Court in August 1884. He started this First Volume on the 1st January 1885. Naturally he had then little time to give to it, and for a long time it remained a Scrap Book only, containing various references to what he read and to what he planned to read, with summaries, extracts and abstracts as he thought fit.

It was three years later, on the 9th February, 1888, that an important essay on "Shall we live after Death ?" was put in: it took just a little more than four pages of the present Scrap Book. Perhaps the question exercised his mind; as perhaps he got some replies from science, he put them here to think and remember better. His "Sarasvatichandra" Part I had appeared a little before (in 1887), and this must have given him considerable confidence.

Still another essay came again three years later, in 1891. This year was indeed very important in his literary life: not only the second part of "Sarasvatichandra" was then being written, but the Vols. I, II and the beginning of the III of the Scrap Books came in in 1891.

The true Scrap Book character was thus modified more and more till Govardhanram's own thoughts, comments, experiences and life, which distinguish his Scrap Books, replaced and filled up the older scrappy character.

Excellent accounts and descriptions followed on "The Consent Age Bill" (now almost an academic question, but treated with great soberness), "Forming Temporary Opinions", "Duties to the Country"

and exhibit new organisms! If death often is the conversion of organic into inorganic matter, it also often means the birth of a new, and perhaps a higher organism. May not our death be often a birth? Life such as we know means organic condition, birth is the transformation of one such condition into another: and may not death be birth?

The embryo lives in, and feeds upon, the mother, and the identity of both is for months together inseparable, so far so that the mother's death would be the embryo's and the separation of the embryo, if premature, would mean the dissolution of the embryonic organism. And during all this time, this organism is being developed and fitted for being in a higher state after separation from the mother. All along it is confined within the uterine walls, with no other organ than the umbilical cord, and yet containing a distinct set of seeds of new organs, now lying idle but destined to work in a higher stage of life. The whole organism is in fact preparing for disappearance of the embryo from the womb and for living separate yet.

Similarly man lives in and feeds upon the world—the mother-world—and the identity of both is for years such that the world's destruction would be the destruction of our physical organism. While living we are confined within the walls of this world—we are, like the embryo, unable to break them and to see beyond them. Our eyes, our ears, our mouths, form but a most complex umbilical cord through which we draw in and correspond with the sustaining elements which the womb of the mother-world pours upon us. Our heart, our brains—all—beat, or pulsate, in harmony with what circulates in the veins of the mother-world. And yet, at this very hour is being prepared and developed within us an organism which is as much distinguishable from anything that the embryo had, from anything that this physical world is full of, as our crude organism in the embryo was from anything that the human seed had contained, from anything that

was in the world of the womb, where our embryo was nurtured. The organism which is so distinguishable within us is our metaphysical or spiritual organism. An organism is a bundle of systematically related capacities which manifest themselves when exercised, which grow and develop by their own force and by external force. The organism that exhibits itself through thoughts and feelings, which are but the exercise of capacities—this our spiritual organism is unique by itself, corresponds to nothing else that we know, consists of no physical matter, and is often in perfect order, even before the moment of death. The embryonic seeds of future organs depended upon its environments and had grown up under this influence. Our spiritual organism grows up under the influence of its environments, whether within or without the physical body, and hangs as it were upon their health. And yet we know that the dependence is not immutable or inflexible. When old age wears out the whole external frame, when the eye and the ear are dead, when the whole body is asleep, even then does the spiritual organism live and work. Nay, we know of cases where the death of the eye sharpens and enlivens this internal organism. It also often happens that old age makes the spiritual organism more perfect. It sometimes happens that the moments of its being in most brilliant working order are the moments before death. Why does this new organism exist within us? To what end is it so prepared?

Are we not warranted in thinking that when we are separated from the womb of our mother-world, that when the physical walls of the spiritual organism allow it to pass away from their midst, the spiritual organism may then pass off to have a more developed life in some still outer world? The human seed, when separated from the parental organism, was divested of its previous organism, which to it was as good as dead. So is the hard dead-like kernel of the dead fruit, and yet it begets an organic tree. The umbilical cord dies, and is

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was in the world of the womb, where our embryo was nurtured. The organism which is so distinguishable within us is our metaphysical or spiritual organism. An organism is a bundle of systematically related capacities which manifest themselves when exercised, which grow and develop by their own force and by external force. The organism that exhibits itself through thoughts and feelings, which are but the exercise of capacities—this our spiritual organism is unique by itself, corresponds to nothing else that we know, consists of no physical matter, and is often in perfect order, even before the moment of death. The embryonic seeds of future organs depended upon its environments and had grown up under this influence. Our spiritual organism grows up under the influence of its environments, whether within or without the physical body, and hangs as it were upon their health. And yet we know that the dependence is not immutable or inflexible. When old age wears out the whole external frame, when the eye and the ear are dead, when the whole body is asleep, even then does the spiritual organism live and work. Nay, we know of cases where the death of the eye sharpens and enlivens this internal organism. It also often happens that old age makes the spiritual organism more perfect. It sometimes happens that the moments of its being in most brilliant working order are the moments before death. Why does this new organism exist within us? To what end is it so prepared?

Are we not warranted in thinking that when we are separated from the womb of our mother-world, that when the physical walls of the spiritual organism allow it to pass away from their midst, the spiritual organism may then pass off to have a more developed life in some still outer world? The human seed, when separated from the parental organism, was divested of its previous organism, which to it was as good as dead. So is the hard dead-like kernel of the dead fruit, and yet it begets an organic tree. The umbilical cord dies, and is

replaced by the organic life of the eyes and the ears and the mouth. What element is wanting to *induce* us to the belief that when our present organs wither away like this cord—that then our spiritual organism will replace them? The belief is but an induction * as ordinary and complete as any other that we make. The logic of induction should teach us that we shall live in the future and that the certainty of a future life is real for us as for the embryo.

17th March, 1891.

SOME QUESTIONS OF RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY

The Atheists are said to believe that matter makes up all existence. Now this is not quite accurate even as a statement of their belief. There is *Force* besides the matter, and both are believed, but it is said that matter has properties, and Force is a property of matter, and not an independent existence. Now philosophically this is a confused statement. Nobody has shown it more clearly than the great Atheist, John Stuart Mill, that matter is as much unknowable as Spirit, and that the only thing known is Sensations; and Sensations are a variety of Forces. It may be reasonable to assume matter; but rather than say that the assumed unknown matter generates and contains the known and Visible Force, it is better to say that Force moves dull matter and that Force makes it visible and tangible, and clothes it with shapes and colours. Matter may or may not be, but Force *is*, and makes itself felt by spirit and matter both, or by itself, if there is neither spirit nor matter.

This Force works visibly and invisibly, and the very name of it means that it is Living in a sense. But is it Animate in any way?

We know by growing from the known to the unknown. It is said that the Universe is working sub-

* Not quite an Induction, but something between an argument from Analogy and an Induction.—G.M.T. 20-11-91.

ject to laws, and that therefore it is Inanimate. But is not every organism working subject to laws ? Even our intellects and volitions are subject to more or less plainly discerned laws. There is thus no difficulty in believing the Universal Force to involve a Volition and Thought, if there is evidence to create such a belief.

The Universal Force is a Self-Acting or spontaneous Force ; there must be a stage at which we must be forced to this conclusion, as we are forced to stop at a theory of Atoms nowhere found with bare or other eyes.

There is a conservation of Things in Nature. Nothing is born or dead in the sense of coming from *Nil* and passing into *Nil*. It is thus that motion and heat and light are eternal, and at least dormant everywhere. In fact, Force in these eternal shapes is omnipresent in a latent way, except where it puts on its own shapes and forms. The planets move and our blood circulates, because motion is patent and not latent here, and we call it latent when it ceases to appear, because what *is* was not, and shall not be, *Nil*. Gravitation is the latent motion which becomes patent when the earth feels its shock. The same is the conservation of Light and Heat. They vanish to our eyes but not in fact. There is no such thing as vanishing in fact. Is the flame of Intellect and Volition and Emotion, born of *nil* and to vanish into *nil* ? Is it not subject to the same conditions as Light and Heat and Motion ?

But this raises the question of Intellect, and its sisters. They are a force with an independent existence. They are said to be part and parcel of the brain matter.

The spiritual organism is distinct * from the wick and the candle of the lamp of brain-mass on which it burns and flames like a separate lamp.

* This Distinct Existence is proved in my previous essay 'Future Life'. The Brain is only a means to feed the Spiritual Organism ; it is the point of the Umbilical cord which touches the navel of the latter.—G.M T.

The light and heat and motion of this organism live in books and in other monuments, when the brain-mass is dissolved elsewhere. The flame on one wick kindles other wicks, and there grows by other oils. This is as much a Force as Heat, Light and Motion. It differs only in this that it is an *organic Force*. Could it not be that there is nothing at the bottom of this Force, that it comes from *nil* and passes into *nil* ? The Force is latent in us, but our bodies exhibit it in its patent glories, because the existence of the patent flame was latent before it shone.

If the Universal Force embodies Heat and Light and Motion, it also embodies Intellect and Volition and Emotion. Heat and Light and Motion are resolved into one of them, and called Motion, and all may resolve the other groups into one of them, Intellect. If self-action in the Universal Force involves Latent Motion, it equally must involve Latent Intellect, and that brings us to a Force with the Latent Animation of Motion and Intellect. If we, like the protoplasms and worms and spermatozoas lying in our bodies, without being conscious of our animation, cannot feel the Animation of the Universe in which we have our cells and lives, that is only a consistent phase of nature. Even when Man and Woman had not made their appearance on this planet of ours, the Force of Intellect which has patently exhibited itself in them—this same Force was lying latent on and in the earth (as the Force of Gravitation does in the unoccupied space between planet and planet), waiting for an opportunity to vivify with its energy the perfected mechanism which the Force of Motion was going to prepare. This same Force must be working its wonders in the distant planets and stars, and with the Animated Beings that must be there we are linked by reason of this same Force being in us as in them. Sure, the philosophy of a God of the Universe has always referred to this Self-Acting Omnipresent Latent Force that spins out the Universe of Sensations as of Con-

sciousness itself, and puts on the vestments of the ever-changing Shapes and Forms of so-called Matter and Mind—both equally mysterious, yet equally supervening over each other, like Night and Day, of which one can mean nothing without the other. Take away this Relative Object, and reduce it into its Absolute, and that Absolute is this Universal Force wherein all Relative Things are literally involved, wherefrom they grow and expand, and wherein they merge again. Creation and Destruction mean only the unfolding and the folding-in of this Drama of Relativity; but there seems to be no alternative to the proposition that the Author and Actor of this Divine Drama is One, and that He is His own Audience, Stage and All. Like the Rays of the Gravitation and of the Sun, whose motion, light and heat regenerate naught but themselves in the beautiful living planet, the rays of this Force radiate into one another and form themselves into the great panorama of Heat, Light, Motion, and Life and Intellect in all their glorious hues. Can we say that this Great Force, this Sun of Suns, is a mere Thing different from, and in itself devoid of, its own Rays? To say Yes to this, is to deny the Spontaneity of the Force.

In fact it comes to this. There is no proof of Matter or Spirit or Soul. All that is, is Force—One—without a Second—and all in all. Take away the phantoms of its forms and shapes which flash for a second of time and over a point of space at the command of this Force, and out of this Force what remains is the latent Force. Cannot call it eternal, because Time itself is but an idea created by the Force. Cannot say it pervades Infinity of Space, because Space also is a similar Form and Phantom flashed forth by the Force. There is simply The Force (i) Patent, so far as it works out the Phantom-Forms, and (ii) Latent, under other conditions. Even where it is Patent, we see not the nucleus but the juice that fills our mouths—not the

Wire-Puller but the Results of the Pullings which we feel and obey—ourselves being no more than a part of the Pullings and the Results.

The Pullings and the Results, the Puller and the Puller where he does not pull: these seem to correspond to Mâyâ, Ishvara, and Brahma—the drama, the actor and the poet all in One. The drama may close, the actor may retire, but the poet lives ever—capable of bodying forth the actor and the drama both, and yet capable of living without them and unaffected by them. What else than this poet is the Self-Acting, Latent, Absolute Force within whose invisible fructifying bosom lie in a state of convolution all those Forms, that We and our Worlds are, as in a self-opening valve? This Latent Force—this Nirguna Brahma—is the only Existence: It is made up of and makes up Existence. Whether it be made up of 'Chit' and 'Anand'—I cannot for the present say. The rest I think and feel by thought, and provisionally the thought seems to be the only reasonable—though not irresistible—conclusion.

22nd March, 1891.

If the Great Force that makes itself Patent, be Animate with the ultimate elements of Motion and Intellect, and if the intertexture of these two make us what we are, this animation is visible to us. But when the Force is Latent—and we cannot presume that it is Patent under all conditions—the elements must be latent too. Latent does not mean inactive, but invisible to our vision. The rays of latent gravitation between planet and planet are not inactive, but (are) invisible—undetectable, except by the distant results. Perhaps when our Spiritual organisms are detached after death from this worldly womb, what is now latent may become at least verifiable, if not visible. But I

do not see any present means of testing the nature of this Incomprehensible.*

25th March, 1891.

THE CONSENT AGE BILL (2)

I once began to write on the subject and discuss the pros and cons of the matter. For reasons stated on the paper, I discontinued the writing. The Bill is now passed. I felt unusually excited about the matter, both before and after this passing. *Firstly*, because the members of the Legislative Council, who discussed the Bill, seemed, each and all, to move in the matter upon pure sentiment, and upon merely theoretical grounds, not at all scientific or sound. *Secondly*, because that council seemed to work rather upon pressure brought to bear upon them by people in England than upon their own sincere convictions, as was clear from the cool self-collected speech of Lord Landsdowne at the first reading, which showed that the measure was a compromise to meet the audacious proposals which Malbari had managed to thrust upon them through the Secretary of State and other English influences. *Thirdly*, because the procedure adopted in order to make out a *prima facie* case for the Bill was most perfunctory, so far as the public or I could see it, no sufficient evidence being shown to have been collected for the purpose, matters being assumed and merely presumed rather than proved. *Fourthly*, because, with equal audacity, it was asserted that the measure was undertaken simply to educate the people, that it was likely to prove a dead letter, and that it was calculated by its educatve influence to bring about late marriages and improve the race.

These last and other matters discussed by the Council ignored the universally accepted principles of

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*परीक्षावेद्य—that could be known only by tests as a Sannyâsi said, two or three days ago at Mansukhram's house.—G.M.T. 20-11-91.

legislative morality which they seemed to take into no account. No case seemed to arise for passing such an Act, especially in face of the strong and universal disapprobation by the masses and in spite of the evil consequences which the Act will work upon individual families from a social point of view, and upon the girl whose husband will be sent to jail in order to protect her! It was said that these consequences were not likely, because the Act would be a dead letter: but in all enterprise-budgets the least income and the greatest expense must be put into the credit and the debit side respectively. When the Bill was passed, it was accompanied with mis-representations etc., so far as the telegraphic summaries could show. Nay, the Viceroy made the strange statement that only a minority was opposed to the Bill—a statement contradicted even by the Javer Bag Memorial. It was difficult not to be exasperated with this procedure from the beginning to the end.

The Bombay people in support of the Bill have repeated only one or more of the above reasons; they obtained credit from the Council, not because they reasoned soundly, but because the Council wanted to show that it was supported by natives, whom the Council called Intelligent, or in order to serve its purpose, but treated as fools or the like by rejecting their suggestions *in toto*. I think the treatment is significant and not quite undeserved. The conviction has grown upon my mind that there are no great men among the leaders of native society, if we were to exclude from great men those who never study great subjects before flourishing their crude opinions on them—those who are averse to think that man's unassisted brains can know but little of great things—those who, like God, but without God's capacities, wish to do by a *fiat* what they like in a minute—those who confound their likes and dislikes with reason and knowledge—those who think that their status in life implies a proportionate amount of wisdom in all branches of things.

I could not join these people for obvious reasons. I could not join the opponents of the Bill, because they were too unwieldy, because I was never an opponent of some measure on the subject, though I absolutely disliked the procedure of the Council and, to some extent, the form of the legislation. I did not raise my voice in the matter, because I was sure of its never being able to reach with effect those to whom I alone might speak.

This day I have lost my excitement. Sir Andrew Scoble's speech was in the *Bombay Gazette* for this day and I read it. That is a speech which makes sufficient amends for much of the past perfunctoriness, and brings out—as an able and true *English* Lawyer ought to do—the true *evidence* on the subject. I am satisfied with the nature of the evidence, and think that a case for legislation is now made out. I never had any sympathy with the rant and cant of religion, and the 1857 Proclamation and the Educative influence of the Bill. The Bombay people were fools when they opposed or supported the Bill on any of these grounds. But I feel satisfied that the Act has been passed for better reasons. I am glad that, if none else, at least the mover of the Bill has seen with his eyes, and not depended upon the imaginary pictures and assumptions drawn by *all else* without exception. I wish the Bill were different in form, but the case for a Bill being *clear* upon evidence, I think that the hardships which the Act will cause are properly overlooked.

As regards the excitement felt by either party, I think those against the Bill had most cogent reasons to feel excited. But the supporters of the Bill had no reason to be excited. Their excitement was as foolish as their stupid theories in support of the Bill. The amendments suggested by them were in keeping with their theories, and I approved of them, because if an Act were to be passed for mere theory, the amendments were necessary safeguards against the mischiefs,

which theorists supposed to be in power were deemed to be likely to bring about.

But those really in power have shown that they are not theorists, but have proposed to meet an actual state of things quite clearly proved; and, that being the case, they showed a practical shrewdness in not accepting the amendments, which would have nullified the Act. Such a nullification would have done not harm but good, if the Bill were intended to be a dead letter—a thing nullified in its inception. But the moment you wish the Act to be more than that, it would be absurd to nullify it. One stupidity may wisely be nullified by another piece of stupidity: you can't help it, when stupid people are at the helm and you are in the sleep. But we find that the man at the helm is not stupid and wants to do neither the one nor the other piece of stupidity, and that is as it should be.

26th March, 1891.

The only further matter worth being noted is the nature of Sir Andrew's evidence. It is clear that, at the first reading, he had hardly any evidence worth the name—so far at least as "the record before the public" went. A mysterious consensus of the opinions of some 50 doctors in Calcutta was alluded to. But there were no materials before the public for judging the value of those opinions; and to say it was enough that the Council had them, is to say that such a Bill could be passed upon bureaucratic grounds—which would be monstrous. We had subsequently Dr. Pechy's opinion which seemed to carry much weight with our romantic reformers; but, from personal experience, I have no regard for the reasoning faculty of this lady. She mentioned her experience in general terms and appealed to our higher sense of refinement, but brought out no *data* of her own particular experience. In such matters, as at law-trials, we should hardly be content with the conclusions of experts, but must probe into their premises. Dr. Pechy's premises are hidden still.

I do not think, if they saw the light, they would prove more than the effect of the bad climate of Bombay on our ladies. No value can be attached to mysterious opinions even of doctors, when they want us to have a dose of legislation.

The other evidence before Scoble, at the first reading, was the humanity suggestions of Malbari and English ladies and gentlemen in England who considered the wrongs of child-wives as of one colour with those of slaves. They are mere sentiments in these people and are no *evidence* for legislation. They may be very good grounds for *inviting* an inquiry, but not for proceeding as if they were the result of an inquiry. It would be preposterous to hold otherwise.

Now comes the evidence of public opinion *after* the first reading. If the reformers had spoken without contradiction, then their voice would have been some evidence. But when they were contradicted by the masses, by people equally educated among their own ranks, their general opinions are reduced to the worthlessness of mere *allegations* of biased witnesses. There is no reason for attaching more value to their allegations than to those of their opponents. Such allegations of themselves are mere assumptions and theories which the Government are bound to reject in the absence of evidence. Even if Mr. Telang had been subjected to some cross-examination on such allegations, it is nine to one certain that they would have turned out to be no evidence of any personal knowledge. When a country is split into two parties, it would be specially unjust and dangerous to act upon such allegations, particularly when they are made by a minority. Nay, even their allegations have been incomplete and inconsistent.

It has been asserted that the disease complained of is rarely found before girls finish their 12th year, that therefore the Act will be a dead letter, and that therefore it may be accepted as a harmless introduction of

a new principle into our law. This destroys even the semblance of any evidence, and Sir Andrew at the first reading supported his Bill on the ground that it would be a dead letter, and was required for educational purposes and for improving the race! To allow legislature to move upon admittedly 'no evidence' and to raise into being a positive enactment—not merely permissive, like the Widow Remarriages Act—but ordaining punishments which admittedly are without any occasion so far as evidence can show, or are destined to be invariably evaded and turned into a dead letter: this is in the one case a dangerous precedent, and, in the other, an ominous agency of national demoralisation—according to the practical common sense of the accepted principle of legislative ethics.

It is clear, therefore, that the Bill was first posed upon the public upon grounds not only insufficient but insolent and dangerous in the highest degree. These grounds have been now shifted in fact, and Sir Andrew, with a true lawyer's instinct, has discovered his mistake and rehabilitated himself into the proper position: for now he has made out some case.

He now rests his case—not upon mere general opinions of certain so-called doctors—but upon *facts* which, so far as they go, are based upon evidence. In the first instance, he has the admission of Sir Romesh Chandra Mitra that girls of the age contemplated by the Bill are, at least in some quarters, subjected to the treatment complained of. This statement has a value because of the attitude of Sir Romesh which guarantees that it is not a mere contention or bias: it is an *admission*. But if, even in spite of this admission, the old law were sufficient or the new law were sure to be evaded, Sir Andrew would have no legs to stand upon. He has shown, from the actual records of our Law Courts, that there have been cases in which child-wives of the contemplated age have been brought before our Courts for relief, which they have not been able to get on account of the state of

law. This is evidence that the old law has not sufficed for the ends now in view, and that the new law will not necessarily be evaded. He has shown other pieces of evidences—from disinterested English Officers, from native doctors, practising not in the mere Presidency towns but in the mofussil—to corroborate with tangible and actual cases the different parts of his evidence on the above matters.

He proceeds now, upon actual and proper evidence, to help those who are proved to need his help, and that does not aspire—upon monstrous grounds and with the sword of criminal law—to force the poor masses at his mercy to gulp down a piece of compulsory physical education, or to improve a race yet unborn—a feat which no criminal legislation can ever be justified in undertaking. I should have no objection to offer a prayer to God, at the instance of Satan, if I think myself strong enough to judge for myself about the value of his information and advice without being duped by him. If Malbari and his crew could place themselves at the bar of the Legislature with a brief for an Abracadabra; and if the Legislature, instead of acting upon mere faith on their so-called word of honour, finds that it has to meet an actual case, that it has actual evidence before it, then—why—it is welcome to act by such lights. We need not fear one thousand Malbaris being arrayed in this fashion. They could do good and not evil, if those who hear them act with open eyes. We need not deprive a Court of its power of punishing bribe-takers, merely because of a Ganesh Narayan Sathe with special motives for moving the Court: we should be both content and glad if we could be sure of the ability of the Court to do the good, without falling into the evil, which good as well as the evil is only involved in entertaining suitors of this description.

Sir Andrew's torpor has been shaken by the opposition, and he has at last found his way to set his professional instincts into their proper working order,

and has shown, by his treatment of the Javer Bag Memorial, that, as between himself and the body of these memorialists, the latter, and not the former, has been the real puppet, and that he was in earnest to pass more than an educational Bill. The danger which threatened the procedure of the Legislature has been thus averted, though lay people and even those lawyers and politicians whose instincts have been drowned by their enthusiasm, were or are conscious, neither of their danger nor (of) the averter. The fact of this unconsciousness and of our highest men having become subject to it—shows that we have not yet risen above the freezing-point of our political atmosphere—that we are not yet fit for a warmer temperature of our political life.

It bodes well for the Congress, only because Hume and Wedderburn are at its helm. The elective principle is not yet accepted in the Council's Bill: I think this is as it should be at this stage. Let the Congress aspirations thrive further at a more mature stage only. There should be 'Deserve before Desire' and the proved absence of one single soul among us who could see and show—who could know the right way to think, irrespective of conclusions; and, having so discovered, instead of prejudging, could have the power to convince, by the light of facts and Science and not prejudices, opponents and not mere friends; who could walk with more than wooden legs and could lead even the irresolute: this absence of even one such man proves the ghastly truth that our Political 'Deserve' has not yet arrived, and that some time must pass before the 'Desire' ought to fructify. Well, Truth is Truth, and Fact is Fact. Must take it.

The above discussion does not note down my own views on the matter of the Bill in question. I have not felt myself called upon to take the trouble of arriving at some conclusion on a point with which I have nothing to do. I am not one of the legislators, and my voice was never to reach the legislators. I

tried to write something while the excitement lasted, and discontinued it the moment I grew cooler and wiser. Nor have I in these pages dealt with the question whether the evidence *for* the Bill is sufficient in my eyes; for I have nothing to do with that question either. But I could not help noting the high-handed procedure of the Council in the first instance, the Bhil-dance of the supporters and opponents of the Bill who absurdly argued and foolishly spoke, and the ultimate healthy change in the line taken by Sir Andrew; though I could not, as said, feel inclined to give one or the other verdict in my mind, I could not be blind to the absurd arguments and the stupid procedure which the newspapers placed before me. The very reading of them brought home my conclusions as to the procedure, and I have troubled myself with taking them down as they contain a lesson which it would be a loss to forget.

I sympathise with the aim of the reformers, but cannot help hating them for their foolish reasonings. I sympathise with the opponents for the shabby procedure to which they and the Bill are subjected, but, if I think that the reformers reason foolishly, of the opponents I think that they do not reason at all, though their fears are not false. I congratulate Government for having, though very late, corrected their procedure and tried to see with their own eyes, though this correction was not equal to the task of correcting the first bad impression already created, and though the mistake of taking a leap in the dark has been retrieved only partially. For myself, I pity me that I was ever excited for this foolish squabble of other people, but congratulate myself for my present coolness, secured after all, and I reluctantly think that, but for this short excitement, I would not have seen or thought what has appeared above. This is drawing good from evil—a lesson more out of another stupidity. All right, I must be wise now at all events, which I should not be if I did not go to bed even after 10 p.m.

28th March, 1891

FORMING TEMPORARY OPINIONS

Mr. Keshavlal Ghodi says I am bound to form some opinion of mine on the Consent Age Bill; Kale said I ought to have joined its supporters, unless I was an opponent. Mr. Maneksha Tehaijisha said, I was not entitled to the rights of citizenship, if I did not make up my mind to support or oppose the Bill. Mr. Apte thought that my uncle being against the Bill, I was bound to follow suit. The other day Mr. Chunilal Sarabhai thought I was supporting the Bill, and that I was wrong there. Mr. Telang thought my uncle would be in favour of the Bill if modifications were proposed, and perhaps he thought similarly of me too. Mr. Manchhashankar thought I was against the Bill, and that I was arguing out the Bill in spite of my professing not to argue on the matter. Mr. Keshavlal Ghodi thinks I was against the Bill once and have been changing my views with the progress of the controversy. I told Mr. Narasinharao Divatia once that I would have the Bill with certain safeguards, and he saw an inconsistency in my being for this view, as the kind of evidence I wanted to exist for such legislation did not exist in this case. He was of course in favour of the Bill. I talked with him in the last Christmas. Mr. Keshavlal Ghodi thinks everybody must form temporary opinions on the topics of the day as a matter of duty.

If all this were true, I should be a strange beast, indeed. If it be not true, those who have asserted the propositions are incapable of seeing. Neither is the fact. I could never argue all sides of the question at each time with each person. Each addressee of mine thought the whole question was simple and consisted of but one thread or aspect; I have *always* maintained otherwise; but could necessarily not talk to each friend on all aspects, but confined myself to some one aspect in each case and my view on that one was taken

to be my view on the whole. Hence the diversity of opinions about my opinion. It is therefore to be remembered by him who would not be misunderstood, that "*He must speak the whole of himself, or must speak not at all*", a principle which I gave to Mr. Apte as one of my reasons for not being able to sign the Madhav Bag Memorial. I never think it my duty to be careful of not being misunderstood, when I turn myself into a mere casual debater with a bystander; nay, it has been my peculiar idiosyncracy to enjoy secretly the fun of seeing various people form various opinions of myself, as various glasses take in various reflections of one object, according as each side of the object faces each glass, and as the nature of each glass is capable of accepting a reflection. I could not make this fun in a public memorial, whether drawn up at the Javer Bag or the Madhav Bag.

As regards the nature of my opinion in this matter, I have no time or desire to form or draw up any whole opinion.

The religious aspect of the Bill, as it stands, is clearly *blank*, because no religious question is really involved in the matter, as it stands at present; but it may arise in future, if this Bill is a thin end of the wedge, as people fear, and as the Viceroy's second speech distinctly hinted in answer to those who wanted marriage before 12 years of age to be made voidable. The question, therefore, is, not whether this Bill is against religion, but whether it prepares the way for any attack on religion in future, and whether the machinery of our Government must command sufficient confidence to enable people to say that it will stop with this Bill and go no further, and, if it will go, whether one must resist now or wait until the attack becomes an actuality.

As regards the Sovereign's power to interfere in this matter, might is right, and the answer is one. As regards his justification in interfering from the stand-

point of legislative ethics, the question is a mixed one. Notwithstanding religion, the Sovereign may interfere in certain matters. Notwithstanding that the matter is social, Government may find reason to interfere. When the interests of minors are concerned, the Government is *bound* to take up the place of guardians and to control and punish them, even under Hindu Precepts. In each of these cases, a very nice and subtle but clear line of demarcation has to be drawn. Not the slightest attempt has been anywhere made in the course of this controversy to solve any one of these problems, or even to suggest that any such problem can or does exist at all from a scientific or political point of view. O tempora ! O the mores ! If no principles have been mentioned, of course they have been never applied. The verdict given by the Bill may be right, but it has been arrived at without any principles. The accused may be guilty, but here he is convicted and sentenced without discussing whether any law applies to him. The only thing to say in favour of the Bill is that at least it has been passed upon some *evidence*, produced though at the last stage; but the question is still unsolved what principles would rightly apply to this evidence and whether upon principles this evidence suffices. 'Likes and Dislikes' have solved the whole problem in this case, though the gloom over the procedure has been relieved by the late evidence. People say, and so would Mr. Telang say, "The whole is a short common-sense matter, and must be dealt with without any further thought.—The opposition is brutal".

The leaders of the Opposition would reason similarly. The whole question has been solved by making old and new *instincts* fight, and the latter are in power and so have succeeded. *I have got new instincts without doubt and am entirely of the opinion of Mr. Telang and Shri Andrew Scoble, from the very beginning, so far as my instincts have delivered their judgment.* But I think that my *instincts* are only a

more *educated conscience*, and a conscience is now acceptedly a bundle of "Likes and Dislikes". Political and Legislative problems should never be solved or guided by mere reference to such conscience, and the present Bill has been passed upon a sole and exclusive reference to *this* conscience, and not to that high and comprehensive conscience of Sovereignty, which must condemn a Bill passed without the application of the test of political principles, which can solve in a sager, subtler and *juster* way, the conflicts of Instincts. I see that this just way has not been followed in this case.

This then shows why I have not formed any conclusion on the point. The conclusion, in order to be formed, requires (i) materials which are not at my command; (ii) a knowledge of principles and of Science in which I am a noviciate only—a position which enables me to see the mistakes of lay men but not to construct my own case in the matter; and (iii) time and energy for studies which must call for patience and industry. It is said in that verse, than which nothing contains a sounder truth, that

"यदाऽकिंचिज्ज्ञोऽहं द्विप इव मदान्धः समभवं
तदा सर्वज्ञोऽस्मीत्यभवदवलिप्तं मम मनः।
यदा किंचित्किंचिद् बुधजनसकाशादधिगतं
तदा मूर्खोऽस्मीति ज्वर इव मदो मे व्यपगतः॥"[3]

Mr. Chandavarkar, when he called Nagindas an ass, was only showing himself to be this 'elephant', and he is only a type of all the wise heads who followed Nulker and Telang and assembled at Javer Bag or at Poona and the like. The masses of course are not better, and I sympathise with their proposal, simply because, with all its faults, it amounted to saying "Better preserve where we do not understand whether it be wiser to destroy". This minority and majority—both—are convulsing with the *fever* mentioned by Bhartrihari in this truthful sloka. I am no wiser than they—my instincts are with the minority —but I am free from this *fever*—and can realise my

ignorance exactly as Solon did when he solved the word of the Oracle with regard to himself.

People say I must form my *opinion*. Well, my instincts have formed it, but the same conscience, that rules these instincts, tells me that I must not wield it, like the sword in the hands of a mad man, over the heads of others—that I must not run amock. The advisers of Government have a *serious* thing to do, and those who undertake to advise Government must do so upon sound reasoning and *mature* conclusions, and not upon the footing of their instincts. Duties include Acts as well as Forbearances, and here my duty is clearly Forbearance; because I am not up to the standard of acting in the way of advising. Children are citizens; women are citizens, and so are insanes and idiots; but their duty is to hold their tongues in matters which are above them, and I feel that the present Question is clearly above me. It is, therefore, my absolute duty to hold my tongue. I think it was equally the duty of those assembled at Javer Bag to hold their tongues; they thought otherwise. I do not find fault with the resultant of the vision, but with the nature of their vision. Nulker's case is different, because he was bound to speak and advise according to his vision and his lights, as he was *appointed* for the purpose. Government did not call upon the Javer Bag people to give their say; they volunteered, and that makes a difference. A man who volunteers advice is bound to see, in the first instance, that he is fit to do so. The Javer Rag people either omitted to see, or proved unequal to the task of seeing. They were educated; why find fault with the uneducated masses at the other place?

As regards forming temporary opinions on such matters without any such end in view, I think it a luxury, and not a duty, to form them, unless this forms your object for some other end. One does not necessarily feel called upon to form an opinion on the

29th March, 1891.

The sloka cited in the above notes repeats a well-known commonplace adage. The words of such adages, by being too commonly repeated, fail in their effect, and the generality of the people repeat them for ornamental or rhetorical purposes, while their mental eye remains entirely vacant and blank, at what ought to strike them in the adage. It is, therefore, that high-truths which receive common currency in such adages are seldom perceived or realised, and far less obeyed. The man who would ask others to realise such truths, would stand the chance of being charged with prudery and self-exaltation, if he ever lectured on such a realisation in instances in life.

One more thing that strikes me at the present moment is the duty and necessity of abstaining from giving out in public views which are not matured, but are provisional, and likely to be changed; though by reason of the want of the particular faculty, or on account of its non-exercise, we generally fail to bear this mutability in mind, and forget to distinguish the conclusions of instincts and temporary impressions

from conclusions which require to be formed after qualifying our brains for them, and after sufficient industry and observation, experience and *study*. In cases of big people this non-distinction is made, not only by themselves but by their followers and admirers, and often even by the public, who only wait to listen to and catch what gospels drop from the lips of the great!

The words and acts of the Great being thus followed by the people, it specially becomes the duty of the Great to measure their words and weigh their acts and, in either case, to see that what is said or done is proportionate in depth and value to the greatness of the man, is the result of external research and internal deliberation, is prudent and foresighted, is mature and fruitful and not dangerous, is clear and not capable of misconstruction, and is exemplary.

MY MUNDANE DUTIES TO MY COUNTRY

I think I never spoke a greater truth than when I wrote in that long neglected essay on 'Practical Asceticism' what comes to this that I must be able to stand on my own legs before I teach others to walk. What kind of conscience is that which makes our educated men set themselves in action to do good to the country, before they have *studied* what their good will be? May it not be that what we, by *a priori* reasonings, consider 'a good' may prove an 'evil'? Cannot knowledge make us change our conclusions? I think we 'must' *know* by deep industry before we teach and act. I think there ought to be a sense of responsibility for the evil consequences which we may inflict on our country by our well-meaning follies; and there are tests for knowing when 'doing our best' compensates for an accidental folly. I justify the Congress because of our confidence in Hume and Wedderburn: we must have confidence in well-chosen leaders. But in other matters our leaders are

unfit. In view of these things, I would like to leave many things to our rulers rather than to our native leaders, for the former are at least most sensible people: look, for instance, how the best stuff even on our Subjects are spoken by Englishmen, and not by natives. My duty, therefore, is to attempt or wish or assist nothing before I study it. If natives act, I shall not hinder them. If Europeans act, I shall have some confidence. In either case, I shall look upon them as elements working out their own way by co-operation and counter-operation. I shall watch and study the development of the forces. I shall study other things also. I shall allot this function to me in the distribution of public or patriotic labour; I shall in the meanwhile write, as I have been writing privately and publicly, my notes and data. I am enjoying with breathless interest the sight of this Musidora, and shall try to fit myself for that time 'when I need not fly'.

3rd April, 1891.

PERSONAL NOTES

There was a day when I felt vexed by the idea that I would arrive at the age of 19, like the great Scipio, and yet would not be able to be even the shadow of him. There was a time when I felt myself fired into extraordinary raptures and aspirations by the oath which Hamilcar Barca gave to juvenile Hannibal, at the sacred altar in Carthage, as a condition precedent to the son being taken to accompany the father to Spain—the oath which made the "Illustrious Child" "swear eternal enmity to Rome". I have no time to trace the joint workings of these promptings and of the crushing circumstances of my life from that time till now. To the 'past' one must look for lessons only, and I shall draw them at further leisure. I must for the present think of the present.

My present must be such as would prepare my future.

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think that was a narrow and sterile programme. I begin to think now that military rebellion alone is a merely foolish subject of study. It was hardly in my mind at that hour that we should not even dream of deliverance by such a rebellion. I hardly thought it was the study of rebellion—though I could have seen it if I had thought a little more. It was laid down only as one of the 'everything' of which I wanted to be 'something'. The field of my practical activities is included in Life-Programme and Programme, and this is all "civil" as distinct from military, "Constitutional" as distinguished from "rebellious". It is something more definite and nobler than this description could define it. My present conception is only a development of what prompted me to lay down that "Programme" or "Life Programme" about my country.

To produce a particular *event*—be it a rebellion, or be it a political constitutional agitation or a social reform effervesence—this is too little for my mind and aspirations. I have told you, Mr. Tripathi, that it is beyond your orbit to be a 'Public' man or a 'citizen', which you would be the moment you attempted to produce a particular event. As Goldsmith said of 'Princes' and 'Kings', so you may say of such events

"A breath can mar them as a breath has made".

But there is another thing he valued higher:

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied".

I wish to produce, or see produced, not any this or that event—but a people who shall be higher and stronger than they are, who shall be better able to look and manage for themselves than is the present *helpless* generation of my educated and uneducated countrymen. What kind of nation that should be and how the spark should be kindled for that organic flame: these were, and are, the problems before my mind. I lay down this as, for the present, the only one fixed objec-

tive before me, and my *studies* will be my 'Skirmishers' and 'support', and, if I am not consumed during their time, the practical stage and active life will follow like the 'main body' of a battalion and see if they can achieve their purpose. If I be consumed *before* this practical stage has arrived, there remains nothing for me to do. I die then, like the soldier that dies on his post, without brooding on the events that may follow my conversion into ashes. I have nothing to do with these events, if I have played my own part well. Seeing must precede acting; and, if I die while seeing and reconnoitering, which operations are essential and urgent, I shall have done my duty so far as I could. There is no duty beyond capacity. Capacity measures duty, and duty fosters capacity. When the latent force of capacity has worked itself out at any particular point of this patent panorama of its creation, the latent must be latent again, and absolutely so. When this force ceases to work at the point which I call 'I', there is no sorrow and no joy. The 'I' is done up, and the panorama closes at that point, and so far as that point is concerned.

This development of my view changes some details of my programme of studies, as laid down in 1885, and restores 'History' to a place where it once was. It becomes my speciality of study now. What I have read during my last few days from Freeman's General Sketch and Payne's 'European Colonies' and Froude's 'Oceana', has brought home to my mind, more clearly than ever before, the soundness of my views as to the importance of History as a teacher on the points I wish to attain—as the store-house of lessons as to what my people should be made to be, and how this is to be done, if at all, and what potent seeds must be sown in what soil—in what season—by what implements—and by what husbandry. And when I bring to my mind that the soil is 'Indian'—a word that means an unfathomable Past and a vast and multiform and mysterious Present, Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra's 'Indo-Aryan'

seems a necessary but an infinitesimal geometrical point in this great Cube of infinite Superficies. I think the study must be undertaken whether I live to finish it or not. Without study there is no sight, and without sight no efficiency of action. I have been training up, like tender plants, and to such mental and moral growth as my circumstances allow, my children, my wife, my brother, and my parents. I must do the same for my country, must open my eyes, and see what and how I am to act for this end : and must begin to act at the point where my sight grows clear and my abilities can make me work. 'Sarasvatîchandra', thus undertaken at its own point, *works* without doubt, and people *feel* the book. This is a mere literary work and will work on Society. Other kinds of work at other times—in proper season—and not prematuredly.

5th April, 1891.

AN ILLUSION

Father's letter today says that he has sent me a Rs. 550/- Hundi payable on demand, and I have to pay it. They calculated a budget of Rs. 1,000/- Babashahi,[1] as the total expense for the pilgrimage; they have spent already Rs. 1,100/- Bombay currency, and now send me a further draft for Rs. 550/- ! Their pilgrimage is not yet over, and I may have to honour further drafts ! I shall not speak of collateral expenses for the pilgrimage ! I tried to be cooler by sleeping, but sleep would not come, and I only fell a-thinking instead of sleeping. I left my bed to seek refuge in reading and writing and professional work. That wonderful woman, my wife, is equally cool, and asks me to fulfil father's wishes; and gives me a sermon in support of her advice. The occasion she asked me to remember was that he gave up his famine-saved meals without a word : and her sermon makes me only

[1] The old Indian Rupee, worth a little less than the English Rupee in the "Bombay Currency".

admire her, and at the same moment makes me think that my old parents do not show a corresponding sublimity of heart. Father is cool the other way, and never has an idea of the burden he places! However, I cannot take his contradictions into consideration in performing my duty to him, which, as I laid down two days ago, is to fulfil his aspirations, whether I like them or not. But I have duties to others, and the position into which he reduces me makes me come short in these duties. That upsets me again—and the difficulty to which he puts me, compels me to think how his habits are to be respectfully cured. This difficult problem excites me and I could be calm again only by reading the significant 'Akâshodara'[1], 'Pavana'[2], 'Sinha'[3] and the like from my Snehmudra.

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[1] આકાશોદર, [2] પવન, [3] સિંહ poems in Govardhanram's સ્નેહમુદ્રા.

NOTES

P. 1—(1). The subjects of the first two essays are characteristic of the breadth of Govardhanram's mind being related to Science and Religious Philosophy. For a succinct statement of Govardhanram's theory of the World-Womb please read his Sanskrit verses at the end of Scrap Book III.

P. 9—(2). The Consent Age Bill has now only an academic interest. But Govardhanram's treatment of the topic is both original and in the true traditions of a good lawyer. He is not less frank with regard to his own difficulty of arriving at an opinion. It may be mentioned that "Sarasvatîchandra" Vol. 2 was in press while this was written.

P. 21—(3). "When, with little knowledge, I was blind with conceit like an elephant blind with rutting, then my mind was filled with vanity as if I was Omniscient.

But when I learnt a little more from wise men I realised that I was an ignoramus, and my conceit was gone like a fever."

—Bhartrihari.

P. 27—(4). "A wise man ought to think of and pursue learning and wealth as if he was never to grow old, never to die."

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GOVARDHANRAM SCRAP BOOK II
1891

5th April, 1891.

I feel frozen by what I referred to in yesterday's notes. On the one hand, I have to fulfil the extravagant aspirations of rank superstition with a sense of filial duty; on the other hand, the extent to which I have to carry the performance of that duty conflicts with my parental, filial and conjugal duties to provide for those who are under my charge by those duties and to provide for their *substantial* mundane interests. It was a killing sight, at one time, to see that I could not so provide, and that my 40th year was nighing. God enabled me to provide in some way during the last year, and I felt quieted, though I felt nervous at the idea that my own old age, which must steal upon my shattered health very early—if I lived to that age—was absolutely unprovided for. I got over that nervousness by resignation; I am now once more threatened with the defeasance of the provisions once made; the defeasance has set in already in one way. The whole cash is swept off by the absurd views which I, in filial duty, feel bound to respect. If the cash had been swept off for more substantial good to father, I would not have felt at all. However, I must meet the case as it is, think like the *lion* and feel like the 'Vanasamriddhi'[1] and philosophise like the 'Andha Timira'[2] of my 'Snehamudrá'[3] and leave matters to take their own course, under the superintendence of the Great Force that must know best how to work itself out in this matter.

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[1] વનસમૃદ્ધિ. [2] અન્ધ તિમિર. [3] સ્નેહમુદ્રા. Names of different Stanzas in Govardhanram's poems.

"THAT ADMIRABLE WOMAN"

"The present peace (in my family) is wellnigh secured by the awful resolution of that admirable woman, who came to my family in her 13th year as a sharp girl of promise, who has made herself sweet to my heart by proving equal to all the trainings of life and soul which I hitherto wanted her to undergo, whose latest change of disposition by superhuman self-control, for a girl of her age and education, compels me to adore and make *arti* to her soul—to her goodness—to her virtue—to her understanding and to her moral power—a stage of things beyond expectation or dream a year ago: a woman who has turned my house into heaven; a woman for whose being my wife, I give my greatest thanks to God! a woman who has proved in some way superior to myself—she to whom my mother, so very frequently and so exaltingly, turned and said 'Here is my Gunasundari', when I read to both the manuscript of my second part of 'Sarasvatichandra'. . . . She has made her sole aspiration—a part of her life and soul—to be the means of making me and my parents and all who may come under her 'happy', and she coaches me to aspire the same way. . . . As long as she rules in my family—over me and others, the family must be at peace."

Scrap Book I, p. 26.

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My individual duties leave no present alternative; I must witness the sight like Noah. I must also take a severe lesson for the future, and see the line of duty clearly, though even now I think I committed no mistake in committing myself to the *course* which has resulted thus.

Lalitá goaded me to do my duty by taking this ominous *course*; she did it rightly; she undertook, for herself and in her own way, no less than what I took on me in my own way. She has acquitted herself more nobly and gloriously than myself; in her sickness and health, she has kept sister's children close to her bosom and has put up with the other lady with a magnanimousness which mother might envy and love her for. Looking to her, Lalitá, and to my other circumstances, I feel that I must do what my Bhut does in the 19th verse of 'Pavana Lahari'[1] in "Snehamudrá", with this difference that both Bhut and its dear one were dead, while both I and Lalitá are living: so works out the Great Force!

As regards the lesson to be drawn, it is this. I have, no doubt, to fulfil father's aspirations, however superstitious; for under the circumstances which God has brought on upon him, it is my duty to see that father does not feel that my money is not his, or that he has no independence of action. But while allowing all this, I can see that I would never have felt it a duty to give up my own independence of conscience, even if father's firm were thriving and I were poorest. I asserted that independence in his good days as a matter of duty to my God, and must preserve it now without making him feel it so far as may be possible.

I have not any patriarchal sense of filial duty. Father's and mother's desire for pilgrimage was an ordinary Hindu aspiration, and it would have pinched my conscience if either of them had died without

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[1] પવન લહરી.

satisfying their craving in this direction. I, therefore, acceded to my wife's suggestion to incur the great sacrifice which I willingly undertook for the purpose. But he aspires to build a temple for the domestic idol; this I cannot comply with, under my present pecuniary circumstances. The duty to keep together the bodies and souls of himself and of the other members of the family is a higher duty, which I should be unable to provide for, if I acceded to his request; and I cannot break this duty in order to enable father to attain a religious luxury. If time comes or necessitates, I should be clear on this matter and should not allow a false hope to grow up, as it does now, on account of my silently listening without answering to father's proposals in the matter, which he says he only entertains remotely at present. My maxim in domestic management is "While everybody is to have his or her liberties in my family, the liberties of no one are to go to the extent of clipping the necessary liberties and moral rights of other members, including even minors"; and, in applying this principle, I firmly place the elders and the youngsters on one equal and uniform footing. To allow otherwise would be to encourage family-tyranny and check individual growth. I only allow this tyranny and check upon myself and on my wife (as forming a *willing* part of myself in the matter), when I or she could think it noble and necessary to do so.

I write down this for future guidance. We feel these little adversities sometimes, but she then teaches me to bear them gladly like the good Shravana [1] and herself tries to set me a beautiful example by her own acts without words. All right. It is a great attainment to learn how to bear the cold-blooded and cool destruction of Rs. 2,000/- for the sake of sheer superstition, resulting in the further destruction of a substantial security. It seems 'He who gives does

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[1] શ્રવણ the ideal Hindu Son.

take' and, in order to be a practical man of business, one must see his way to closing his eyes to what is past—to cease brooding upon and feeling, not only the irretrievable past, but also the indispensable present, and the inevitable future; and it can make no difference whether these past, present and future have been brought on by the Unseen Agency or by the visible hand of foes or friends or the dearest ones or even of your own self—for, behind these visibles, there always is the Invisible Wire-puller, and your business is only to make the best of what you find.

That is the Statesmanship of Life: as awful here as at the helm of a drowning Empire; but there is nothing in human art, if one is not equal to this occasion and to this task. My life has been, from the beginning, a trial of this kind, and the wonder is, not that I do not feel it as others do, but that I feel it at all, and cannot act even now like one accustomed to this sharp pinching. I have wasted time in writing all this, but, if that killing of time kills and deadens my inner nerves to this inner feeling, then the time lost is a sufficiently productive consumption—as I begin to feel that it is—a Laputan Flapper to awaken my absent-minded philosophy of the strength of Prometheus, *as said by the stars in verse* 14 *of canto* 70 *of my 'Snehamudrá'*.

7th April, 1891.

Look at it. L. R. Vaidya died, leaving a helpless widow, and they start a subscription. The pilgrimage drain on my pocket compels me to limit my subscription to Rs. 15/- only. Lalitá was very anxious to have herself and children including sister's children photographed, with sister's children exclusively in her lap and surrounding her in the group, and the other children left to Narhar, etc. She has spontaneously given up the idea after the news of the latest drain and demand. She wanted certain things for herself,

and was and is under pressing necessity to buy clothes for our children; she had half done the thing; after the news, she has stopped the remaining half, and has stopped the tailor. The beauty of the whole lies in this that she never expects to be appreciated or thanked, even mentally, for any part of this affair. Poor girl! or, Noble girl! At least better than myself.

SOCIAL COMPLAINTS AND REMEDIES

Malbári's only merit lies in having begun to act in some fashion, so that those who do not agree with him may show by example the way to act better. With all the fallacies involved in this *modus operandi,* it has some merit. It must divert people from talking into acting; but it also leads people to acting without thinking. The question is how to make both ends meet? I am not an absolute 'Let-Alonist,' though the negative method of my paper on 'Our Methods of Social Reform' led people into that impression. I distinctly hinted there that the positive side of my views had not been the subject of the paper.

8th April, 1891.

THE RAMAYANA

There are two distinct hands clearly traceable in the present volume of this work. One is the Puránic and the other the poetic. The poetry of Rámáyana is simple, charming and of a high character. If we keep this poetic portion only and exclude the rest, it will form one whole by itself with a poetic unity of action to connect it. The unpoetic portion is full of legendary mythology, and wants in the simplicity and charm of the poetic part; and the life it portrays is as distinct as anything from the life-portraits of the poetry. This is clearly a Puránic portion and is interpolated in the Puránic times by somebody who wanted to embellish the Poem according to his own tastes and has given his

touch to the fringes of the work. The Bálakánda and probably the Uttarakánda seems to have been recast in this view, though traces of the original are not quite expunged. The Avatára theory is here and here only; the last slokas, appended to each Sarga to break what was conceived to be a monotony, is a work of the same hand. Nárada, the favourite of the Puránas, also turns up, as usual with the Purána people, to tell Válmîki that Ráma was a worthy subject for a poem, as if Válmîki could be ignorant of the great person of his time. If we confine ourselves to the Poetic part, it also appears that the traditional precedence given to this work over Mahábhárata, in order of time is correct.

9th April, 1891.

I fancy that the Uttarakánda was not simply recast, but that it was simply added, like the last book of Mahábhárata. The special features of the Puránic accretions seem to be these:

1. Narration in the Puránic style without any poetic elements.
2. Attempt to put in legends which have nothing to do with the purpose of the poem.
3. Attempt to give a mythological explanation and air to what is earthly. These portions could be picked up at a glance, even in the field of battle, e.g. where some votary of Surya[1] introduces Agastya[2] to Rama when he is fighting with Rávana.

These additions seem to have been made at different times. The programmes laid out by Nárada and Brahmá to Válmîki at the outset, differ, and one of them terminates only with the death of Rávana and Ráma's return to Ayodhyá. The last book was not *in esse* then.

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[1] સૂર્ય, Sun. [2] અગસ્ત્ય, a great sage.

The additions of Puránic myths are distinguishable from the atmosphere of the Vedic Gods whom the poet seems to have brought in, but who are confounded by the Interpolators.

The first book must have had some nucleus of the author's fashioning. The Krauncha[1] (the bird)—Inspiration, and some other simple and beautiful things suggest this.

The association of the poem with Vishwámitra and Vashishtha and Jamadagni's son could not have been the work of the Puránic Interpolators who would indulge rather in Brahmá, Nárada and Vishnu. The three Rishies whose names are connected with the books of the Rig-Veda, must have been brought in by the poet of their times. Janaka is a real man of the Vedic times, and it would be rather difficult to believe that the poet jumbled up fictitious characters with real ones: his times would not have put up with such a vagary. The birth of Sîtá in the furrow, as narrated in the first book, is a misconception of Puránic Interpolator. "How was Sîtá born?" He must have asked to himself when trying to show her divinity. The "Sîtá", or furrow of the Rig-Veda, suggested the answer, and the man interwove the thing. That Janaka should give his dear daughter the name of his sacred 'Sîtá' of the Veda is only natural. The theory of Rámáyana being merely an allegory, on account of Sîtá, is inconsistent with other un-allegorical names throughout.

SOCIAL COMPLAINTS, ETC.

(1) Where a man has to act about his own family, it is his duty to see how they would be happy, whatever the preaching of general axioms and present, or would-be, results of scientific investigations. 'Home' is to be managed by Art, and not by Science. Educating

[1] ક્રૌંચ, a kind of bird.

necessary to teach the people and accustom them to live like individual units, without the force of caste-adhesion, it is equally necessary to be cautious that the units do not fight each other under the pressure of a force of reciprocal repulsion, and that, as the present force of artificial adhesion crumples away of its own accord, adhesion itself is not annihilated but grows up as a substitute in the form of the natural force of such co-operation as the identical interests of local continguity must generate under the warmth of education—a force, whose highest and widest development is at the stage of territorial patriotism, as distinguished from the tribal patriotism of caste ; which latter involves disunion and disruption in one and the same locality and is entirely unsuited to the requirements of this age.

How to achieve this result is a matter for study and consideration for which my circumstances are not ripe. All modern attempts at the destruction of the caste will be futile and impotent and only dangerous ; I must solve my problem in my own way, when I have leisure and ability which, if I live beyond 40, will be surely coming in, as I am resolved—God willing—to retire from the drudgery for belly at some time after that, as much as I was resolved, during the 'Dark Ages' of my life, to pass my LL.B. All social reform—all other aspects of it—must share this same fate, so far as the world beyond my family is concerned. I cannot help if my powers and energy are limited and if I must feed some bellies before I make their legs move.

11th April, 1891.

CONSCIENCE, FREE WILL AND PRE-DESTINATION

Pre-destination is an assumption to explain facts. There is no proof of it. Free Will is counteracted by agencies known and unknown, and is itself *subject* to laws that *compel* it without freedom. Conscience is

a bundle of trained and untrained instincts and at times deliberate resolutions. Prárabdha and Sanchita [1] are scientific in a way, but the principle is applied to non-entities.

When the Great Force works patently and the dawn of Intellect as a Motion begins and ends there without loss of Conservation, we that are but patent points on the body of this Force work but in symphony and sameness with Him. Our will is a manifestation, at a point, of his Will. His Will is universal; ours is a point of it. The Universal Will heaves itself up at all points, and the individual will at each point heaves itself up, while kept back within its limits by the upheaval at the other points. You move your limb; each muscle moves and remains bound to the other muscles. When the whole army moves, each soldier moves in his own position and moves with the whole army. The strength of the army lies in each soldier's resolution that the victory depends on his own single arm as much as on the motion and fight of the whole army, and that the whole army would be nowhere if he thought he might keep back his strength and be at ease; for, if he had the right to be at ease, all would have it equally. There is thus a fact in this seeming fiction in each soldier's resolution: his will *ought* to be to follow and assist that of the army. The awakening of this 'ought' in the individual mind, in one form or another, with consciousness, or more or less of it, this upheaval of this individual will, is but the upheaval of the Universal Will, at a point of itself and in obedience to and symphony with itself. It is *Conscience*, more or less developed, but always upheaving the individual point with a sense of Duty.

The perfect Conscience is that which consciously can, and does, know its great function and place in this Cosmos of the Great Force in Patent working and

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[1] प्रारब्ध and संचित.

wills and shapes its course accordingly. Our Wills are Free and Absolute, because they are points of the Great Will. It is, therefore, that the Gîtá is correct, in saying "Ishwara is in every heart and moves it on the machine wheel". The man that becomes an ascetic and practically retires from the work and duties of life, rebels against the Great Will and reduces himself to an inanimate condition which manifests not the Will-phenomenon. The time for not working will come when the Great Will shall reduce our Organisms into the Latent Stage. Before that, asceticism is not justified for the same reason as suicide is not justified. Both are suicides—a rebellion against the Great Will. Each point of the Great Force is a servant to Duty, and the service is Independence itself because we will it. What the Great Force does will, is willed by myself, and what I will and do is willed and done by the Great Force. The Great Force wills that it shall laugh or weep or swagger or fight or succumb at the point, which I call 'I', and what that Force wills it does. The point whose eye is a 'point' of the bee-hive of Eyes discovers this action of the Great Will, and notes its current and must in Duty accept the current as its own. 'I' is a fiction: a name of the Point: the Point and the Whole *are* One. Space is an Idea of the Physical Eye, and that the whole is greater than the part is only an Axiom of Space, and not of the Absolute Un-spaced. Why talk of it? Why think of it? The service of the Point to the Whole is service to itself. Obedience of the Will at the Point to the Great Will is obedience to itself: it is assertion of its Unity. "I" do not speak, suffer or act: The Great Force does all, and the "Point" at "I" must only witness and enjoy it, as being only part and parcel of its own *congenial* programme under the direction of the Great Will. This realisation of Identity is Salvation of life: the notion of Janaka and Gîtá that the salvation is only a complement of Duty in one and the same parallelogram is correct.

The suicide of Asceticism has only a Historical aspect: Philosophically it is a false pivot. It was not the cause of India's misfortune: it was the *result*. The law of Selection brought it to front during adversity as a temporary relief: whether rightly or wrongly is a question not useful here. It was intended to console, not to "cowardize"—not to check Duty and Action—not to kill Conscience. The original Intent fulfilled, sinking Intellects used it for another purpose—misunderstood and misused it—but the poison has never worked, because it was dropped into frames not live but already dead; because, while on the whole it has permeated impotent sentiments and proverbs and a few individual lives, nobody, who had to work, ever walked by its light as a rule. But this is a digression.

The Great Force wills that there should be this or that *event* in my organism, and the event may work on the *patent* frame of me: this is all as it should be. The 'Point' in me can only see through its 'conscience'—will work by it—will abide by its own programme as it may be worked from the other points, in unseen or seen ways, by the Great Force—will rest content with this double working whatever the results—happy or otherwise—and will feel itself at home and in company now and ever—as blessed to be patent as to be merged in the latent condition—is as much anxious to work its Will at its point as it willingly reconciles itself to an adverse result by the superimposing working of the Great Force and Will. The Will is, in either case, One and Free. Its subjection to law, etc., is nothing else than Voluntary Symphony with its own self. Its discord is owing to the undeveloped stage of the Conscience, and this stage is a work of the Great Will as much as is the inanimate Stage at other points. Pre-destination as involving the Sequence of Design and Execution, as involving Time in Sequence and motive in Design—is a mere figment of Relativity. Time itself is a Relative Idea, and motive involves Sequence and even there is no proof to it. Design

and Execution by the Great Will is a simultaneous Symphony, which is the mother, and not daughter, of Time and Space. The condition may be inconceivable, but Facts are Facts, and our conceptions must be generated by Facts, and not *vice versa.* What is the Time and Space of Elaborate and Long Dreams that finish within a twinkle? There may or may not be Destination, but Pre-destination is a fiction.

Prárabdha and Sanchita, as implying Cause and Effect in Human Acts, is a correct conception. The Great Force must work itself out at each point and consume the Prárabdha and Sanchita of the Point. The Spiritual Organism might live after death; our present organisms come from the parents. In the Womb of the Mother Physical World we are present. The links exist in each case, and organisms bound by them to each other must consume themselves away and dissolve into the Great Force. There is Prárabdha and Sanchita in this Consumption and up to it. But to assume a past and a future life, in order to explain the heights and depths of individual situations, is as unnecessary in the world of human beings as in that of mountains and oceans, the one as the other being merely different aspects of the same patent panorama. The reins of moral Government are held more visibly in this theory, and the working of the reins is more potent than relegation of rewards and punishments to a stage which cannot be verified, and the foundations of this Government are laid on stouter grounds than the fickle lines of our "Positive moralities".

I need not dilate. I rely on the philosophy taught by Histories and Biographies of human events and fortunes—the philosophy which must create and perfect the Conscience at the Individual Point of the Great Will by revealing the consequences which the pages of History and Biography can unfold as the lights and shades of human movements. I rely on the poetry that the philosophy of our being but the points of no

less than the Great Force and Will itself must breathe into us and which must render us Transcendental and place us *above* low desires and habits. I rely on our being disentangled from individuality for itself. I rely on our Wills and Rights and Duties being confined to those only which flow from our functions as following from those of the Great Will and Force, which could deign to generate nothing short of what is Noble and Immortal—what is proposed for the largest ends and lives through the vicissitudes of Ages. The tangibility of this reliance would require me to dilate on the matter, for which I have no time at present. The Great Will works its way through the conscious conscience as through the unconscious conscience, through affections and other motive powers performing the work of Conscience where Conscience has not grown: but, all the same, it is the Great Will that works the great machine, and the commission and endurance of what, in our little world and for our own functions, we call Injustice and rightly shun—may be of no less import to the 'Whole' than what the permanent crushing down of stones and rocks by rivers and deltas are to the formation of islands and coastal lands in other parts of the world—must be taken as symphonous with the deep music of the Incomprehensible Will: this does not relieve the individual Will from its own *little* upheavals: the rivers, and through them, the rivulets and percolations, must flow into the ocean, though the ocean would seem to bar their way. The conflict between the good things which we seek to do and the cruel results which Nature sometimes visits them with —is only *apparent* and need not prevent the former being done or the latter being taken as subversive of the former. What is done does not die—the moving force acts and acts its part—even when the resultant is equilibrium or even negative. I must stop this profitable time-killing now. Stop! Stop the busy irresistible propensity and pen, and take to professional work. Yes.

THE MORAL CODE

The Upheaval of the Great Will at each patent point creates Volition as regards Motion, which Volition turns into Acts. The power that propels and controls Volition and its grooves is—I think I must stop writing this, because I generally finish my thinking and then commit it to paper, whereas for this subject I accidentally inverted the process. This inversion is absurd and stupid and injurious. Therefore, I stop my pen abruptly. I must only note the fact that, as a result of my thoughts, I could calmly and unconcernedly pay the Rs. 550/- for the Hundi, notwithstanding that I felt so much at the first news of the Hundi. I am glad. These new ideas form a new stage in my life. It was one new stage—a Hymen's cord was broken—when I first discovered that we may live as fresh organisms after death. I remember the Awful Feeling of that Sublime moment. When I, some days ago, found out that neither Spirit nor Matter exists and that I am only a point in the Great Force—that the Force is *living* and that I am only a patent form of that All-absorbing Life which is the Only Existence : when this discovery flashed on me, I could only experience a calm overflowing joy such as never was felt before—this was a new stage. The third stage came on yesterday, with the same blissful experience, after I had thought out what I spent this whole day in writing at the cost of professional work. I feel I am raised—I am mightier—I am purer—divine lips seem to smile over my smiles and to cover me with their vivifying breath. My scepticism winks and smiles in irony, but [illegible] overpowered.

13th April, 1891.

History may repeat itself, even in a man's life, and [illegible] I am returning to the conclusions which, in [illegible], I laid down in my Essay on "Practical

Aceticism in my sense of the term"—conclusions which I had never quite given up.

My ultimate conclusion as regards my line of action is one which never ought to be lost sight of. How I am to mould the people of my country (my country is a term which must be confined in the beginning and made to expand in course of time only) into a great people who would be able to take care of themselves? This problem is very great indeed. What people are so able? Like individuals who rise, people must be *elastic* when they suffer. Sufferings should not cow down a people that would rise. This elasticity exists generally in young Colonists, as in the Aryans, in America and Oceania, in young Greece and Rome. The Aryans came wave after wave, receded and proceeded. So did the others. But mark. There is a difference. Young colonists like these were tried when they were acting on the Offensive; the Defensive waves have yielded everywhere, when the Offensive waves were elastic and persistent.

India is invaded and subdued already. There is no question of Offensive or Defensive here, and Elasticity would be a nice helpmate in Constitutional warfare. The rulers are a clever set of people—an admixture of selfish aggressors and disinterested, benevolent helpmates. India is worked by 'push and pull' among these, and naturally the Home Interests generally carry the day. Yet even here we win morsel by morsel, though often it is snatched away—sometimes even from near the lips. I think people are on their way to elasticity. The Congress History is that. Its enemies in English ranks have shown a good tactical art in effervescing the social questions of India. They succeed till now. The next Congress must show the real nature and extent of that success. The Congress was never expected by me to be able to bring about this or that event. But I attached great value to it as a political move; the rulers know it and have

met it with a counter-move. The strength of this move will be tested at Nagpur, and the elasticity will be tried.

21st May, 1891.

Whatever makes a man feed on the flesh of the world is, ordinarily, Vice. Whatever is his consumption in order to feed the world is a Virtue. Whatever is inconsistent with such consumption and the means of attaining to it is Vice. Whatever is consistent with it, is innocent. Whatever furthers it or the means is Virtue. Whenever feeding one's self is instrumental to such consumption, it is a Virtue. The Virtue is to be sought; the Vice must be shunned.

When a man's emotions, sentiments or habits further the cause of Virtue, he possesses enlightened Instincts or Conscience.

When a man by his reasoning process sees Virtue and Vice, and his Will adopts the one and shuns the other in its course of action, he has a sense of Duty—he has Conscientiousness as distinguished from Conscience, though both are sometimes confounded.

Conscience as well as Conscientiousness may be Right or Erroneous, Primitive or Civilized.

When Conscientiousness is based on a right understanding of the nature of the One and Only Will, which only peeps through the Will-point loop-holes, (1) man feels that he is himself a part of the Power and Force, whereas the ordinary Free-will-wallah seems to get power by his doctrine as if he were not Power in himself, and (2) he substitutes, in the place of Endurance and Resignation, the view of even sufferings and wrongs as mere *phenomena,* having their place in the development of the programme of the One and Only Will—the Will of which his own Will is only a "limited and patent phase". This "phase" is not thereby relieved from the duty of working itself out

by its own individual process. Fatalism, when it commits the error of thinking such duty non-existent, is a vicious practice. So far as it induces upon the mind the habit of impliedly viewing things as phenomena, it is a healthy process.

The history of the development of man and society has always brought out this one result among others, viz. that in spite of the late and incomplete discovery of the nature of the Great Will, both conscience and conscientiousness have grown up in man and society, and, like the flame that ever burns upwards, whatever its colour and fuel and position, they have always resulted in propelling all moral codes in the grooves of Virtue, and in keeping alive the rays of sentiment and emotions and affections, which have exhibited themselves in all varieties of forms and colours and as a part of Higher Natures, in all grades of society, and have been universally recognised as the Conscience of man. Both conscience and conscientiousness, though based upon dim lights, and sometimes even false lights, have reared up the growth of Virtue. The growth has been of course imperfect, and will be perfected only when the one and the only Will—that has till now watered the roots of this growth by mere underground percolation—will flow overground in its full glory, and refresh humanity with the actual and immediate exhibition and fruition of its pure and tone-giving element.

Virtue and Vice have had to be supported by dim theories of moral Government, of rewards and punishments, and the like, as if human acts were to be the goals and not ways of men. But our acts are only ways to consequences or results, and both acts and results are mere phenomena of relativity. There is no moral Government or punishment, except only such as is involved in the relation of cause and effect. The Will is cause to an Act and the Act is cause to another End. Where this end is Consumption of Relativity,

the causal Act is Virtue—itself a relative term. With the attainment of the End, Relativity is extinct. In all this, Relativity is of Sequence. But the future idea of a Punisher and the Punished—the Governor and the Governed—implies a duality which has no existence. We punish, reward, and govern *ourselves* by our Virtues and Vices: We, you and they—are all One Being. When we descend to distinguish between these different masks, "we, you and they", and to create a world of relativity, there may be a reason for descending to the relative idea of one mask punishing the other, but, even then, it is hardly even good language to say that a mask is punished by the Wearer, that the limb is punished by the body. Such language is self-contradictory in the mouth of him who speaks in the language of my philosophy. Of course, if we speak in the language of the merchant, who looks upon his losses as punishments for his follies and miscalculations—as punishments inflicted by himself, the language would be perfectly justified. But then, in that case, the notion of a moral Government must evaporate. The republic whose officers punish one of its subjects, carries, for its very existence and constitution, the voice of this subject. Such a subject could only say "I have constituted a rule for myself, and I am my own punisher". This is the maximum allowable in expression.

But there is a better and a plainer way of speaking the truth. The poetry of the Will-Point is Consumption. The Will *aspires* to it. Virtue is a means of the fulfilling of that *Aspiration* and not of getting a Reward. The idea of Reward for Virtue is a mere allegation, and they allege better who say virtue is its own reward. The exercise of Virtue is accompained by a simultaneous imperceptible Consumption, and those who called virtue its own reward felt the fruition of Consumption without knowing it or distinguishing two simultaneous processes, and so sought expression in this way.

23rd May, 1891.

I have been observing some principle in the purchase of books for myself and wish to make it more definite. I have been till now buying books by instalments at the interval of a year or two. But this is not sufficient. I think I must read up each one instalment before I order another. Again I must take all opportunity of noting down all books that lie within my orbit, so that I may be ready with full materials for proper selections, whenever an instalment has to be ordered. As regards law books I think I am right in not spending away money after mere text-books which are devilishly made useless at the issue of each fresh edition. The High Court Library is sufficient for them and for English Reports, as I have hardly time or inclination to use them except for references when necessary. Law is a nice subject, no doubt. But I never meant to use it otherwise than for profession, i.e. for belly and my drudgery for professional accumulations and honours ! ! !

I have long since settled—I will not go beyond my 40th year or a couple of years more than that. At that stage, if I be living, I shall accept as my competence whatever shall happen to have been saved at the time. Some people humbug themselves or others by believing or saying that they shall retire whenever they shall have a definite capital for competence. This phantom lures people to a line which, as Goldsmith said of the Horizon, always flies further the moment you think you have reached it. I am not going to choose being duped and humbugged in this way and—God helping—shall be saved by my Resolute Aspiration to retire at that stage into a higher form of life than this nonsense of Profession—which I have chosen as being only comparatively the least nonsense. I think I am quite consistent with my philosophy in using this expression. All profession, service, etc., have a sense for the belly only so far as individual

life is concerned, but I do not see why it should be prolonged *one moment* beyond its normal necessities at the expense of our Higher Functions of Life.

It is 4 days since father returned from pilgrimage with mother, etc. The pilgrimage covered 9 months of travel from Nadiád to Ajmere, Mathurá, Brij, Prayág, Benáres, Gayá, Calcuttá, Jagannáth, Panchkoshi, Hardwár and Shrináthji, with all radii from these centres. Sister Bápá and Harishankar accompanied. Mother was trembling at the idea of my rebuking her for the expenses which, she says, has drained me off; and father said her fears were wrong; and mother is gratified to see that father's prophecy has proved true. Poor people, they have been exceedingly unhappy, throughout the tour.

30th May, 1891.

I have for various reasons changed my mind of late and have been thinking that it would be better to give up the profession for a pecuniarily better substitute. That of course with a view to bring about the wished-for competence and retirement early enough and to relieve myself from the curious straits in which I feel now, I have this desire therefore. But the great idiosyncracy of my nature is never to open my lips for a personal request in anything of this kind. Thus even when M.L. (Motilal Lalbhai ?) told me he would offer even Rs. 1,200/- if I joined him, I could only smile and evade this subject of conversation. Manassukhram Suryaram knows what I would have, and has it in mind to assist me. He acts wisely in not offering me without demand. Haridás Vihäridás retires, and M.S. writes to me today but his letter is silent on the specific news, which perhaps is not favourable. I felt a flash of disappointment—Foolish I!! The Point-Will has done its duty in arriving at a particular conclusion, and more is for the Fountain-Will to do. Comfort or no comfort, at a point like

myself, is irrelevant to the proper frame and cast of my mind. Hush! The disappointment has vanished back into the abyss of Nonsense, and the philosophy of Consumption begins to shed its genial warmth to make me strong. Pecuniary security and the health of my poor wife, and, to some extent, the worry and restlessness of my profession are reasons that make a very well-paid service preferable, if it could also be found to contain the coils of service in their minimum form, for that may enable me to retire at 40 and enjoy the sweets and rest of life as also to consume my energies in the cause of my country most efficiently. But I am quite prepared and content to pull on as I do now—especially when I think of the brighter side of my life here.

31st May, 1891.

At some time during my Bhownagar life, I put the following couplet on my desk-lid to strengthen me against my adversities:

"Come what come may,
Time and the Hour run Thro' the roughest day!"

I have wasted away the whole of this day in nothing. I am sad. I have found myself unable to satisfy all the aspirations of Lalitá. Many things come in the way of my doing so: pecuniary straits, reason, duty to parents etc. whose superstitions &c. make me sterile for all other duties, &c. Last night she naturally felt vexed at my inability to send her to Nadiád on the marriage of her uncle's daughter. I felt it was a most reasonable desire, but could not satisfy, because my frugality is confined to my own and her wants, etc. Again, in these little matters, which are justly great to her, I forget and change my reasons and policies so often that she justly saw simplest inconsistencies in me, and truly discovered numbers of promises and words not kept by me. She naturally mistook my Inability for Insincerity, and my so many

acts as reducing me to a merely Mammonish Being—a selfish soul. She could not help giving some vent to her vexation, and I received her silently, and, for the first time in my life, felt my embarrassment with a few tears: what a heavy lot to be thus unavoidably misunderstood by her, at a moment when you have so intensely appreciated, loved, and admired her! It is not her fault. It is not my fault. She can see the former only, and I can see both this and that. I can never make her understand me. She only wept, repented, &c., when she saw my tears. My unintelligible tears! Frailty! Relativity! After all Philosophy—the strange little "I" and "She" to reduce this point of the Great Force to this? Even so. Force and Will both are in the tear! So be it, and let the tear evaporate and leave vacant sadness over 24 hours of the day. All right. That is the pantomime.

The fact that the sight of my tear brought her to her senses, made her repent and cry and ask for pardon: this was kind and loving of her. But how is the fact the lot retrieved?

3rd June, 1891.

Lalitá, Mother, &c., went to Nadiád yesterday. On the 31st ultimo I was sad. The sadness resulted in my writing a letter to Achábhái &c., saying "Jayanti has been hurt by glass wounds. Therefore, can't send her and her mother. If there be probability of Achábhái's taking offence, then and then I should send her. Telegram if this is so." At night Lalitá asked me if I would go with her—I said 'no'. Next day (on the 1st June) I wait at home from 11 a.m., and the telegram arrived only at 2 p.m. I wrote a letter saying "Telegram late. Can't say if there will be left time for starting. I shall send if there be time, and not otherwise". Mother who was predisposed not to go, said there was no time. Lalitá wanted to go, but would not go, except in my company. I would not

go, and she declined to go. She was awfully annoyed by this result. Next day (2nd) father's letter (arrives and) says "Achábhái will take it very ill, and there will be a lot of heart-burning, if you do not yield even to the telegram. Your Jayanti-excuse is taken as sham. Send them if you could even on the next day after marriage." I obey him. Mother and wife weep and cry, and start for Nadiád.

Now the lessons from these notes as below :

1. Lalitá wanted to go (a) to save her mother being taunted and annoyed in practical ways on future occasions, and (b) to enjoy her nice dress and ornaments. Her sentiments opposed the doing of (b) unless I was on the spot—"a woman whose husband is absent should put on nothing" is her sentiment. The local sentiments at Nadiád pooh-pooh her sentiment, and she is obliged to give it up in order to please her mother, etc. Therefore, she was opposed to going without me. Personally, therefore, she did not like to go without me and, personally, such going agonised her and made her weep and cry. But (a) was necessary to render her mother happy, and she concluded that it was her *duty* to have (*a*) at the cost of (*b*)—in spite of the agonies. The duty involved to her mind a self-sacrifice—a Manahkashta [1] (analogous to Deha Kashta [2]) in going without me for (b). "Manahkashta" [1] is a term I invented and taught her the other day when I tried to explain to her the rudiments of my philosophy of Consumption which she was already practising unconsciously. She said "You made my mother-in-law happy last year by sending her to pilgrimage—This year this Manahkashta [1] shall make my mother happy! You taught me that. All right—I shall have that Kashta [1]. She heaved deep sighs, and passed three days of solitary sighing and of artificial smiling in my mother's presence—and also in my presence : in my presence, because she did not like

[1] मनःकष्ट = Mental Pain. [2] देहकष्ट = Physical Pain.

me to be saddened by the sight. So she has a higher life at this cost.

2. Why do I not go with her ? Why is she teased ? I do not go, because my duty to fulfil her aspiration and to save her from this Kashta is drowned by Duty to remain in Bombay. Necessities of circumstances. I am sorry I could not help her—but my ideas make me helpless for this. She was teased because she could not understand either this Duty or the Necessities. Eventually I explained to her 'one' of the necessities and she ceased to feel annoyed. She yielded to Reason so far. So long as she was ignorant of this, she secretly hoped that I would yield to her after all, and her discovery of my obduracy made her think lightly of my love and sentiments, and vexed her and galled her. The explanation of the obduracy destroyed the thought and vexation. She is open to reason, but wants reason before she would be convinced. She presumes I am reasoning, tries to peep at it, and obeys in love, in duty, and in reason. I want neither more nor less. More would enslave her; less would demoralise her. I want neither result.

3. My conduct with Achábhái was casuistic. I spoke truths—but half-truths : used a Ruse : Was this consistent with "Consumption" ? *a priori*, no. The *a posteriori* conclusion MUST be found out, and a high and wise principle must be obtained at leisure. The Ruse has pained, has failed, might have succeeded, therefore, &c. &c. &c. Lalitá has detested it—rightly so. What made me commit this *a priori* sin ? My object was proper—means unfair. Strange that I was led into it. I must find out better means for similar objects. The *principle* of doing that must be discovered at leisure.

Servant Rámá left a cage open today, and so we lose one of the two parrots that lived in it. To enslave and get a parrot is sin No. 1. If you get it, the poor thing does not learn to fly, and its escape means either

its recapture or its ruin by other birds or for food, etc. This last result is sin No. 2. The bird that remains feels its loss of society, and this is sin No. 3. Careless treatment at your place, or by recapture, is sin No. 4. We are so careless in life, and the consequences of acts are so far-reaching and distant, that the formation of correct principles of rectitude, and unflinching wakeful adherence to them, is an essential of true and virtuous Life, if its Consumption is not to be delayed by making it rot with sins. Truly did Dushyanta say:

"अहन्यहन्यात्मन एव तावज्ज्ञातुं प्रमादस्खलितं न शक्यम् ॥"*

9th June, 1891.

(1) I have done my duty to my parents. The cost of the duty will just be noted. Nevertheless, I am glad it has been done. They wanted a pilgrimage and have had it. To supply them with an easy life in their old age is the only thing that now remains for me to do.

(2) I have done my duty to my brother. He is put in the way of life and that is all that I had to do. The cost of this does not pinch me in the slightest degree—it only makes me happy that he is on his way.

(3) I have not done my full duty to my wife. The duties were (*a*) to train her up, (*b*) to raise her life, (*c*) to make her free, (*d*) to provide for her, (*e*) to fulfil her aspirations with such luxuries, etc., as a husband in love and duty ought to give her. (*a*), (*b*) and (*d*) are done in a way. She is on the way to (*c*). I am hopeless of (*e*) being fully done. Last 13 years have been a life of training for her, and her life is high. Industrious to the fullest extent, virtuous and charitable, active and clever, enthusiastic and untiring in her domestic work and in the work of rendering

*It is not possible to know, day by day, one's own slips of error.

me happy and all in the family, she has nobly—successfully—and touchingly borne, and willingly undertaken, the heaviest self-sacrifice for all this—the sacrifice of health, of liberty, of all luxuries, of all enjoyments—of her own wants and aspirations, and the most usual of worldly enjoyments,—of her tastes and temper—and of everything possible under the sun, except her virtues which have grown with her life and sacrifices. I told her and taught her and suggested nothing that was not earnestly and immediately taken up—studied—and accomplished at any cost. She is not educated—that is my fault and fatality: not hers. She has done all that was proposed to her. This life of virtue and religion and self-sacrifice has now attained a purity of perfection which ensures all the beatitude that a duty-doing, noble and beautiful soul must of right compel Heaven to open. Her prospects are better than mine—her life is higher than mine—in these respects.

I have also tried (but tried only!) to see how she should live after my death, i.e., what she shall eat. I aspire to see that she is free—it were a sin to fetter her now: I have sufficiently fettered, harassed, trained, and troubled her. But it seems to be my fate that I can do no more—my pecuniary condition is as bad as ever for giving her more of the sweets of the world—for seeing that she enjoys, and not merely puts up with life. This consciousness of mine pains me, agonises me and withers me. That "life is pleasant" is hardly realised by her any day. She at least now deserves, and deserves fully, a far superior lot, and my wish to do my duty in the matter seems to be shamefully and painfully impotent and sterile.

(4) My duty to my children and to my country—I think I am not neglecting. I do not do my full duty to my children—but the shortcoming will soon be remedied. To my country—I do my duty by thinking—programming—studying, etc.—that is enough for the present.

(5) To my Self—what is my duty? I have never known the sweets of life—I have never longed for them. I never care for them. My life has been one of adversities and reverses, of secret drains on my body and mind and money, of reading and writing and thinking, of observing and experimenting, of hopelessness and struggling, of expecting no duties from others and performing all to them (except for Lalitá), etc., etc. I occasionally feel this lot, but generally laugh and feel content. And this last one was a memorable year in my life. My scepticism has vanished, and the philosophy of the One and Only Force has dawned upon my mind and has placed before me a perfect object of existence and death. The wonderful transformation of my wife's temper—the result of her brave struggle—has set me right in another direction—has made her dearest to me in a true superlative manner. The Rájpiplá case has done its own work to secure me something—an Insurance. Parents have had their pilgrimage. The mind of Lilávati has developed, &c., &c. But personally—pecuniarily—I am no better, except the Insurance of my Family—not in any Insurance Office—but in the Rájpiplá savings. To earn Rs. 13,000 in the year, to spend Rs. 8,000 out of it in the year, to have this day to see how to meet a demand of Rs. 2,000 nearly *without* impairing this Insurance, to grapple with 100 difficulties and to find that I must exhaust all money on hand and cash a share for this object: this is awful! And yet I must say that the One Great Will wills it, and therefore I also will it. It does not seem that I am ever destined to be *rich*—perhaps the Will has it that food must come in from hand to mouth at this point called "I". There are many further demands yet waiting to be made on my purse. The tooth D of the point B-wheel shall resist the demands, shall try to meet them if necessary, and the only question is what motion will result to it from the combination of E & F. Wait and watch and walk.

11th June, 1891.

(6) My own idea of High Life in worldly ways is high; Lalitá's is small—according to her own poor ideas and associations. I could not afford to work up to my idea—I have no means for that. Nay, I have no desire for that. My asceticism looks down upon the idea as a trash. But I have no right to make Lalitá an ascetic. Nay, she has a right to see that I am not an ascetic. Why? I could perhaps afford to draw her to an approach to her ideal of worldly life. But she wants more. She wants that I should enjoy her enjoyments, that I should take part in them personally, that I should have my enjoyments too; that I should not only have them but must heartily enjoy them and make her a sharer in that enjoyment of enjoyments, and finally that she herself personally will have no enjoyment whatsoever for herself, unless and until I omit to do *none* of the said things that she wants me to do. I cannot say that she is wrong in this. Nay, is it not further my duty to raise her to my ideal of worldly enjoyment and life, and to make her enjoy them? My duty does not end with satisfying her own poor ideals, but I am bound to enlarge them. This is marital duty—I fail to do it—I am a misplaced ascetic with a philosophy of Consumption, and with no means or stimulus to shake off my asceticism for one who has so beautifully consumed herself for myself and my family. Thus while I am contented with my life—do not feel myself inconvenienced, I find it a duty not to be contented. My profession has given me more than I ever aspired to, except that I do not sufficiently save; and yet I find it a duty to aspire still further, simply because I cannot save enough. I am better off than at Bhownagar, and than what I was at Bombay last year. I am better off than several friends of equal standing. Yet I am not better enough for my expenses which hitherto have never included any luxuries. Bombay-life has drained my

purse and ruined my Lalitá's health! So I am compelled to think of wretched service again and I only think of it—never try for it—never I suppose shall be destined to try for it. I am resolved simply that I shall not say 'Nay' to it if it ever comes to me. I do not repent my profession. But retirement at the proper time is also a higher object. This also propels me into the same direction. I have had enough experience and benefit from profession: it is not small. The Quantity and Quality are good: I wish to change the 'kind' of my experiences, for 5 to 6 years before I retire. All lines thus converge. I am certain that *these conclusions are not the mere accommodations* of a reason predisposed to it by my will. The reason has preceded the Will, and not *vice versa*. I have done well in having been where I am; I must be elsewhere now—my time is ripe for that. Cannot help or be sorry at all, if the time of circumstances, or what people call Luck, does not arrive for me. I am not contented, I am not discontented. I won't request, I won't propose or suggest, will take up proposals if and when made. That is all my duty. No more.

13th June, 1891.

(7) These are strange days. Most unexpected events take by surprise, extremes follow, I find Providence mocking me, as it were, into the extreme ups and downs of life, and still keeping me bound to the same changeless point all along, as if I were tied to a ducking-stool. 1889 is a year of social fermentation in the family at the highest burning point with some savings at the end. 1889 November brings an examinership; then in January-February 1890, a disease, which secured Lalitá the verdict of 'Hopeless' from the doctors, and tried my heart—my patience—my body, and reduced me to an all-sided penury, as I could not attend to court-work during her illness and drained off savings even for usual domestic expenses. She recovers and I am hurried to Rájpiplá

forests in a complicated case, and return in July with Rs. 7,500—a larger sum than three times the amount of my largest savings at any time. All on a sudden, Lalitá puts forth a brave resolution to 'put up' with all things, and, in place of the Social Boiling, we get a most agreeable and peaceful living for which none else than she can claim any credit. Then in Shrâvana,[1] parents are all of a sudden seized with a frenzy for pilgrimage, for which they start off like lightening, and the *money-drain* from them—from friends who cannot pay back loans—from medical expenses and sudden wants in the family—from "Sarasvatîchandra" too—from all sides—commences, and runs until parents return—not happier than they were in May 1891.

This is June 1891. I have earned the largest sum, Rs. 13,000—never dreamt of before—so that I can boast and swagger, if I am a fool. And the world is high in its idea of my purse. But look! The whole amount is spent away—I am left about Rs. 5,000, out of which 1,500 or less will go to Motibhái at one time, three thousand may be wanted for marriages etc. of children, and 2,000 for other casualties, i.e. I have saved nothing! Nay, I have ordered the sale of a share which I had reserved for one of these expenses.

Now to another thing. I have got 30 cases this month—my highest figure—and high even for a senior pleader. But the fun is that they are all most poorly paid, and can hardly cover my month's expenses of ordinary kind! In the eyes of the world I am a prosperous pleader—so I am in one sense—and, &c. &c. &c. But I am still where I am—I have by going forward and backward remained where I am—have moved in a circle and come to the same point as all travellers of this globe do!! Fun!! Fun!! The whole is fun and mockery!! That is why I feel myself

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[1] श्रावण—a Hindu month corresponding to August.

on the ducking-stool. To complete the farce there were promising talks and trials for my getting into a high place, but these have remained a talk! I do not know more of the details of this most important talk about my own prospects—I never tried to know it though I was interested in it—I know the result even by inference:—I have no curiosity—no sorrow to waste on the result—on even knowing (1) the result and (2) how the whole has been reduced to a fiasco. These are days of fiascos for me—that is the superstition and the fun. I am where I am—on the same ducking-stool.

"I am ducked on the stool!
I am ducked in the pool!
I am one thing thought,
And another 'sought'!"

"Sought" is an uncouth rhyme with some meaning as uncouth, and I have no desire to improve upon it. So the Great Will wills even here, and Time is *consumed*—Time the best philosopher of a philosophy of Consumption fraught with results wonderfully greatest and wonderfully smallest! So be it.

21st June, 1891.

Mill said God must be either powerless, or merciless and unjust. There is no such dilemma. Pleasures and pains are but the waves of feelings as in an ocean; these come and go like waves—propelled like waves, and they are waves from the Great Force and unto itself—from itself to itself. Justice and mercy are from one's self to another's self; from self to self-same self there is neither justice nor injustice, neither mercy nor cruelty. If with my one finger I squeeze another, these notions are inapplicable. They are equally inapplicable to the Great Force. Deaths and murders, slaughters and massacres, deluge, the end of the world itself—be it howsoever cruel in our eyes: how do these differ from the relentless killing of a garden of

plants by a frost ? In no way. The difference is human and not divine, relative and not absolute ; real as fixed objectives for ethical science or for the philosophy of Consumption : but of no moment to The Consumed—to Him who simply consumes himself into himself. It is like the migration from the blue bed to the brown—both beds being my own.

1st July, 1891.

There are so many incidents in life which could be turned into fever ! The other day I concluded that, on many points of even social and domestic matters, it was *difficult* for me and Lalitá to make each understood by the other ; and that gives rise to various pieces of amusing unpleasantness. There was a time when father wanted me to argue with him on points of religion, and I resisted this attempt, under the conviction that any such controversy must result in unpleasantness to him without any approach towards convincing either party of the truth of the other's beliefs. He has long since given up his attempts in despair, and that has made him happy enough and (has) reduced his arguments and dissatisfaction into occasional unconscious complaints before uncle.

Of late the failure of men to convince each other on such matters is further illustrated by an incident between me and uncle. Uncle has been, with the best of motives, always sermonizing me on the Vedánta, especially during our evening drives. He always asks me why I hear him without answering or giving my opinions, and I always smile and say that I wish rather to receive information than to impart what I have no power to impart. I diverted from this practice recently and told him that I did not, and would not, agree with him in his theory of the *transmigration* of souls. We have argued the point without convincing. He is content to know in the end that I am open to conviction and have not framed any adamantine

obstinate dogma, and may believe it if, during any future stage of life, I feel convinced otherwise. His toleration makes him take easily my divergence of views. But, of course, he does not relish it—too natural! He has great talents for conversation and applies the talents with wonderful skill in most cases—but, alas, they fall flat on my mind in some matters. He asks me what grounds of morality could exist for me, if I could not believe in the transmigration theory and in the existence and the justice of moral Government. I tried to pick up some splinters of transmigration before his eyes and failed. I could not find time or convenience to explain my philosophy of Consumption. He would have understood me if I had told him that I did not see the charm or utility or pleasure or meaning of vice and even of worldly enjoyments, and that the majority of virtuous people in the world had no theory of transmigration. I forgot to remember to tell this—I do not regret this was so. Where two people have different sets of philosophies, with different axioms and postulates and definitions, and either one of them is wholly or partially ignorant of the other's system, it were wonderful if the result could be otherwise. I can understand him, but cannot be convinced of his truth, though "I have no abnormal conceit of my own views". I cannot speak to him the whole of myself, and half-speaking is half-perplexing. This state of things pervades in Nature, and so the Great Will wills.

10th July, 1891.

What is the meaning of writing and writing and writing in such books? Hereby I sometimes note down my conclusions to prevent their loss; sometimes I make myself exact thereby; at other times I ease my heart by pouring it on paper. I have no friend to talk to except myself. When I turn over these pages, I feel reminded, sympathised and consoled; I look and blush at my weak moments as reflected here. I take

courage and strength from here. The current that flows, now forward and now backward, can be traced here with greater continuity. My strength and weakness are here, and I can take lesson from the one during the nightmare of the other. Need not be ashamed or afraid of what may be said hereof by someone into whose hands this may fall in future. Personally I have not to hear what he will say. Philosophically saying, he may benefit by the study of an underground life like mine. If he harms himself by this—how I can help it ?—I do not think that this will harm—but all things are capable of being abused, and he who does not guard against a likely abuse is to blame. Well, this is my private affair, and if the private be destined to be accessible to others—let those others be left to use their discretion and destroy this if fit. The Great Will has it that I should will, and I will to write, for what looks fair and proper, so far as my horizon can extend. There my duty ends.

11th July, 1891.

I have gone through the state of my accounts. The year has been a year of havoc. The earnings were enormous and the expenses also were enormous. The ducking-stool has kept me where I was. What little remains accumulated seems as evanescent as ever—there are so many demands yet in waiting upon my purse. I have discovered—successfully sounded—the mixed reality and fiction in the loves and discretions of all those under my charge—from parents downwards. I have reviewed my life, tried to find out how far old anticipations have been realised or falsified, measured my prospects, and gauged the future of myself and of my family. The result ? There is little to repent—nothing to repent. I have acted rightly throughout and have been rewarded properly. The teeth F.D. have worked well ; the tooth E has also done its work by strides and, undermined and rendered nûgatory, hopeless, desperate, and barren the results of

the regular teeth!! The result was havoc, and the havoc resulted in panic in my mental world. The panic and consternation were so great that I could not feel easy and could not sleep for two full nights on the 8th and the 9th instant. Fancy this awful gloom and state of mind. Yesterday I recovered my balance a little. Today I go over my whole philosophy again in the preceding pages, and am up again—full, strong, joyous, laughing at my nasty circumstances, and mindful of duty and not results—though even now a secret anguish seems to be ironically lingering. Well, I will that even the last foolish remnant shall in time be compelled to vanish. So that even the results of my Philosophy on my mental constitution are also on the ducking-stool! But have I not borne my downward ducking during this late panic—have I not borne it sternly, powerfully, tearlessly, obdurately, in a way never approachable before? So that my philosophy has helped me during a trial which was both unique and ghastly—unique and ghastly in that it made it clear that my worldly labours have resulted in the veriest mockery by fortune, and that I do not seem destined to run a better race in the world of Ego than I have done till now. I only do my duty—shall do that alone, shall feel content with that—shall only labour without prospect of gainful result—without cheering phantoms of hope—but convinced that the labour must lead to the beatitude of emancipating consumption—the only result worth my life-long pains. The review of my life—as barren and treeless as the sandy desert of Sahara—teaches me that I had better look to no other result than this—exactly as, at the age of 23, I made up my mind that I should not look to the morris dance of externals, if I would be happy in the world, but must resolve to be happy at any cost, and under any circumstances, by looking to my inner self for it. That state of my mind now develops —now evolves—into this my today's state of mind after these 13 years. So the Great Will wills and the

Force works. So be it. My Tripti Deepa [1] is lighted without the Panchadashî [2] so far, and it shall flame up according to the Panchadashî [2] one day, though in my own way.

12th July, 1891.

In the meantime the humbug of my expenses since January 1890 to this time is worth noting:—(1) Rs. 1,800/- for pilgrimage by parents; (2) Rs. 400/- for the treatment of Lalitá during her disease, which was likely to prove fatal in January-February 1890, and Rs. 200/- for her medicines till now; she discontinues them now. (3) Rs. 400/- for medicines to Mrs. Brother, at Rs. 32/- or so per month—brother grudged the amount, and I was awakened to it only 15 days ago, and complain only because the disease was not equal in gravity and sincerity to this amount; (4) Rs. 600/- remittances to parents for expenses while they were and are at Nadiád. (5) Rs. 600/- family and clothes items; (6) Rs. 120/- High Court Library; (7) Rs. 100/- Literary subscriptions; (8) Rs. 100/- Congress and Miscellaneous subscriptions; (9) about Rs. 380/- lent to M.M., to save him from difficulties—for pure friendship—with the *ab initio* conviction that the loan was not to return, in spite of the promise to do it; (10) Rs. 300/- or more due from Maganbhăi Lakhubhái for employing . . . and paying for fees and books and clothes, etc., for his son, while he was studying at my house—a loan which he says he cannot return presently; (11) Rs. 100/- to pleader Bálkrishna Hanmantu, whose marriage at the age of 55 is his excuse for delaying the return of the money; (12) Rs. 500/- to Brother for setting up the shop; (13) Rs. 1,200/- for publishing 'Sarasvatîchandra'; (14) Rs. 3,000/- domestic and office expenses: there having been an average of 14 people in the house throughout.

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[1] तृप्तिदीप Light of Contentment, a chapter in पंचदशी.

[2] पंचदशी—a Vedantic Philosophical Treatise.

Thus the expenses include bad lot, strange occasions, voluntary submissions to humbugs and superstitions; everybody in the family growing liberal at the sight of the huge income; friendship etc., waste, good expense, liberality: all this has tried me and tried others in different senses. All this—to perform duty, to preserve peace, to submit to my love and regard and affection. But can I complain? I feel the loss—but my will brought about the whole—seeing and anticipating in one sense, and yet not in another sense. The Great Force and Will have thrown a Ducking-Stool under this point of my Ego, and up and down, and up and down, and up and down, goes and repeats it—this stool in pantomimic fun!

By the time this scene so swells itself, another closes. Father is 58, and mother 56. Both are growing old, and old age is on them with all its weaknesses, snubbing them and crushing them—and I see with hard-hearted anguish that they are succumbing. The proud and fiery and yet social spirit, even bending in pity—the untiring industry and plucky cleverness, the bright intelligence—of my mother: the innate goodness—the childlike intellectual innocence—the pious religious devotion and adamantine faith—the very weaknesses even—the trader's spirit without his habits—of my poor unfortunate father: these, and one thousand things more, make me sigh as I see the curtain of life about to close over my parents—passing so soon from active and able life into the infirmities of age. They are old! Look, on the other hand, my children are in their innocence of childhood—teeming with the first quickness of Intellectual life; even they may die—suffer—before my eyes, or I may die in prospect of no prospect for the one or the other of them. There is my brother—I am setting him up, and his wife is improving, in spite of all the *omissions* of training which her parents have inflicted on her: but his fortune seems to be dwarfish—he cannot soar on imaginations—is content as it were; how otherwise would

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he be happy? And, lastly, *my country*—how I see it change, and rise and fall, and grow gloomy and bright —the future unknown! Thus I must stand *prepared* to see all kinds of things—the worst—the worse—the good and the bad—the terrible and the ironical—the Humbug and the Hopeless—and what not? Must I not train my heart into this preparedness? My own Rise and Fall would be but points of this Great Swelling and Ebbing. And the whole will pass away and make room for another seeming whole!! I am only witnessing the jargon of the wholes and parts!!—to witness—to seem to play my part in this hubbub and to retire like a wave and to sink from horizon—"I"—this "Ego"!! "My Duty"—my "Philosophy"—you two alone bear me on the bosom of this Deluge Infinite, until "I" am consumed—and the Great Will works itself *out—out* and *out*—at this point of Ego.

14th July, 1891.

There are heaps of fortunate people in the world—they *float* before the eyes. There are *mountains* of unfortunate people that are sunken under the current and drag on a concealed invisible life. It matters little whether I float like the one set or sink like the other—floating and sinking is equally a fun and an accident of 'Life Form'—meaningless—resultless—and, if I can be powerful, powerless. There or here, I must work out myself—consume myself—until the great Moment comes—the Dream vanishes—the symphony is done to its highest pitch—the great Force chooses to be latent again at this point of Ego. My duty that, my pleasure *that*, my result *that*!! So be it. The tortures of adversity and the laughters of prosperity are but Untouching, Unaffecting, Unreal Visions to be seen with the spectacles necessary for this Business, but done up with the Business, and dead and temperature-less to the thermometer of the Open Eye.

20th July, 1891.

The possessions and powers of the human mind are used in two directions. They are either productively consumed or simply wasted away in search for non-productive non-entities. We shall call the former 'Absorption', and the latter 'Waste'. Sometimes Waste and Absorption are found inseparably mixed up. I call this a 'Plus-Minus Fight'—sometimes the Plus overwhelming, and sometimes overwhelmed, and sometimes equipoised. European societies generally present grand fights with a victorious Plus. Hindus have a grand fight, with a woeful preponderance of Minus. The only Plus which old orthodoxy could persuade itself to keep was bodily and pecuniary. We—new people—have lost both these with a clear gain in another direction. As for my own self, I am on the Ducking-stool. One pound absorption and one waste is my dose!

21st July, 1891.

At 2 a.m. last night I hit, after all, upon a plan for providing for parents, wife, children, marriages, etc., out of my present humble means, in case of my death and during my life. This has destroyed all my restlessness. I have only to mature details—an easier task. I awoke at 2 a.m., and on hitting upon the above, got asleep again at 3 a.m. or later. So the Great Will wills. As for providing for my old age, my means are not quite sufficient, and so I leave my lot to the Great Will and to my *Philosophy*. My maxim of 1875 must help me:

> "I know not me and care not how I fare,
> I live to work and work for others' good."

This is as it should be.

There is a point or two in which mother is visited with short-sighted littleness of mind—a secret partiality for some of her issues and indifference for others. This leads to several phases of behaviour in acts and

he be happy? And, lastly, my country—how I see it change, and rise and fall, and grow gloomy and bright —the future unknown! Thus I must stand *prepared* to see all kinds of things—the worst—the worse—the good and the bad—the terrible and the ironical—the Humbug and the Hopeless—and what not? Must I not train my heart into this preparedness? My own Rise and Fall would be but points of this Great Swelling and Ebbing. And the whole will pass away and make room for another seeming whole!! I am only witnessing the jargon of the wholes and parts!!—to witness—to seem to play my part in this hubbub and to retire like a wave and to sink from horizon—"I"—this "Ego"!! "My Duty"—my "Philosophy"—you two alone bear me on the bosom of this Deluge Infinite, until "I" am consumed—and the Great Will works itself out—out and out—at this point of Ego.

14th July, 1891.

There are heaps of fortunate people in the world—they float before the eyes. There are mountains of unfortunate people that are sunken under the current and drag on a concealed invisible life. It matters little whether I float like the one set or sink like the other—floating and sinking is equally a fun and an accident of 'Life Form'—meaningless—resultless—and, if I can be powerful, powerless. There or here, I must work out myself—consume myself—until the great Moment comes—the Dream vanishes—the symphony is done to its highest pitch—the great Force chooses to be latent again at this point of Ego. My duty that, my pleasure *that*, my result *that*!! So be it. The tortures of adversity and the laughters of prosperity are but Untouching, Unaffecting, Unreal Visions to be seen with the spectacles necessary for this Business, but done up with the Business, and dead and temperature-less to the thermometer of the Open Eye.

compare myself to a clod of dull earth and green live grass in a field full of rain water and dirty mushrooms. And yet the one—the other and myself—the weak—the bad—the reverse—the great and little—all—all is but the Only and One Great Force in patent symphony everywhere !—in these: in them, in me—in whatsoever was—is—and shall be ! !

Goodness knows why, everybody is a strange mixture of good and bad qualities and not one thing absolute. My own character has been a strange development. Physically :—a permanent invalid or rather complainant. Body like a thermometer to the changes of climate. Yet pulling on somehow by regimen and temperance in habits—a temperance which occasionally bends without breaking. Never saw wine or flesh, and shall never see them. My luck has been lately on a ducking-stool in all matters: income, expense, domestic relations and happiness, mental moods, etc. Before that, I was being dragged under a sea of adversities: my first wife in life and death, father's physical and metaphysical and pecuniary failings, domestic quarrels, since my 14th year to the 19th, conjugal jar, insolvency, destitution, hopeless condition of brain-power, examination—failures; frequent and great impediments in all kinds of attempts to recoup studies and health and wealth, long and peculiar diseases, rendering not life but prospects hopeless; larceny, litigation, creditors, quasi-insanity of father; heart-rending scenes of despair and destitution and occasions almost fatal to father or mother or wife: these and one hundred other things have been my boon and loyal companions during boyhood and youth; and I have travelled through them—now sighing in secret—now taking strength from the philosophy of my own thoughts—now smiling at the transient powerless circumstances—now groaning under their crush and blow—now taking it all seriously—now absent-minded and indifferent to the good and the bad lucks—now laughing at the foolish apings of my realest adversities

expenses—generosity to one and stringency to another etc.,—out of—of course—my money, whose origin she forgets. Father's acts are indifferent towards all—though the partiality of his affections he never conceals. For things and money, whether they were his or mine, he seldom thinks it worth while to suppose that they require a thought—a care—a close hand. Elder sister is helpless—thoughtless—and mother helps her but generally in the wrong and unrewarded way, and tries to show one that she does not help her! Mother herself now spends and is now stingy. Younger sister is well-provided for by good marriage, but she feels that she is not assisted by mother (who *does* at times assist her), and has a secret hard word to say about mother's partiality to elder sister. They all have a partiality for Mrs. Brother.

Lalitá has conquered her overwhelmingly uncontrolled temper after all, and her goodness compels mother and others to bow before it. She feels pinched, teased and disregarded—because of the unguarded impolitic habits of my people who have not sufficient art of at least keeping up shows. What regard artificially is shown—is the result of her relation with me—if I die, it would be all over. I ask her to look at all like King Bhoja in his former life during famine. Her shortcomings are:—her uneducated vanity—though she tries to overpower it; hastiness of judgment, which she has in common with her sex; and other small things; though she has, by dint of her strong will, turned herself otherwise into a strong and beautiful soul.

For myself, I see among people the little arts of ignorance and selfishness, allow them without opening my lips, except to smile them away, to feel that I cannot afford to pause and prune these little things, am hurried away into the larger currents of great things which carry my eyes far far away from these atomic annoyances; yet I remain on the ducking-stool, and

compare myself to a clod of dull earth and green live grass in a field full of rain water and dirty mushrooms. And yet the one—the other and myself—the weak—the bad—the reverse—the great and little—all—all is but the Only and One Great Force in patent symphony everywhere!—in these: in them, in me—in whatsoever was—is—and shall be!!

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and prosperities—now declining to trust to their voices and grimaces—now abusing God for all this—now ironical at God and all—now murmuring—now remedying—now businesslike—now up—now down—now lost—now facing and fighting them—now turning my back at them spitefully and malignantly—now magnanimous—now pent in like a snail—now despondent —now hopeful—now buoyant for the whole world—now ascetic, etc.,—and eventually issuing into the glorious Sun of the "Philosophy of Consumption." This has been life to me—a restlessness of circumstances and soul, ever since I was a boy of 14, until I was put on the ducking-stool at last!! So the Great Force is at work, and the Great Will wills, and so I will. My present duty is that I should take and treat the weaknesses and idiosyncracies of my aged helpless parents as though they were nothing, and I must look after them and their failings (which may increase with age) lovingly, smilingly, caressingly, and respectfully. And yet this should not interfere with my duty to my wife and children, and to their present and future, which must now be prepared and moulded unflinchingly. And in that must be done my remaining work for my brother. And I must steel myself into a preparedness for my poor, yet great, duties to my country, if I live to that. And, throughout this series of stages, I must not forget my eternal Ego-less self, for which all this is but my way to consume myself away—away —to be what I was.

Lubbock is a well-known writer on customs of societies in the Malaya Archipelago, etc.

23rd July, 1891.

This year has witnessed, among others, one small moral success. The idea of good and bad omens was never considered rational by me ever since I passed to the College life. But I had no occasion to verify the untruth until I came to court. Court-life means

daily adventures of different results in my cases. From 1884, when I began practising, I *occasionally* felt struck with the coincidences of good omens with good results, and *vice versa*, until at last the frequency of the coincidences created a strong sticky association which always made me look to omens as auguring results. My reason and belief conflicted with this association, but were overwhelmed.

At last wanting to shake off the delusive association which might have grown into a fetish, I this year made it a point to note the coincidences daily in order to destroy the invariability of coincidences. I succeed within a few days! The worst omens have been followed by the best results, and *vice versa*, and the foolish association is entirely destroyed, and I only laugh at these meaningless coincidences to find them exposed in this way.

7th September, 1891.

"હવે રહો માનસમાત્ર સ્નેહ
નિ:સ્વાર્થ રહેજો અશરીર સ્નેહ!"*

This aspiration is being now-a-days fulfilled. Trying and galling though the process is, it has begun for nearly two months by reciprocal desire and assistance, developed, on the one side, by the despondent feeling of non-attainment of long-cherished desires, and, on the other, by the desire to avail one's self of the moment when duty feels relieved in one direction and diverted into another by the duty of abstaining from self-gratification and of yielding to relative rights of personal liberty.

Uncle told me a couple of days ago what the Vedántic Conception of Chit[1] and Anand[2] is. Of course, I knew it long since, but I tried to get it in a more

* "Let love now remain purely of the mind;
Let love remain devoid of self-interest, non-physical"

[1] चित् the Cognizant Consciousness. [2] आनन्द Bliss.

accurate form. Induction, he says, is rising from knowledge of the small to that of the great, and, he continued, Vedánta performs a similar process when it rises from the knowledge of Jeeva [1] to that of Brahma.[2] During the five conditions of life, called Jagriti,[3] Svapna,[4] Sushupti,[5] Moorchha [6] and Samadhi [7] an individual retains the same knowledge—the same feeling of Personal Identity. He that awakes from sleep remembers that he had had a sound sleep. This feat of memory involves the Identity and Existence of him that went to bed, slept and awoke, and knew that these three processes did happen. This 'knower' is 'knowledge'—it is 'chit'—different from the five conditions and their results. Then there is something more found in the nature of the Being that is this 'Chit'. A pond may be full of moss floating over the water. The hand may separate the moss, take the water and get away; and the moss will cover the water again. The falling of a pebble on this moss will produce a similar separation of the moss from the water. There is something similar to this in ourself. The distractions or 'Upádhis' of Máyá thickly cover us up, and there are moments when certain causes remove them, like the moss that is driven away from the surface of water. What then turns up from under this upheaval of distractions is a clear lucid element of 'Ánand'. It seems in fact that we should always feel ourselves identified with this element if the distractions did not smother our real nature. We, in fact, are, by our permanent nature, 'Chit' and 'Ánand', and it is within our power, under certain circumstances, to reduce ourselves to them. "Chit" and "Anand" are permanent nature and element. Rise from them to the Universal Brahma, as the stoic philosophy rose from our "Nature" to "Universal Nature"; and the

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[1] जीव Individual Soul. [2] ब्रह्म the Supreme Soul. [3] जागृति the Wakeful State. [4] स्वप्न Dream. [5] सुषुप्ति Profound Slumber. [6] मूर्च्छा Non-Cognizant Unconscious State. [7] समाधि Meditative Absorption, a State of Peaceful Trance.

Universal Immortal Chit and Anand in Unity is also Brahma. This is uncle's Vedánta and Belief.

To my mind the reasoning of this philosophy is striking, but not convincing, though, by another process of reasoning, I seem to be verging on the same conclusions. Chit seems to be no more than the Latent Intellectual Force. Ánand is a Force of Fruition—I have not yet worked up to this conclusion. There is much to think up in my own philosophy yet. There is much to think about in Vedánta yet, much to learn and digest from it. It was upon suggestions from the Panchadashî[1] that I could rise to some of my conclusions. The philosophy of which that book is but a fraction must enrich me much more yet, though I cannot enslave myself to it. I should love it deeply, but love is not based upon slavery of soul. The enslavement of so many minds of high calibre to this philosophy attests to several things: (1) The Immense Power of this Philosophy as a system of most original and striking Reasoning; (2) The existence of some Great Truths dissolved in an element of Facts that appeal both to Reason and Fancy; (3) The great hold which tradition, antiquity and familiarity can have on Indian minds, even in matters of philosophy; (4) The absence of a comparatively powerful European philosophy; (5) The absence of such minds among my countrymen as are at the same time original, independent, industrious, open and catholic or cosmopolitan, etc. My people can either accept Old India or New Europe. They can follow, (but) not find their own way. *To remedy this state of things is one of the duties within my orbit, if I can travel to that point.* Success in that direction must bring about multiform and far-reaching results in *all* directions, of which philosophy is only *one*.

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[1] पंचदशी—a Treatise on Vedantic Philosophy.

20th September, 1891.

Uncle says it is the spirit of the times to postulate that nothing shall be accepted *in toto*, and to build the axiom that no system can be true in its entirety. True, this is so. It is a reaction of the old spirit which accepted whole systems upon faith. That spirit has proved disastrous. When people began to recoil from this old spirit, the first impulse of the reaction was to reject whole systems—parts and whole. The equilibrium is establishing itself. Instead of accepting or rejecting systems by wholes, people now accept and reject by parts. This is a progress in a better direction, whatever the axioms and postulates at the base of it. The right standpoint and procedure, no doubt, is neither to start with postulating or axiomating, but to keep the mind open to *all* truths, to throw the *onus probandi* on each tale that reaches the ear, to allow each system to grow upon the mind by its own power, if it can—detail by detail, vanquishing or vanquished wholly or piecemeal as it can. *This is true freedom of mind,* and each mind must have it according to its circumstances. But there is no warrant for the procedure of allowing any system to subdue the mind with predilections and then to say that the mind shall shake off such of the details as may be *discovered* to be erroneous.

Uncle's reasons for this procedure are Policy, Safety, Patriotism and Indispensableness. 'Patriotism', if any, must yield before the higher Powers of Truth. Policy may be good in 'politics', but is irrelevant in philosophy. It is not philosophical to suppose that one must accept this or that *party* in philosophical matters: there is no such supposition or truth. The "policy" of Rhetoric is for worldly objects and is irrelevant in the Investigation of truth. There is some force in the argument that it is "Safe" and "Indispensable" to attach yourself to this or that system. Man's mind is a plant that finds itself, upon its very birth and

growth, inevitably surrounded by a number of competing and co-operating elements, which it inhales by way of nourishment for good or for evil. During childhood the elements are drawn from parental sources and are both indispensable and comparatively safe. There is co-operation only of the elements at this stage. As the mind emerges from childhood, it penetrates into other elements, which may co-operate or compete with one another, and may be safe or unsafe in the result. There is no inevitability or indispensability now, if the mind can work out itself in its own way. The period when slavery was bliss and nourishment is now gone, and it would be sheer anachronism to have it a day longer. The mind must now carry on its own war and protect itself by its own force—the parental elements must be relieved and shaken off, except so far as free reason may cling to them. Of course one need not be to them like some judges who do injustice to their friends, because the world would accuse them of partiality. On the other hand, there is a strong presumption that what is parental would be, like the climate of one's native country, suitable to health. But there is no necessary indispensableness or safety in this, and you must try to see what is what. The laws of evolution and selection must be allowed to have their full play on the free mind, which, at the same time, must not be haunted with the idea that its parental and native elements were a mere nightmare on its bosom. An equipoise of mental moods, free from this seditious spirit and yet prepared to shake off all slavery, is a 'consummation to be devoutly wished for'. Nothing more or less.

29th September, 1891.

Mr. Manibhái Jasbhái came to Bombay this morning, and I went to see him at noon, and did not go to the station in the morning. Uncle chides me for this negligence, and he is perfectly right from his standpoint. He wishes in my own interest that I should move in

political circles and, if I were to act up to the wish, I should be bound to follow political ways, and I do not think it is impossible to feel an earnest sense of justice and duty in some of these ways. Political life must involve political duties, great and small, and there is nothing degrading in going to the station, if such going is a political duty. But my difference from uncle lies elsewhere. I have chosen my present line not on account of prospects, but on account of the life itself—it involves so very few duties of the nature of submission and obeisance. If I do not like political service, one of my reasons is that it teems with such duties, and the duties do not suit my native palate.

When in 1884 I went to Kazi Shahbuddin and to the Gaekwar, I had to wait in the waiting-room of each of them. I then thought to myself "I do not feel this position because it is in my own power to relieve myself from it. If I were the subordinate of the person for whom I am waiting, it would be my duty to wait, and the violation of that duty would involve a question of 'life and death' to my service. I would, therefore, chafe when performing such a duty. My oblations should be voluntary, if they are to make me happy—I am to take warning and lesson that service would be a life of such compulsory duties—such compulsory wounds to self-respect of my Eternal Self—my higher nature." The thought has been often times suggested or prompted by uncle's exhortations to me not to neglect such duties. He is right. But I am right too, when my heart stands stubborn and resolves that it shall *not* accept a mode of life involving such duties. The heart has also yielded on difficult occasions—under the weight of those difficulties it has longed for that very service which it has at other times recoiled from. But the Great Will has willed that I should not accept service when service comes in my way, and that I should not be offered service when I wish to have it. It has also willed that I should never try or speak of service, even though I wished

it. The Great Will has, therefore, concluded that I should not have the thing, which, whether I desire it or not, is always unpleasant. If I accept it, I shall accept it as a *bitter* dose of necessity, likely to shorten the period of permanent drudgery, of occasional present anxiety, and of 'no savings'. Excepting as contingent upon this 'if', political duties are out of my orbit, and perhaps it is well that they are so.

Is it not enough that I can build up a reputation for sincerity and conscience without impudence? Is not this enough without assistance of what may be called 'the flirtations' of political life? Does it matter much if a maiden, not quite anxious to find lovers, hates to flirt and relies upon that grace of God which spontaneously fills the mother's bosom with milk for the baby, whom it has just sent into the world? Does it matter if the maiden, not favoured with this grace, is willing to resign herself to the sterner dooms of Divine Will?

To go to the station was a duty as a matter of reciprocated feelings and regard, as a matter of personal relations. Is not the duty equally satisfied by my visit at noon as to avoid formalities and inconvenience to myself in other matters?—so as to get an hour for leisurely and open-hearted conversation? Manibhái has been heartily kind to me from the beginning—I think what I have done was more consonant with the growth of kindly ties—less fussy and less resultless to the heart than going to the station and taking part in a sham pantomime. I have not failed to reciprocate real kindness; I have not inconvenienced myself to make up an innocent fun of etiquette and formality. I have done justice to both sides.

"THE SOUL THAT SANCTIFIED MY HOME"

"On 8th January 1902 my Lilavati died after stainless, spotless life of suffering. She was a martyr to the cause of our Hindu Social System, to her father's exercise of his power of disposing of her in early marriage with a reform modification. . . . All her life she took care of the father that was unable to take care of her. . . . I saw Lilavati's final collapse . . . and the whole frame, tender and heart-rending, and sacred, carried away. My heart and head bowing, and hands joining in prayers to . . . to the last remains—the late receptacle of that sweetest, wisest, noblest, holiest, unhappiest soul that has visited and sanctified my home and suffered in my family without the slightest deserving it—ever since I was born! . . . It is not altogether possible to shake off my inner agony for Lilavati, nor even to resist the flow of tears in spite of all philosophy. . . . This is the first anniversary-day of my sweet revered Lilavati. I rise, I bow to her soul, to her photo near my table, in humble veneration for the sacred power that lived in her, that no doubt lives in her now—even now. . . . Thou sojournest in the course of thy evolution to be one with the All-Pervading Entity, the Great Will . . . that surpasses the power and reach of human brain, yet inspires the so-called individual brain with its own breath and makes them quiver. Thou hast ceased, my whilome child, to quiver so and art but one with the Light and makest me quiver and breathest into me the breath that thou art. So be it."

Scrap Book VI
9-1-1902



Lilavati

8-1-1902

31-3-1881

No [illegible] that [illegible]
Can be higher or [illegible] [illegible]
Literature, and I can do [illegible]
memory than by walking [illegible]
firm, steady, virtuous, & [illegible]
circumstances that may [illegible]
virtues be my divine [illegible]
dire struggles henceforth! May [illegible]
soul & draw me closer unto hers [illegible]
now maybe!

— Govardhanram

— *Scrap-book*

GOVARDHANRAM SCRAP BOOK III

1891-1893

8th November, 1891.

A RETROSPECT

I, this day, remember my Bhownagar days. Then my aspiration was the LL.B. at any cost. My father failed in 1874 Jan. or so; and in 1876 January Manibhái Jasbhái, then newly appointed Dewan of Cutch, offered to take me with him on a salary of Rs. 300 per month, an offer which it looked like madness or folly to decline under the then penurious condition of my family. For the sake of the LL.B. I declined it! !—Allowed myself to be considered queer or mad or anything!! Next year brought on my brain-disease; I was undone, and the LL.B. looked like a foolish phantom. But I kept my law terms still—declined to accept other offers still. I could not read one-fourth of an hour in the day. I still persisted on, and the terms were over in 1878 September, when I, who would not accept Rs. 300/- in 1876 accepted Rs. 125/- as my salary at Bhownagar with gratefulness!!! I first began to study law in June 1880 for only four hours a day, got a severe attack of piles in September, discontinued reading for a month, again read, appeared for LL.B. in November 1880, and deservedly failed, as foreseen, and failed laughing.

December 1880 and January 1881 were months of illness again. Resumed study at 4 or 5 hours a day, got a relapse, and did not study in September and October, appeared for LL.B. in November 1881, and failed deservedly in Roman Law and Contracts—both subjects having been left unread for want of time. January and February 1882 were months of relapse,

resumed studies in the middle of March, got piles and relapse in September and October, appeared for LL.B. in November 1882, failed in Roman Law and Equity, which I had got no time to revise. Relapse in January, February, March, April 1883, resumed studies in May, got piles five days before examination, appeared for LL.B. in November 1883—passed after all !—the devilish "Passed" came *after all*, and I fell ill; illness= "shattered nerves", excessive and frequent urine, sleeplessness etc., until August 1884. Studies between 1880 and 1884 were a total of 5 hours per day by hourly fractions at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., 1 p.m., 2.30 p.m., 4 p.m., or the like, and rest in intervals. In 1883 August to November 1883, took medicine from four to eight doses per day, watched the hours of night up to 1 or 2 a.m. with open eyes, "churning" of brain, thoughts, and attempts to force sleep by exercise at midnight hours, or *conning* some monotonous word, or fixing the mind to the tip of some finger, or resorting to Rose-water, Cologne-water lotions for the head, and, when such attempts were unsuccessful, sitting in the bed for hours together ! What ravishment of aspiration or hatred of present circumstances made me undergo all this ? This would require a sermon for which I have neither mind nor time. But the following shloka fixed and pasted on the wall above my table at Bhownagar sustained and fired my drooping spirits for years :—

रत्नैर्महार्हैस्तुतुषुर्न देवा
न भेजिरे भीमविषेण भीतिम् ।
सुधां विना न प्रययुर्विरामं
न निश्चितार्थाद्विरमन्ति धीराः ॥ (1)

This constant friend of my adversity—never to be forgotten ! *This* idea shot me through the LL.B. until I passed it; it drove me to it, burnt me to it, kept me to it.

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(1) The numbers in brackets in the text refer to Notes at the end of Scrap Book III.

Pandit Ajudhyánáth of Allâhâbâd died yesterday, and poor Kirloskar died today! So the fate wills.

MARRIAGES OF LILAVATI AND JASU

It is proposed to marry Lilávati next May. I tried to defer her marriage so far as I could. She will be in her 12th year before May, the orthodox limit of age is crossed and, *nolens volens,* I must submit to the custom of seeing her married now. On theory and principle, what justification is there for undertaking to see this? But I cannot ignore consequences. She is born in this society, and I cannot help sticking to it for reasons not necessary to dwell upon here. Placed as she is in this society, her happiness must be sought by taking this situation into consideration. I must insure her life and happiness in *this* situation, and marriage at this tender age is a condition precedent which the society requires me to perform in order to secure this insurance.

But a knottier and more delicate problem has to be solved without delay, one way or the other. Mother wishes to marry little Jasu along with Lilávati this year. She is very strong about the point, feels for it, and has the opinion of the caste, the family and father on her side. But all this is irrelevant. I have delayed coming to a conclusion for the last six months, and all the while I have shown her a decided bias against her views. By this process I have eliminated all the possible arguments in support of her views and against my views. I am now called upon to decide at once, as the bridegroom's party must be informed in time. I have divorced sentiment from the affair, and I have banished all instinct and bias. I have been exceedingly ill last months, and, during the moment of depression, have accepted mentally to yield to Mother, but have tarried in order that my thoughts and reason may be free from the influence of weakness of brain.

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Pandit Ajudhyánáth of Alláhábád died yesterday, and poor Kirloskar died today! So the fate wills.

MARRIAGES OF LILAVATI AND JASU

It is proposed to marry Lilávati next May. I tried to defer her marriage so far as I could. She will be in her 12th year before May, the orthodox limit of age is crossed and, *nolens volens*, I must submit to the custom of seeing her married now. On theory and principle, what justification is there for undertaking to see this? But I cannot ignore consequences. She is born in this society, and I cannot help sticking to it for reasons not necessary to dwell upon here. Placed as she is in this society, her happiness must be sought by taking this situation into consideration. I must insure her life and happiness in *this* situation, and marriage at this tender age is a condition precedent which the society requires me to perform in order to secure this insurance.

But a knottier and more delicate problem has to be solved without delay, one way or the other. Mother wishes to marry little Jasu along with Lilávati this year. She is very strong about the point, feels for it, and has the opinion of the caste, the family and father on her side. But all this is irrelevant. I have delayed coming to a conclusion for the last six months, and all the while I have shown her a decided bias against her views. By this process I have eliminated all the possible arguments in support of her views and against my views. I am now called upon to decide at once, as the bridegroom's party must be informed in time. I have divorced sentiment from the affair, and I have banished all instinct and bias. I have been exceedingly ill last months, and, during the moment of depression, have accepted mentally to yield to Mother, but have tarried in order that my thoughts and reason may be free from the influence of weakness of brain.

13th January, 1892.

I have been in great anxiety and puzzle for months and days to decide this matter—to be called upon by mother to do a thing against my wishes. Conscience has asked me to decide by reason and not sentiment. I resort for solution to the same method as that by which I decided for profession against service, by assigning marks to the pros and cons of the matter.

So the Great Will wills against my wish and I am bound to decide in favour of marriage in 1892. The balance, *though nice,* must decide one way or the other; and it decides thus. The decision upsets me, plucks me; but when announced, it will send a thrill of joy into the hearts of all in my family—Father, Mother, and Wife. The Great Will wills it—I must do what turns out to be Duty—whatever is now the result. If the possible chooses to outweigh the probable, I am not responsible—my conscience is free. I only hope the good will come out of the reasonable. If the machine of reason has worked out this way, my feelings and my acts must yield that way. My duty lies there. So the Great Will wills.

15th January, 1892.

"Each case on its own merits" was one meaning of my paper on Reform. "No case to be decided solely on *bare* principles of 'National' interests"—was another meaning.

One idea on Ethics suggests itself. Our theory of Moral Government, supposing that the morality or immorality of our acts is visited with rewards or punishments in this or after life, is said to be necessary to supply motives for moral action. I do not see the necessity. The Great Will works by means and ends; and when I am taken to a point of luck or calamity, this is to be taken as a means to serve some higher end, subservient to the cause of the whole system of

which I am but a point, and it is my duty to work out my way and bear my situation by the light of my conscience point. But there is hardly room for assuming rewards etc., for acts which must ultimately be fathered on the Awarder of the Rewards themselves.

During this month, the whole earth (Europe, America and India) is afflicted with Influenza, and the great and the low succumb to the Epidemic. I had fever in December, and hard work etc. have made me so weak as to make Father, Mother, Uncle and Wife go to the length of entertaining misgivings even about my life. I never had such weakness since the rains of 1878. Medicine, change of climate, rest etc. are all tried, and money is spent: and I am calmly awaiting slow progress with optimistic vision, because pessimism would make me worse. I do not feel unprepared for death and do not care what comes on. The Great Force—the Single Force—conscious and powerful, wise and no doubt benign to its atoms and points in true wisdom, must and will take such constructive or destructive care of me as may be the best.

23rd January, 1892.

Father has for years thought of making me take his views of religion and has given up his attempts in despair. Uncle still hammers me with his Vedánta, with the beneficent motive of the principle

"इष्टं धर्मेण योजयेत्" (2)

Lalitá has been put by me in the way of such a tentative form of religion as her uneducated but virtuous and noble mind was capable of grasping from among the materials that her society and vernacular could make available for her; under the impulse of this religion, she told me yesterday that she has got into anxiety about the religion of myself and of my children. She wants me to explain how I consider myself in

the way of Mukti[1] from future transmigrations etc., in spite of my disbelief from all Sandhyá,[2] and other religious Karma.[3] She does not see me using any means of attaining this end, and fears my habits will infect my children.

25th January, 1892.

JAYANTI'S BETROTHAL

Yesterday noon Mr. Ratiram Durgaram came and asked me to betroth Jayanti to his Son, and I promised to consider the matter. At night mother ran down to Walkeshwar, where I go to sleep, and showed me a telegram from Jhaver Shanker Mayá Shanker of Petlád informing us that his son's betrothal was revoked, and asking for instructions. Mother said the telegram must be answered one way or the other, and at once, as other girls would be offered by the morrow. After half an hour's consultation, I consented to mother's proposal and replied by wire that I gave Jayanti to the boy. So the Great Will willed, but meditation over the matter deprived me of sleep for hours after mother left me, and even today I feel pinched and restless at this hasty incident which has made me seal the fate of my child.

My illness has weakened my brain, and I doubt if I have done my Duty properly, and if I have done the right thing in doing this act. My conscience bites me so long as I do not come to a conclusion on this matter, and if I come to an adverse conclusion, my conscience will be stung for ever. I must, therefore, think out to relieve myself into heaven or hell from this dreadful suspense of conscience. Why the Great Will so took me by surprise and compelled me, in my hour of illness to arrive at a most momentous conclusion at

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[1] मुक्ति, Salvation. [2] संध्या Daily religious ceremony. [3] कर्म, Ceremony.

so short a notice, and within such a short time, I cannot see. I have taken a big leap in the dark while asleep, and I must open my eyes to find out whether I am on safe or unsafe ground for all that. Heaven knows what and why this is.

My mind has acted under a weakness, and my justification for my conclusion is only the justness of this weakness, and not the fact of weakness. Even a just weakness ought to have been conquered, and defeat in the direction is a failure in the performance of Duty! We often fail in duty, but this failure is most momentous. The Great Will has willed the future. But the existence of such Will, though the past may not be obliterated, is an Index of Rottenness at my Individual point. I am bound to take a bitter lesson and to ameliorate, and even retrieve, the Resultant of the Rottenness, and to cure the Rottenness itself.

गतं न शोचामि[1]

is not an absolutely true principle, for without the biting of such Shoka,[2] one would not be stung into that activity which would necessitate the invention of such ameliorations and cures. My sting shall not go in vain—provided it is so willed by the Great Will. (See also Verse 12 of Canto 69 of Sneha-mudra.[3])

27th January, 1892.

Curious coincidence! Jayanti betrothed on the 25th, and I get the first proof of the second part of my novel on the 26th.

The betrothal pinches me, and I compare myself to Vidyá Chatura, who accepting in haste a woman's arguments, betrothed Kumud to Pramád, and dropped all talk of Sarasvatîchandra.(3)

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[1] "I do not worry over the Past." [2] शोक, Worry. [3] स्नेहमुद्रा.

A DREAM

Last night, while sleeping at Walkeshwar, I dreamt of a discussion between me and the Sannyási Krishnanand Saraswati [1] on the following Sutra [2]

आत्मा उपाधिभिः कीलितः (4)

which occurs in no book, but was invented by the dream. Rai Bahadur Motilal Lalbhai informed the Sannyási [3] of it, and the Sannyási [3] said 'the man is Anadhikári [4] at present, because he never talks of it to me, but will one day become a very strong Adhikári [5] as the dream could not take place without some great Sanskára [6] and the Sutra [2] is capable of a long long discourse!!!' To my mind this comment is as amusing to me as this dream was to the Swami.

28th January, 1892.

I read today my notes of 11.4.1891, and the pinchings of my conscience (which have now done their duty, as pointed out at the close of my note of 25.1.92) vanish under the awakening of the sentiments of these notes. No doubt, it was most truly said

तरति शोकमात्मवित् (5)

I write my notes to help my memory during my weak moments and during my difficulties, and the awakening of the memory to the true conclusion—to the true instincts, means our freedom—such as I feel now, after the cessation of those just but terrible pinchings. This is the illustration of what Chhándogya [7] at the end of the 7th paragraph says:

"सत्त्वशुद्धौ ध्रुवा स्मृतिः स्मृतिलाभे सर्वग्रन्थीनां विप्रमोक्षः" ॥ (6)

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[1] कृष्णानन्द सरस्वती, Name of a Sanyasi. [2] सूत्र, Aphorism. [3] संन्यासी. [4] अनधिकारी, Not qualified. [5] अधिकारी, Qualified. [6] संस्कार, Refinement. [7] छांदोग्य, one of the important Upanishadas, the great scriptures of the Hindus.

4th February, 1892.

A verse is composed by me as below out of the Sutra[2] in a previous note:

आत्मोपाधिभिरेव कीलित इति स्मृत्या मनः शीर्यते।
तत्कीलाः सुमनःशरा इव शिवे भस्मीकृतारौ कृताः॥
धानुष्के तु हते धनुर्न हि धनुर्बाणा न बाणा इमे।
मायानाटकभूमिकासु रमतां साक्षी पुनर्वा न वा॥(7)

True, but the Smriti[1] that shatters the fool's manners is a rarity, and is most difficult to be had. It slips away at the most critical time when it is just most wanted. The aspiration

"હવે રહો માનસમાત્ર સ્નેહ" (8)

is the most difficult to obtain: for this very reason that the Smriti[1] loses all its intensity at the proper time. Mischief to one's self, to others—the direct lessons from the past—as a surest consequence; all not remembered when the devil wakes with his awful might and casts his lurid glare over the weak and the prostrate beast in the soul. The problem of overcoming this, only ends in disgraceful failures, and makes me cry "Oh, let my weakness have an end!" Gracious God! This Rottenness at my Will-point has to be cured at all costs—I have not discovered the 'How' yet—Unless the Extraordinary Teeth will complete the moral and physical destruction here. Discover the Dynamite of Destruction to blow off this weakness and make the *Smriti*[1] everliving and evergreen. This is what the Will-point commands.

HOPE OF RETIREMENT

It seems my means are now enough to allow my family a bare maintenance in case of my death. That relieves me in one way. But the money is not enough to enable me to retire in comfort and convenience. Of

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[1] स्मृति, Memory.

course I have to wait until I am 40 or 42, when I must abruptly break off from the world and retire, whatever my means then. I think if I had got into one of those lucrative appointments once placed in my way, I would not have earned more, but would have saved much more. That, however, is, no reason for repentance, and I think I was right in my choice. I need not discuss 'Why'. One of my predilections for the profession was what I called the State of Nature—its resemblance to the natural life of Birds and Beasts, in whose case the Great Will alone—the Annapoorná[1] alone—has to be depended upon, and the efforts at the Will-point are wholly disposed of by that figurative Goddess; whereas service means a regular stream of income, for which no anxieties are to be wasted and no Annapoorná[1] has to be invoked.

This feature of service not only demoralises, but debars the coward heart from the harder lessons and discipline of natural life. I have secured these lessons and discipline to no small extent from my profession, and I feel that I am infinitely a truer and larger soul under my lightsome Sky than I would have been under the shady roofs of Service. I called these advantages irrelevant in working out my problem as to Service or Profession but, relevant or irrelevant, the advantages have followed, and I doubt if I am not richer with them than I would have been with the gift of a lakh of rupees from a kind but human Prince for my master. At all events, I do not repent my choice. The grapes of service may not be really sour for me, but the grapes that I taste in this way are beyond the horizon of the most fattening service and I would never have dreamt of them in Service. At all events, I would not allow my costly grapes to be wasted on a nothing—to go for nothing. Thorns and brambles may yield the sweetest of Berries, and, if I have worked through the former, I must welcome the latter. Thus

[1] अन्नपूर्णा, The goddess who gives us food.

must discontent yield before the contentment and enjoyment of the strength that my gymnastics have brought me. So the Great Will wills. The Shade is the more delicious after the Sun.

7th February, 1892.

It was a great advice of Râvana to Lakshmana: "I wanted to build a stair-case between heaven and earth; I thought I might do it at any time and deferred it. Lo! I am now dying and cannot do it, and none else can do it." Beside physical inability, there is the danger of one's being in "weaker moments" and "moments of dependence" such as children and old people are subject to. Not only must time be caught by the forelock as regards acts, but also as regards Conclusions and Instincts. Conclusions and Instincts, like acts, must be arrived at, or acquired or attained, during the stronger moments of life, and stored up for use during the seasons of moral distress or dependence. The Laputan Flappers should also be kept stationed for service in all nooks and corners. In fact

यावत्स्वस्थमिदं शरीरमरुजम् । etc.,[9]

is a verse that could be extended in multiform ways.

17th February, 1892.

Mother went to Nadiad with Jayanti the day before yesterday. I have passed through a protracted illness whose last stage is not yet past. Wife is again unwell. So is Jasu. Naturally I rose this morning with a heavy soul: "What is all this? How long? How often? Whereto will all this lead?" These and similar questions poured upon my brain and made it sink. Such lives as ours are dangerous to the survivors—old parents and little infants—my children. We are past help—our healths are shattered by the past—and we must live out our thin thread-like lives, until they choose to break at some moment. There is this

pain in the belly, that is in the abdomen, a rheumatism elsewhere—for myself. Then wife is in a worse plight. All this is enough to destroy the physical frame; the thought of it is enough to destroy the mental frame and to precipitate the physical ruin. But thanks to my philosophy, I am reminded of it. I read my notes of 12 July, 1891, and feel struck and reproached for my loss of memory.

I think the Upanishads[1] *record a rise from the older* religions and as a conflict in which philosophy succeeded the over-ritualism and Dualism. The scene of Sacrifice was transferred by a bold poetic flight from the ritualistic altar into the vast Universe which itself was turned into a great sacrifice: see Purusha-sūkta, the Brihadáranya Upanishad,[1] etc. The last verse of the former triumphantly proclaims that *this* is a real sacrifice, and that *was* the real religion which raised to the Heavens the more ancient people, and which runs to its Advaitic climax by saying that they worshipped the Great Yajna[2] with itself—the Yajna—that the materials of worship were the same with the object of worship. The Kena Upanishad[3] refers to the conflict when it says 'That is Brahma—not this one which people usually adore'

तदेव ब्रह्म त्वं विद्धि नेदं यदिदमुपासते ॥

Brahma, we know at one time, signified the sacrifice. The conflict between Dvaitism and Advaitism is not so patent in these passages, but I have to see how Zoroaster (Jaradushtra), etc., fare in this and the Samhitá literature.

What is this Chit[4] of Sacchidananda[5]? It is called Bodha,[6] Samvid,[7] etc., in the text books. The Pancha Dashi[8] described it as differing from the 'sensations'

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[1] उपनिषद: are the Hindu scriptures next to the Vedas. [2] यज्ञ. [3] केन उपनिषद् is another important उपनिषद्. [4] चित्. [5] सच्चिदानन्द. [6] बोध. [7] संविद्, Consciousness. [8] पंचदशी, a treatise of Vedantic philosophy.

such as Shabda,[1] Sparsha,[2] etc., whether these are in Jágara [3] or Swapna [4]; it is yet *the* one thing which continues identical in Jágara,[3] Swapna,[4] Sushupti,[5] etc. It is 'self-lighted' and does not grow or deteriorate like other organisms

नोदेति नास्तमायाति संविदेषा स्वयंप्रभा (10)

It continues from day to day, year to year, and for ever, unborn and immortal. It connects all, cf.

अयमात्मा विश्वस्य सेतुर्विधृतिर्लोकानाम् (11)

or the like in Chhándogya.[6]

In fact their descriptions make it very much like one all-pervading Force underlying all things and in latent or dormant state. Nirguna [7] and Nishkarma [8] do not mean more than what Mill would have called 'Not manifested through visible sensations'. This latent Chit [9] is self-lighted, and lights up all varied sensations. Excepting the unsatisfactory explanations of the variations through the agency of Máyá,[10] I have not yet met with what I yet seek for—a better explanation in that system. According to this explanation the latent Samvid,[11] omnipresent, presents, like a gem, such panoramic patent hues as the foil of sensations lends or rather superposes over it. The Great Force contains within its bosom the three Gunas (Sattva,[12] Raja,[13] Tama [14]). Where the Chit [9] is bridged over by inanimate and opaque Tama,[14] we have the inanimate world—the Chit [9] is nonetheless there in latent form. Animal and human life are the reflections of Raja [13] and Sattva [12] over the 'light' of Chit.[9] I think there *is* some meaning in all this, which must be translated into the language of modern ideas before I could accept or reject it.

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[1] शब्द्, Word, sound. [2] स्पर्श, Touch. [3] जागर, Awakening. [4] स्वप्न, Dream. [5] सुषुप्ति, Profound sleep. [6] छांदोग्य उपनिषद्. [7] निर्गुण. [8] निष्कर्म. [9] चित्. [10] माया. [11] संविद्. [12] सत्त्व. [13] रज. [14] तम.

1st March, 1892.

SCHOPENHAUER

Another wonderful coincidence—I have spun out my belief in the Will Force during the last year and a half. This day Hiralal Dhole's 'Vedánta Sára' falls into my hands and at page x of the preface of the book, I find an account of Schopenhauer's theory of Will Force—a theory I learn for the first time to have occurred to any other brain than mine. I have got the name of this philosopher's book in my list, but I did not know that our theories coincided, though the title of the book made me suspect it. No doubt, we must yet differ on other leading details, as I do from Vedánta.

2nd March, 1892.

VEDANTA

Jágara,[1] Swapna,[2] Sushupti[3] and Turyâvasthâ[4] are the four conditions to which we are said to rise; and next to Sushupti[3] is the Turyâvasthâ[4] of the Mukta[5]—the highest form of our return to ourselves. I suspect it was meant to describe the latent or dormant stage of the Great Force by this language. My difference from Vedánta is, not as to the existence of this stage, nor as to our destination to it—but as to the mode of reaching it, as to the necessity of giving up the Patent in order to be Latent, as to the censures passed against the Patent, and as to the exclusive acceptance of the Latent as the Transcendental Ideal. The Vedánta of later days differs from that of the older days, and I coincide more with the latter. The differences lead me to my philosophy of Consumption and Duty, lead the later Vedántins to Stagnation and Asceticism. I think this kind of Vedánta has been

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[1] जागर. [2] स्वप्न. [3] सुषुप्ति. [4] तुर्यावस्था, In Vedantic philosophy the fourth state of the soul, in which it becomes one with Brahma. [5] मुक्त Free.

evolved by natural processes, and the error lies, not in the evolution, but in some other direction which has to be explored.

At present I can see only one inconsistency. The doctrine that destroys Relativity and Relative distinctions, is neglected at the top of the whole philosophy, and the Patent is said to be a thing to be avoided, and the Latent to be sought!—a distinction which is a paraphrase of 'The Bad and the Good'! Besides, the great fault of the System is, in my eyes, the utter dis-recognition of the Patent and the Máyá as one with our Great Self in the end, and as being the Universal Music in the Bosom of that Self—in which the sparks of that Great Self have to symphonise and burn themselves away—to consume themselves away! The Máyá has a meaning—is a function of the Latent force which sings out with Dwaitistic key-notes the Patent Music that plays on its bosom during the Infinite Moment, and consumes itself away into itself. The Latent revels in the Music of Merriment and Wails, joys and sorrows, and the like Patent things, and we, whose will is the same as the Great Will, strain our Patent voices into them until we consume them into the Latent again.

22nd March, 1892.

ANOTHER DREAM

I had a very strange dream this last night. There was a Kathá assemblage in a temple of Shiva, where several people were sitting bare-headed and devotedly listening to some sermon from a personage similarly dressed and sitting behind the Bána Idol of Shiva. This personage was Shiva himself in flesh and blood. There were some incidents and talks about me after I entered[1] the hall, but I do not remember the details.

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[1] Cf. प्रजापतेर्वेश्म अहं प्रपद्ये I enter the abode of Creator—Brahma.

I remember what happened last. As I reached the personage Shiva by walking alongside the assemblage, Shiva rose and, by an operation like that of the Force of Gravitation, drew into himself the whole frame of my body. The body, while subjected to this operation, ceased to be solid or liquid, was gradually turned and metamorphosed into a volume of pure light, into which I was wholly consumed within a couple of minutes just where I was standing. This lightsome volume was still further rarefied and rendered invisible as it passed over the space forming the interval between me and Shiva. But one part of Shiva's own body, viz., the side facing my body, evidently assumed the form of a burning glare and light, as it absorbed into itself my transformed substance, after it had reached him and passed into his frame from the space through which it had invisibly travelled. While I was thus being drawn and pulled, I retained my consciousness of Ego, even though the cerebrum had ceased to be itself. But the nearer I was pulled, the more was the Egoic consciousness destroyed, or rather rarefied or consumed. When the whole process and operation was over, and I was completely and absolutely absorbed into this personage, he declared to the wondering audience that my Moksha [1] was complete, and the last that I saw of my Ego from within my station in the burning body of Shiva, was the feeling of hearing his lips declare my Moksha ;[1] and with that feeling the Ego seemed to have been extinct. The dream was over.

I do not believe in the prophetic, or anyway real, nature of dreams. But I cannot help feeling that this dream was highly poetic and philosophical, and I may draw upon it for many a sublime and suggestive idea. It is therefore that I commit it to writing, even though I do not believe in the mythological Shiva.

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[1] मोक्ष Absolution.

I received Vakilpatra and Rs. 1,000/- from Swámi Shanker Bhárati from Dhárwár yesterday, and it is a curious coincidence to have this dream that very day. The incidents have of course no dependence upon each other, nor do I remember ever having fancied an incident like that of the dream.

29th March, 1892.

MY TEMPER

My temper is generally calm and placid—a very happy thing. Occasionally it tends to be ruffled—occasions are not wanting for this in life—but it is a tendency which dies with the very awakening of my consciousness of its existence. Its continuance a moment longer is with me an index of something wrong with my health or with my circumstances. A good final cause may, within limits, exist for the toleration of loss of temper in one's self. But I do not like my loss of temper at all. My circumstances are all right now, but my weak health makes me irritable of late, and irritation of soul brings its own physical punishment with itself. An idiotic client, who would neither pay me properly nor go away from my threshold and relieve me from taking up his hopeless case—irritates me by this conduct. The cook comes late today, that irritates me. Good Heavens! Why these irritations? They confound my brain and pour palpitations and excitements in the heart! Why should I be angry? My anger is unusual, and, when it turns up, is secret—I can control it externally. But why any anger at all? Where is my Laputan Flapper at this moment? What is the balsam to heal anger? Habit is second nature, and *If* I accustom and so naturalise myself to these unpleasant humbugs, and if I can bear to look upon them as temporary or momentary or superficial coquetries of nature, which the Great Will raises like so many bubbles on this

Ego-point—I may reduce myself into the Sákshi[1] unaffected by these nameless stormlets of my life. Well, I already begin to smile at the chirpings of these birds of passage on my Ego-point! They are about to fly away—I think they fly away. They merge into the Invisible, and I am where I was before they come. So the Great Will wills. They come, they go, and "Time and the Hour run through the roughest day!"

तरति शोकमात्मविद्—तरति क्रोधमात्मविद्, or rather, तरति मोहमात्मविद्[2] would do for all things: and

"ભર્યો મોહરસ અંકે અંકે વિવર્ત ભિન્ન દશાના,(12)
ભુલી નાટકતા નાટકની ઉર ગ્રહે મોહ માયાના

—all is Moha and eventually I say

"ઉભેલી માયા ખસી ગઇ, ઉર-આંખે હઠને છોડી!"(13)

So the Great Will wills!!!

1st April, 1892.

THE "LEWD" KRISHNA: BHAKTI-MARGA

The lewdness of Krishna is one of the most ill-understood of things. The stories of Krishna with the big volume of Bhágawata are the product of a very late age comparatively. The Karma Kánda of the Vedic age and subsequent times is shattered by Buddhism. Co-evally with Buddhism and Jainism, the cleverer Bráhmanas got up for the masses a religion which was equally free from abstruse philosophy as from meaningless ritualism. This religion was so free only substantially, for formally or traditionally relation was worked up between it and the obsolete-growing Veda and Vedánta. Names, stories and sentiments were picked up from the relics of Vedic beliefs and put together in a new system which was supposed to be a resuscitation of that older religion of the Vedas which

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[1] साक्षी Witness.

[2] See Sanskrit verses composed by G.M.T. and given with other self-composed Sanskrit verses later on in this Scrap Book, at the end.

it was impossible for people of different circumstances to understand. The Bráhmanas drew largely from the Vedas, the Great Epics of the country and from the traditions into which the vast literature of the forefathers must have been reduced. Into this body was infused the spirit of Bhakti Márga, a spirit which, under certain circumstances, would flame up in any nation as sturdy as light and heat on a lucifer match.

There is a Conscience running through all sorts of ages, and each age has its peculiar form of Conscience which must flame heavenward. A moral age is ripe for a philosophical religion. An immoral age must have a religion of repentance. But an "un-moral" age can have neither. Such an age may have varied aspects of its own. It may be without "Moral tests", but may have a heart. If the heart is wild, it may be fanned into fanaticism as in Mahomedanism. It may be lascivious, and it may be *diverted* playfully into grooves where it may filter down into the purity of the heavenly elements, though it may have to filter through earth or dark charcoal. The *diverting* force makes its music through the lascivious substances, forming itself a part of their soul and body, until the whole is transformed into purity. The sane man, wanting to cajole the insane, must understand insanity and assimilate his feelings and voice and gestures with those of the insane. So does Krishna in the midst of people who were innocent and un-moral, without being immoral. Christ was a father who forgave a repentant immoral age with the kindness of a father and so of him it was said:

> "*As man* he pities my complaint,
> His power and truth are all Divine."
>
> (Cowper, Page 287.)

No "complaints" could be sent up by immoral people. But still, nonetheless, did Krishna *pity as man*, and his "power and truth" were "All Divine", as was sought to be impressed upon the innocent and wonder-

ing Gopis, when, returning from the voracious Durvásás, they had to believe against belief that the sacred waters of the Yamuná could recede and make way for them, on being conjured to do so, "if that Krishna who has been voluptuously playing with us, be an ascetic in reality."

Christ lived among men as man, he looked divine to the age, which, though immoral, could see him through repentance—for repentance is an eye; he upbraided and forgave like a father. Krishna lived among women as man—for all about him were as women innocent and lascivious; he looked human to an age which had no eye to see moral divinity and could only appreciate the lover; he seduced like a lover, cajoled imperceptibly, and saved by elevating. He too *saved*, if Christ did save. He had to do the work assigned to Vishnu—No. 2 of the Trinity.

When missionaries, jealous of Krishnaism's resemblance to Christianity; cry it down by pointing out its immoralities and jump to the conclusion that the resemblances travelled into India through Christian travellers, they fail to understand what they decry. The semitic monotheism and the Vaishnava's monotheism are Forces which have sprung up in different climes and circumstances by the laws of Natural Selection; and, their ultimate object being the same, a partial resemblance was inevitable. Both appealed to the heart, but the Indian counterpart of Christianity had to grow up among the half-remembered and understood relics of Vedic traditions, and it had to vaporize into evaporation the dregs of the Buddhistic juice which was overflowing from its Indian cup—beyond the Himalayan brims. It did not affect to teach; it only joined in the dance of the then actual life, and, by cleverer steps and artifices, led the humble band of choristers into fields where the Rása[1] could be played more beautiful and divine.

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[1] रास a well-known kind of a dance of Krishna and Gopis.

Nothing short of a religion like this could take firm root in this land. Buddhism was iconoclastic by nature. It destroyed tradition and left a blank past before the vision; the descendants of a great and historical nation were not likely to brook this. It proposed to destroy caste and all existing forms of life, without substituting any other system of mundane life; for it was ascetic at heart and in form. This might do in countries where people had been accustomed to live without caste, and where there were in vogue forms of life not antagonistic to the destructive mission of Buddhism. In India, a system with this defect of constructiveness carried its own decline and enabled the current forms of life to recover their lost place in the balance. Buddhism supplied no rosy prospects to the despondent spirit, except through such extinction of soul as the climax of atheistic asceticism could rise to.

The Bhakti Márga successfully affected to revive the past by raising before the thirsty eye a glorious and vast image, or illusion, by assimilating tradition with fiction and poetry. It destroyed socialistic conflict and pointed to existing forms of life as carrying peace and content. It sweetened life with its own music, and sweet and sacred pleasures were constructed and distributed among the people, who were told and taught not to meddle with the existing details of the fabric of society. It separated society and morality from religion, and taught that all might exist side by side. Bhakti was to be neither esoteric nor exclusive. It was the sweet stream of life into which the high caste Narasinha Mehtá and the low Dhed could lave their limbs without fighting with each other for belonging to this or that caste—it was the sweet stream whose medicated waters could be used with benefit, and without the humiliation and pang of self-reproach by the immoral and un-moral whose infirmities were to be cured by curative properties of the water. The future of the Bhakta was blessed and sure—it was

laid on the adamantine foundations of Faith which was accessible to all. A religion so constructed carries intrinsic evidence of its being the great and powerful force, which overlapped and pushed into the distant empty East the great wave, which was unsuited to the place where it had first risen. Extrinsic evidence exists to the same effect, but I do not discuss it here.

2nd April, 1892.

The origin of the Bhakti Márga is in what has been called the Pauránic Period. The deities of this period were created for some object—for devotion and worship, and certainly not for mere wonderment. The deities of the Veda are the same as those of this period in name, but their substance is entirely different: e.g. VISHNU—the Vedic Sun—appears as one of the Trinity here, and so on. The Pauránic deities are entirely mythological, though there is poetry in the myths. The mythical Shiva and Vishnu, etc., have no place either in the Vedic literature or in the Epics. The sacrificial ritualism in the old day was not dedicated to them. The great Epics of the country do not seem to know them, except where we suspect interpolations. If they had existed before or along with Buddhism, they would have been attacked by the leader of that reform religion. But Buddhism neither attacked them nor mentioned them. They are, therefore, subsequent to them. But the early poets, including Kálidása and Bhavabhûti, bowed to the mythological deities, and idolatry seems to have been recognised and revered by them. We may, therefore, say that this new phase of Bráhmanism was neither earlier nor much younger than Buddhism.

This statement of the age of Bhakti Márga etc. also disposes of the wild suggestion that it was derived from Christian notions; for Christ was born much later than this age. Introduced and nurtured conti-

nuously, and not all on a sudden, between about 500 and 100 B.C., this new form of Bráhmanism grew and grew, until it was a forest of trees with luxuriant and parti-coloured foliage of ripe Bhakti. Multiform materials must have contributed to this growth, and, as in the case of Shiva, even the aboriginal worships were admitted within the pale of an all-absorbing system, whose object was to make a Sarva-Deva-Namaskára,[1] and to construct for society a new temple in the heart of man. The temple varied with the heart in details. Woman had her mother Goddess. The rogue and ruffian has his wild deity approving of his life. The lover had his Krishna accepted mostly by the Mercantile Communities. Choleric Bráhmanas had their choleric Shiva—the deity living the life of his devotees, in the midst of Bhánga intoxication, in the Smashána[2] where wild ascetics lived, and even symbolising the processes of Procreation in their nudest form to suit those who could not rise from the coarser forms of life into the more refined loves of Krishna. But, whether in the one case or the other, the heart worshipped, and it was worship of something, a nobler and higher nucleus within the "circumstance" of one's own moral or unmoral sentiments which were to be left untouched and which it would have been futile to attack in a society which had recently hailed the phantom of Buddhism, and which had no such materials for the maintenance or construction of an ethical motive power as a vast lay society of the usual worldlings could understand or adore.

3rd April, 1892.

Tansukhabhái was here just now. He informs me of Dr. Bhándárkar's recent list of Manuscripts introduced with a preface in which he points out that the

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[1] सर्वदेवनमस्कार, A bow to all gods.

[2] स्मशान, Crematorium, the burning place for the Hindu dead.

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Shaiva and Vaishnava sects are referred to in as old a work as one of the old Bháshyas. I am not surprised at this fact tallying with my views, only so recently written as yesterday. The Bháshyas are very old, but not older than Buddhism, and it is quite intelligible how the sects could have existed about this time. The evidence in question would be interesting to me from my standpoint in this that it may indicate the direction where one may search for the manner in which the myths developed. My idea, and idea only, is that the few simple deities of the Vedas—Vishnu the Sun, and Rudra and Brahmá the sacrifice or the infinite, supplied a network of mythology which must at first have been confined to them. The Panchá-yatana Gods are the namesakes of Vedic Deities, and these alone must first have risen into view with the simple poetical ideas of Trimūrti.[1] When temples were founded for the one or the other of them to honour idols, the development of mythology passed from the hands of poets, philosophers and book-writers into the hands of worshippers who could weave their work with gossip and talks and superstitious inventions—a machinery as volatile as steam and smoke.

TEMPLES AND IDOLS

Architectural History of India, so far as I know, does not record facts anterior to Buddhism, and it is possible that the previous Áryans did not want any temples—a significant suggestion. The temples came from some unknown quarters; and they were either imported, or suggested, from the idolatrous nations beyond the Hin̆du Kush, with whom India undoubtedly maintained some intercourse. The existence of such idolatrous nations is clear from the Bible, and from elsewhere. There were the Greeks, the Romans and the Egyptians as well. It may also be that the open-

[1] त्रिमूर्ति, Trinity.

air rites of the Vedic people could no longer do for those who wanted and sought the large monasteries where Buddhism collected and sheltered its ascetics. The Jains also seem to have been fond of temples; and whether, in a race of temple competition, the one was the imitator and the other the imitated it is impossible for me to say in the present state of my knowledge. I only mention this as suggesting that there is an alternative to seeking in foreign countries for the origin of temples. But I find at present no such alternative for the origin of idols. The only Indian idol is perhaps that of the formless Shiva—quite consistent with the aboriginal ideas and art of India. The origin of idols may be foreign, but the development of details is entirely Indian and worked up solely on Indian traditions—possibly to overwhelm the simple image of Buddha which was carried like a flambeau all over Eastern and Southern Asia.

A curious suggestion comes from the direction of the Hebrew Fish-God DAGON—the national god of the Philistines—whose picture in Webster's Dictionary is exactly our Matsya Avatára.[1] But the picture bears the sacred thread, and the four hands of DAGON bear the conch, the lotus, the wheel and the lotus.[2] I think these must be a mistake of Webster. He gives the Indian God instead of the Hebrew. If he is correct, the whole thing is appallingly striking and must carry conviction of whatever conclusions may be reached by further inquiry in the direction. (See on DAGON—Smith's Ancient History, page 551, Footnote 35.)

4th April, 1892.

One plausible theory may be built making Indian Idolatry stand aloof from other countries. That is this. Buddhism and Jainism were faught in their own

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[1] मत्स्यावतार, God in the form of fish.

[2] शंख, कमळ, चक्र and पद्म. The lotus is put twice.

field by Bráhmanism. The former two set up temples; the latter built rival temples. The temples of Buddhism and Jainism had their heroes to be idolized. Bráhmanism had no such heroes. It therefore idolized the Trinity—The 'Trimûrti'. The three functions of the Great Power were represented in artistic poetry and developed. Thus the mantras of the Pratas-Sandhyá[1] make us worship Brahmá as the morning deity, riding the Swans who perhaps were seen to fly at that hour, red coloured like dawn, etc.; while the Sáyam-Sandhyá[2] makes us worship Vishnu as the deity of the dusky evening hour, dusky Krishna in colour, riding the Eagles that must have flown at that hour, etc. Eventually it seems the heroes of the Great Epics were made to vivify the figurative Vishnu, and Idols were pictured and chiselled and dressed according to the whole result. Shiva is the formless God of the Rákshasas and associated with the howls and yells of the destructive power heard during the nightly attacks of the aborigines. All our deities had *four* hands—suggested probably by the four priests ministering on the four sides of the Yajna, etc. The previous Avatáras[3] were possibly relics of past traditions, or imparted by Foreign influence, or lionised as mementoes of local incidents. That the temples and idols of Buddhists and Jains are more perfect and gorgeous than those of Bráhmanas—suggests who must have imitated whom.

Nadiad, 27 April, 1892.

A good fun and lesson today. Don't wish to have it lost on me. Marriages of daughters are over, and Ramanik's Janoi begins two days hence. But he has been feverish last four days, and I have been treating him with káchkâ,[4] castor oil and quinine, until this

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[1] प्रातःसंध्या Morning prayer. [2] सायंसंध्या Evening prayer.
[3] अवतार Incarnations. [4] Cae Salpinia Bouducella—a drug;—Fleming.

day. I became doubtful as to the efficacy of this treatment.

FAMILY MISUNDERSTANDINGS AND THE WAY TO REMOVE THEM

Jayanti was unwell similarly during the marriages, but recovered without being cared for. Ramanik was expected to recover similarly, but does not, and we are anxious for hastening the cure, as the Janoi hurries on. This day wife was talking to somebody : " Nobody would care for this illness of the boy but for the Janoi ". Mother heard it, construed it as meaning a remark against herself, and came to me weeping, and was followed by wife who came to explain, etc. The misunderstanding and misconstruction has, I hope, been removed by my effort, and all looks quiet again.

It is quiet and happy because mother has carried out the old arrangement between me and her, at once to open mutual complaints without reserve and to seek for explanation. But for her carrying it out, this little misunderstanding might have rankled and developed into complications.

It is not to be taken that the arrangement would equally suit all people. It involves the procedure of one party's complaining and charging another party face to face, and compels the other to swallow all charges and to explain. This swallowing is a difficult, patient, enduring and forgiving process. The explaining is intellectually a far more difficult process and cannot be wielded by all; and, when mis-wielded, it is dangerous to all—self and others. Between me and mother, I allow mother to carry out the arrangement, but I do not carry it out. When she carries it out, I am prepared and able to swallow and explain. Mother may explain, but cannot swallow—and I can forgive even without explanation. It is neither safe nor necessary that I should carry out the arrangements. As between others, such an arrangement may be absurd,

if not mischievous. Pasli's attempt to arrange with her mother-in-law is an illustration. The practicability of the arrangement in my case is a rare good fortune, or rather a grace from the Great Will on this Ego-Point. I value it further as being a point of Consumption while I am in the act of swallowing and forgiving, or rather not admitting 'Offence' at all and thereby making forgiveness irrelevant. Forgiveness is a virtue which, like justice, must belong to Dwaitism, and there should be no occasion for it in the sentiments of my philosophy. All is Me, and to forgive others is to forgive myself. One seldom finds occasion to forgive himself!

28th April, 1892.

Now suppose the same arrangements were made between *A* Mother and Wife, *B* Wife and Sister, *C* Father and myself. In cases *A* & *B*, the arrangement might simply lead to friction. Swallowing and explaining would both be impracticable between such illiterate people. My course has been as follows: Instead of *A*, I allow both mother and wife to complain to me in the absence of each other. When mother complains, I become medium of explanations and give advice to either side as may be necessary. When wife complains, I make it a point to give her a patient hearing, and that often suffices to quiet her. In some cases her own statement of her case brings out her fault, and I try to fish this out, and, on success, advise her improvement. In rare cases I find it necessary to go to the length of becoming a medium of explanation from Mother and of advising her. Both ladies are bound to live joint lives, and it is of the utmost importance to promote harmony between them. My means for this are of course artificial. Combustibles are always dormant. I accustom wife to the practice of Consumption; the work is not completed.

The ladies in case *B* are not bound to live permanently together and, for want of leisure and practi-

cability as regards my personal interference, I leave the ladies to adjust their relations by their own art and sense.

Sisters have no means of complaining to me, and I discourage wife from taking to heart what she fancies or feels they do; and she herself feels oftentimes minded to oblige them. The feeling supplies a good counterblast to the occasional frictions at which I simply laugh.

MADHAVARAMA

The case of *C* does not arise, so to say.

I discountenance all occasions for father's taking interest in my concerns; for, if he is sometimes pleased with them, he must also accept being *pained* with them. It is better that he should have neither rather than both. It is enough that his idea of my concerns in general should make him happy. Moreover his ideas of ways and means must and do differ from mine, and, if I must bear the harness, it is necessary that I must use my own eyes, if I must use my own legs. If he is allowed to watch my movements, he cannot confine himself to watching, but he is sure to extend his cares in the old patriarchal way, with the only result of hampering me and the whole family, and making unhappy all family, including himself, without ever being awake to it.

He has got a strange simplicity of mind which enables him, quietly and coolly and unconsciously, to plough up living minds with knives under the supremely somnambulistic impression that his hands are using pens and ink on paper, and not knives and blood on bodies. He is happiest and safest to himself and others when he is with his God, and I do a duty in promoting his confinement and absorption within the scope of his ideal and in divorcing him from the world—as it is proved that, as between him and the world, neither one is agreeable to the other. The

divorce may pain him; but my duty, in this world of alloyed and mixed blessings, is to secure him immunity from greater pains, and not from all pains. Thus ends case C.

I can hardly abstain from comparing my good father's simplicity to that of Sir Martin Mar-All. He cannot keep a secret—especially from those from whom he is bound to keep it. He has got a letter from Kubernáth today, saying that a priest of one's own caste must act at a man's place etc., and citing a shloka for that—directly hinting that a 'Sáthodrá' Gor would not do. Father coolly read all this to Jivan Sáthodrá, who, as a Sámavedi, has to assist at Ramanik's Janoi to-morrow!! He was hardly aware of the meaning and effect of this act. This is not the first instance of the kind.

The other day when Bhagwantrám was negotiating for Champá Gouri's betrothal to me, father secretly communicated to him that we were in prospect of a girl from Bholánáthbhai's family! This absent-mindedness is multiform. When two years ago my wife came to Nadiad, in a weak and sickly condition from Bombay after passing the danger of her disease which was pronounced to be fatal, he coolly told her and her mother "Look, my son spends Rs. 500/- for such purposes—he would grudge to do so for a religious object, if I were to propose it!" He was hardly aware that he was telling these ladies that the money spent to give life out of death to one of them was ill-spent. He was hardly aware that his words were daggers. To me during my hours of professional embarrassments and poverty, when I needed strength and support, he used to say, "Look, the man has selected his profession and spurned service for this result—he now wants to be frugal. Look! Look!" etc.,—entirely forgetting that his own voice was consulted in the selection! The occasional jars between him and my mother are not a puzzle after this.

28th May, 1892.

The marriages etc. are over, and I have come to Bombay, after getting parents and Motibhái to propose the mode in which the family property—and movables—should be partitioned. I have on my part proposed that my opinion of the operation would be in being allowed to retain nothing under the arrangement. Of course they have not consented to such an extreme proposal, but their arrangement comes to something somewhat nearing that. That portion of the house which I get is no house in fact, so far as its accommodations go, there being neither 'parsál', 'ordo'[1] or anything else in it. Even such as it is, I am only a reversioner, or a joint tenant, during my parents' lives, and, if my people do not pull on well with them, they—my wife and children—have, unlike my brother, to turn houseless, if they would separate. There is of course the spacious building site, on which all building capacities of my purse may be more than exhausted. But the capacities are potential and at the mercy of the elements on the bosom of futurity; while my and wife's lives are silent barks. In fact the actualities of the divisions for me are absolutely *nil*—I have the satisfaction of seeing my proposal carried out in substance, while to all eyes and appearances I get what somebody's younger brother (Mr. K. M. Ghodi) called an 'equitable' moiety of my paternal estate!

Out of my potential heir-looms of this sort, I am expected to provide for the household 'Deity' respectable residential quarters and worship and, if possible, a temple! (Cf. the treatment of the Imám by Eliot in Baroda—B. K. Thakore). I am expected to make this provision in future, no doubt; but the future is expected to be "as soon as possible", and, if possible, in father's life and under his eyes. There are other small items of religious charities. Then, more than Rs. 1,000/- of the family debts are to be paid yet. Then,

[1] Inner room of the house.

there are the certain contingencies of being, at some times, unexpectedly called upon to follow up at least four deaths in the family with expenses of Rs. 1,000/- per each death.

If brother's wife becomes pregnant, expense has to be incurred—of course by the purse in *my* hands! Besides, mother's pilgrimage-mania still lingers for short trips to Dwárká etc. She does not want anything more for herself! Only she tells me that I must ask my wife not to be so foolishly kind to my elder sister as to propose that sister's daughters-in-law should be taken to Bombay in my house, nor would mother say a word in support of the suggestion implied in what my wife talked to her about Vrajbhái having set apart fields to give 'Kamkha' etc. to his daughters. Of course my mother says she understands wife to propose similar arrangements for my sisters—she does not give her own opinion about the proposal, against the proposal.

It is of course a different matter, in her opinion, when wife proposes to spend something out of my pocket for my own daughters—to give them a few gold bangles: mother thinks I should be economical there! Wife says it was mother who made to her the proposals about sisters, and she did not object to them. They have also lent Rs. 600/- or so to elder sister's husband, and I discover it 2 years after the event! There is, of course, no earthly probability of its being returned! In fact the money that goes to my parents is being used as if it had been earned by them and I had had nothing to do with its acquisition—I doubt if they would have used their own money similarly, if it had been theirs! So also these expectations from me are based upon an utter unconsciousness and inadvertence either to my connection with what I may acquire or to the wants of myself and my wife and children.

The same unconsciousness has marvellously pervaded their arrangement about the partition. All this is,

from a critic's point of view, what my Mánachatur [1](14) would have called 'Idiocy and spoilation' on their part. But, from the stand-point of my philosophy of Consumption, it is all the result of what I have myself tried to bring about in the course of my deliberately working out a successful and agreeable Consumption of my Ego-point, and I have begun my Consumption *at home*—Charity must begin at home. It fulfils my aspiration when I subject myself to this spoilation and consumption. It fills me with supreme happiness to find myself so consumed into the atmosphere that surrounds me. Why should I think of the question whether my parents are fulfilling their duty ! ! My Duty is measured by my capacities and position, and it is not my Duty to train or sermonize my parents. The whole process of consuming my energies results in their peace of mind, and, if I have erred in consuming myself into my parents etc., I must only say to the money so lost, what Harishchandra [2] (15) said to Prithvî [3] when he gave it up to Vishwamitra [4] viz. :

एकं क्षमस्व मम दुर्णयमेनमेव।
त्यक्ता मया यदसि दुर्लभपात्रलोभात्॥ (16)

At the same time my discretion has been exercised in seeing that the division has not extended to the length of coming in the way of the younger ones under my charge getting their dues from me—for I have to be consumed into them also. To perform my duty and not to extend or overdo it, that also is a duty. Desire to perform duty in this way bubbles up and flirts up and plays its part on the bosom of this Ego-point 'I', and the bubble must move and do its work in such a manner and with such results as the ordinary and extraordinary Teeth of the Great Will may bring about. That is the will at the Ego-point, and the prosperities and adversities that may play on that point,

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[1] માનચતુર, a unique character in the novel "Sarasvatichandra".
[2] हरिश्चन्द्र. [3] पृथ्वी. [4] विश्वामित्र.

now or in future, need not result in elevations or depressions of the mind, nor in happy cares or unhappy anxieties. It is Ishwara,[1] and not 'I', that works both at Samashti[2] and Vyashti,[3] and the Sákshi[4]-point's eye at Ego-point must only "witness" and "enjoy" the Eddies of the world! From a worldly and practical point of view, I may sum up the whole Nátaka[5] just described in one sentence: "A joint-family would be a joint nuisance, unless you could steer through it with ungrudging and all-sided sacrifice, taking care at the same time that the other members of the family do not tyrannise over each other, which they are sure to do if left to their own uncompromising and blind procedures; and, what is more, if you wish the sacrifice to have its good effects, viz. peace and harmony, never boast or complain that *you are sacrificing anything; it is sufficient that the* silent sacrifice bears an audible fruit—Peace and Harmony in a family."

30th May, 1892.

BOOK-BUYING

Up to this time I have been keeping and multiplying lists of books, and the lists will of course go on increasing still. The principle is this. Book-buying is often a costly unnecessary luxury and vice. Whenever I feel tempted to buy a book, I don't spend money to buy it but only enter it in the list, with the satisfaction that I shall not forget it when I feel myself in actual necessity and ability to buy that book. It is a pleasure to turn over my lists. Besides, I hereby provide myself with a good field for selecting good books, when true retirement will make it incumbent on me to establish my library. Another principle has to be borne in mind on that occasion. Life is frail,

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[1] ईश्वर God., [2] समष्टि, Aggregate. [3] व्यष्टि, The individual. [4] साक्षी. Witness. [5] नाटक, Drama.

and mine is specially so. I may leave money to educate Ramanik, but I cannot continue a day after death to educate him. It is a duty to attain such a continuance, if I can. I can do it in this way. My library may include books which, when they fall under his charge, will tempt and attract heart and mind like his, upon his very looking at them. The attraction must increase and be sustained throughout the perusal. Reading being thus secured, instruction must follow spontaneously and without trouble to him out of the reading. Things which create and develop aspirations lead to the formation and development and application of principles and arts, fill the mind with knowledge and methods, and elate and enlarge and strengthen the heart against the difficulties of the world, form the character and ensure present and future bliss. These things must be beautifully and romantically scattered up in the books, as in a garden. The poetry of beauty and romance must dance with the strength and sublimity of the philosophy of this frail and the other eternal life. All effort must be made to do this duty.

गृहीत इव केशेषु मृत्युना धर्ममाचरेत्।[17]

He must be able in fact to serve himself, his family, his country and his God, and must learn how to enjoy being consumed away into the Great Force. Such is the Ego-Will; if the Great Will withdraws the Ego-Phantom before the Ego-Will is achieved, so be it in the destructive wisdom of that Great Will.

31st May, 1892.

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY

Except where true philosophy has formed the heart, the heart would undulate like a wave. The other moulders of heart are (i) Circumstances of life, (ii) Poetry, (iii) Religion. Circumstances include Heredity. They are the indispensable factors of the training of the heart and are variable in causes and results.

Poetry includes those virtuous and vicious, natural and artificial instincts and phantoms which, like an incubus, *rule the human* heart with awful powers, and yet are variable, with or without circumstances. Religion is the adolescence and manhood of Poetry, grows from without the heart before growing within it, and touches the outskirts of philosophy and somewhere blends with it. It is less variable than poetry, but still it varies during growth, and sometimes revolutionises the whole frame upon accidental incidents. Philosophy is subject to the same conditions of growth as Religion, but, when once matured, it is adamantine, except that it does not cease to grow. But even in this later growth after maturity there is this distinction that, like some riverside trees, it grows in one forward and sustained direction, and not in any variable or backward direction. In the case of uneducated people, the heart can only be trained through the proper manipulation of circumstances, poetry and religion. That is the only kind of training under which I can place my wife, and, naturally enough, her heart is a variable thing. Though generous and self-sacrificing by training, her heart cannot, at times, avoid bearing the reflected character of the narrow-minded and shabby treatments to which she is often subjected by worldlings. Such treatments suit ill within her frame and subside in its depths like foreign matter, which, like all fleshy constitutions, her frame of mind strives to repel with the force of a pushed pendulum. It is only the privilege of philosophy to convert opposition into assistance, resistance into strength, and destruction into nourishment. Philosophy alone absorbs all foreign matters within its own depths, and turns battles with enemies into gymnastic duels with friends. The explanation of my Lalitá being not all through—and all throughout—'sacrifice and largeness'—is her incapacity for philosophy. Poetry and religion alone can never persist like philosophy.

4th June, 1892.

One ludicrous point requires to be solved. Cowper says "You may kill a serpent as an act of necessity for preservation of Man, but not a harmless Bird nor a Hare." The Hindu would not kill a Bug, and Cowper would, I think. A bug, a bear, a tiger and a serpent must stand in the same class for this. The question is—whether in a Joint-Hindu family, the drones must not stand in the same class; and, though of course not killed, should they not be pushed off, like some beggars? Then, again, if it is a virtue or a duty to be consumed by them, is it not equally a virtue or duty to be eaten up by bugs and tigers and bears and serpents, and to supply them for the only food they can have? I have no time at present, but must at leisure solve both these questions, and test my philosophy of Consumption by explaining or admitting this "*Reductio ad Absurdum*".

5th June, 1892.

CONSUMPTION

Furtherance of our final cause is our Duty and the whole of our duty. We are unable to enter into the actual motives of the Great Will, but we can understand and join its music and poetry. As the action of ourselves and Nature tends permanently and generally to symphonize with this poetry and music, our final cause—like all final causes—is to understand our proper functions in this symphony and to join it properly. When the Ego-Point consciously furthers this its final cause, it consciously and conscientiously performs its duty by making the Ego-Will evolve its music in accordance with its own Great Will—the will which comprehends it.

Each Ego-Point grows in a cobweb of other Ego-Points—is one plant in a garden of plants, and the garden is one in a system of Gardens, and so on *ad*

infinitum. The plant, nourished by the Garden, gives it correlative nourishment, and strength, and beauty, and counteracts all that is poison to such life. Its duties are thus threefold: (1) Its own growth, (2) service to the growth of the garden, and (3) destruction of all poison. The garden itself has similar duties to the system of gardens; and where the action of the garden is poison to the growth of the system, the duty of the plant is to deter such action. Thus, man's duty is *first* to himself, i.e. to grow and develop, and *then* to the garden in which he is a plant, and *then* to the system of gardens, and so on, *in order of time*; and, if the order is reversed or disturbed, the causal growth, being prevented, prevents the last and ultimate growth of the whole. While, therefore, the chronological order of rise from the narrower to the wider growth cannot be violated, the ultimate end being the widest growth of the largest whole within horizon, our duty has to be ordered by descending from the growth of the largest whole to the smaller growth. In fact, individual duty is a corollary from the Universal Growth; and the deduction of the corollaries is a business of a Science that has yet to grow. But the Great Will works even before the development of such a Science among the men on earth, and the way of the Will is to confer upon each Ego-Point the gift of its proportionate eyes and vision, which pour themselves on their surroundings in the first instance. The cannibal whose duty to his parents makes him devour them in their decrepit days in his own interest; the member of the archaic family or tribe who sacrificed himself to the family and the patriarch or to the tribe, but had no compunction in destroying rival tribes in the interests of his own; the patriot whose action is similar, except that the "Country" is substituted for the "Tribe";—these are but rising stages of the way of the Great Will whereby points are developed into circles, while the functions of the points or circles are made to consume themselves within the wholes within their respective visions,

and, at the same time, absorption within themselves begins where consumption into others ends. Now that our eyes are made infinite and our whole has no bounds, the processes of absorption and consumption have to undergo a transformation. I must grow, because I cannot consume myself in the most useful way without growing to my fullest capacity. My Consumption into my family as into my garden is a Duty in order that its growth may be fostered.

But this Consumption has to be limited both by the amount of Consumption required in the rival interests of the rival parts of the family, as also by the amount required for my own proper growth. Consumption has thus to be adjusted. When the necessary amount of consumption has thus been expended, a move of consumption in the same direction is a sin, but that move which is superfluous to the family must be taken in order to benefit the Garden within which the family grows. Under this system absorption can exist in *two* ways only. To inanimate vegetation and nature, the terms absorption and consumption can be applied only in a figurative sense; they never consume themselves; their only final cause is a figurative absorption within others where practicable. If animals can grow by such absorption of dead matter, they may do so. The *other* kind of absorption is not figurative but real. As in the illustration of Cannibals and the like, there are creatures which absorb others within themselves and are so far poisons to the great garden in which they grow. While feeding on other's flesh is a sin, it is no sin to destroy our form that so feeds itself. It is a poison that may be destroyed. My philosophy allows of absorption in no other way. As regards Consumption, it is not a promiscuous or unlimited Duty. It is actually limited, and potentially unlimited, in that it may be enlarged according to capacity. To put myself into the mouth of a tiger, or to allow bugs to feast on my blood, is a kind of suicide at the most. My consumption is a duty to the growth of myself and

of the gardens in which I am placed. The tiger is, no doubt, a plant in the same garden to which I belong, but my duty is to kill it and not to be devoured by it, because it is a plant poisonous to the garden. I can consume me for it only so far as it may be discovered to be beneficial to the garden. Moreover, my sacrifice to the tiger would be at the cost of my duty to my garden. I am not justified in making such a sacrifice, exactly as nothing can justify me in sacrificing my duty to my children, in order to please or even benefit my parents, or *vice versa.*

There may, none the less, be cases in which such sacrifices may be justified. Suppose, for instance, a whole country is invaded with ruin and cannot be saved except at the sacrifice of a subject, whose existence is valuable to his family. Or, take the case of Buddha who sacrificed his family relations and turned ascetic in order to save humanity from evils, which, in his opinion, he alone was able to mitigate. In such cases the man is able to consume himself most productively as well as least productively; and if he chooses the former kind of consumption as being the more consonant with the economy of consumption, as also being nearer in approach to the growth of the system of gardens at the cost or consumption of a garden included in such system, there is every justification for not allowing such high powers to be wasted on trifles. Fighting in battles, one must assist one's comrade, but there may also be occasions for treading upon his wounded body, or for undergoing the risk of shooting him, if a higher advantage is likely to be attained against the common enemy, by incurring such a sacrifice. The sacrificer identifies himself with the comrade without Bheda-buddhi,[1] and the sacrifice is only a sacrifice of himself. In such cases Duty is extended by Capacity, as in other and ordinary cases Duty is limited by Capacity.

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[1] भेदबुद्धि, the notion of distinction.

6th June, 1892.

There is one more process which looks like Consumption. There may be Ego-Points which are not poisons, e.g. beggars and needy strangers. Are we right in consuming ourselves into them ? The answer must depend upon the circumstances of each case. Firstly, your consumption into another man may lead to his moral disease, or other injury, in the long run. Secondly, your consumption nearer home may be urgent, or at least needed. Thirdly, you cannot possess the capacity of being blindly consuming yourself without risking your loss of capacity for future consumptions of a necessary nature in other directions. Fourthly, promiscuous consumption must be by nature unlimited, and, our capacities of consumption being by nature finite and limited like all patent points on the Great Force, there is no alternative to the conclusion that you should set some limit on your Consumption, because the final cause of Consumption is capable of expansion and yet is, at some point, absolutely and helplessly limited. When it is said that you are bound to conform to final causes, it is only meant that points of the Great Will cannot diverge from such of the discovered rays of the Great Will as shoot in concentration through the small focus at each point of it—each Ego-Point.

9th June, 1892.

BANK-LOSS AND ITS LESSONS

New Oriental Bank stops payment today. I have Rs. 2,700/- (Twenty-seven hundred) or more there—not a small thing to me. Wife wonders I do not feel this. I ask her to follow this my example in other matters. I see the loss as I have often seen and, at times, voluntarily undergone in favour of others. That loss was voluntary and deliberate : this is accidental and from Divine wish.

14th June, 1892.

Money, like so many waves of so many things, undulates to and fro, and travels from surface to surface and from man to man. What one Ego loses is gained by another Ego, or sinks into some inanimate non-Ego. The Great Will that drives money to one point, drives it from that point to another, and what is willed to be driven by the Fountain-Will is willed by Point-Will. In popular parlance, He that gives does take. If money goes as it came, it is in course of nature, and why should I complain? Nay! We identify it with the Great Force and Will, which makes it meaningless to complain for I can only complain against myself to myself. If the fountain and basin of all events and action is One, a complaint is absurd. In relative life, I am half indebted to accident and half to my indolence for the Bank accident, and the only result must be that I must take warning in future and, in questions of safety, be suspicious and cautious and prompt in taking up warning and acting upon it, rather than be a calm reasoner of probabilities. In matters of results that must flash like lightning, the eye must catch dangers on a twinkle and the legs must be sharp in flying away from the danger within a twinkle as well.

This principle lands me in another matter. I have been long thinking of my family matters being settled. A joint family is a joint blessing and a joint nuisance as well, according to circumstances. I illustrate it to myself by reference to the past, which I don't detail here. Again, the peace and harmony which I keep up in my family at present, are, at the most, not likely to survive me. Occasions have tested Father, Mother, Wife and all. Each has his or her good parts, no doubt. But none is the whole of what he or she should be; and my life will give way at any time, like the Oriental Bank. What then? My old proposition is that illiterate people are sure to tyrannise over each other when

left to themselves. Each step in the history of my family illustrates this and brings home to my heart the melancholy truth that my death will divide my family into parties who will not understand the true ideas of self-sacrifice, reciprocal politeness and accommodation, genuine and disinterested and impartial love, grateful receipt of obligations, and a lot of other good things, without which a joint family cannot become a joint blessing. On the other hand, my wife's life is as frail a bark as mine, and my children might become orphans at any moment when my parents and brothers alone can be their refuge. Again, who, unless it be my wife, can even minister with faithfulness to the wants of my old parents ? Thus, while my joint family is not at all likely to be other than a joint nuisance the moment I die, it is likely to be a blessing in another way. Therefore either the nuisance must be tolerated for the sake of the blessing, or some other condition of life must be discovered and found out for the people. But if it is true that I may die like the New Oriental Bank, it is equally true that this discovery and provision cannot be the work of a moment, but must be done neatly and calmly and cautiously, if I mean to avoid dangers and unthought-of pitfalls. So the Great Will wills.

18th June, 1892.

I have seen a number of families and lots of mothers and wives. A mother so good and liberal-hearted and so wise as mine is, I have never seen in life. Her shortcoming is that she falls short of the absolute standard to which I long to see her raised. It were absolute wonder if the shortcoming could be removed at this age and under those social associations and influences which surround her in my absence, and even in my presence. In spite of these shortcomings, I am exceedingly grateful to her for her good sense, even though the sense fails at times. Wife, too, is superior

to all wives that other families show me. But, alas, she falls far too short of my Gunasundari.[1] This ideal heroine is suggested by my wife, but there is naturally a gulf between the two. In these matters, as in my money-affairs, man has to be content and to thank his stars for not being placed lower than where he finds himself.

How do I render justice between two such people ? If mother cannot generally open her lips to complain against wife, wife cannot generally move me to blame my mother, and she has generally the good sense not to wish to move me in that direction. The difference is that while mother's complaints must remain within her own heart, wife can communicate hers to me ; if the result of my not listening in the one case, and of listening in the other, be the same, neither side can complain, if I allow mother her patriarchal right of committing a few mistakes to the prejudice of juniors, or, if I allow wife to open her heart to her husband. Mother, I assúme, ought not to have any grievance, because she has the privilege of exacting things and service—the family having nothing of their own to give us and everything to take from us. Her complaint at the most can be that she gets less, and I don't think this ought to be seriously considered, as " Contentment must be had by all ", and as I allow her a free scope to take with her own hands, if she can't get it from others' hands ! For wife there is the glorious privilege of sharing in my poetry and philosophy according to her powers, and of being supplied with a panacea for all worldly complaints. I have trained her, and now she gets more liberties against my own means, though others don't quite approve of it. That I allow her this in spite of such a disapproval ought to satisfy her. Why should she go to the unhappy art of expecting kindness and the like from mortals other than myself ?

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[1] गुणसुंदरी.

27th July, 1892.

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE

More losses in another way. Conscience has compelled me to tell most people, appellants, that they have bad cases, and of course they have gone away from me. This procedure of voluntary compulsion is as voluntary and deliberate as the result is fully anticipated in every case. This way I lose Rs. 600 or more, during this month or so, and I incur the loss voluntarily and laugh and laugh at these heavy self-inflicted blows, especially as I do not believe in the theory of rewards and punishments, and my action is entirely indifferent to the future in this or another life. The only difference between my New Oriental Bank losses and these losses is that the former are due to the extraordinary Teeth of the Great Will and the latter are due to the ordinary Teeth of the Great Will manifesting itself at my Ego-Point. So be it ! !

My last item of professional sacrifice is novel. Last October, I argued only one law-issue on behalf of the Ambica Mills at Ahmedabad. The Mill failed in the suit, and appealed to High Court through Chimanlal H. Setalvad. The respondent came to me yesterday and wanted to engage me, and my fee would have been about Rs. 200. I discovered that I had worked for the other side. My view is that there is no legal bar to my taking up the case now. Morally also there is none, as I have not peeped into any secrets of the case for the Mill. I consulted Mr. Apte, and he advised me that I should accept the Vakálatnáma after ascertaining by notice if the Mill wanted to engage me. Dalpat Mundas assured me that a letter from him would make the Mill Manager willingly consent to my working for the Respondent. All circumstances so far combined to tell me that I should take up this case, and that there was no reason to lose a fee of Rs. 200. Rupees two hundred is no trifle to me, and my present losses make the sum look larger. But still conscience

was restive, and I relieved myself from suspense by returning the papers to the man. To lose Rs. 200/- thus may, I thought, be an error; but it was a case of doubt, and I resolved to err on the safer side.

I go to Court and learn that Mr. Gokuldas H. Parekh, having conducted an original case at Surat for *15 days*, has accepted a brief for the other side after following the procedure referred to by Mr. Apte. For an hour this example pinched me with the idea that I may be a fool. Alluding to Mr. Gokuldas's case Mr. Apte said he had properly punished a roguish client.

A few minutes after that, a conversation about Mr. Justice Candy accidentally brought to my memory the case of the Poona Pleader who had been suspended for 6 months for changing sides. I thought out the whole matter in the train on my way home, and am relieved by the conclusion that I have acted properly from every standpoint, and that this is no longer a case of doubt. Mr. Apte's idea of punishing roguish clients is not only vindictive but presupposes that we have a right to punish people, who are not only not bound to continue or revive our retainer but are absolutely bound to choose a man who may be better in their judgment and estimation. Mr. Gokuldas's example need not be an example to *me*—if I had his wealth I would give up the profession! His inability to resist a temptation need not subject *me* to his frailty. Woe be to my philosophy if I ever felt tempted like him! But the question remains if I am right in my action. Legally, there is no bar and Mr. Apte is correct. But what is sound policy?

First, "never attempt a thing that will place you in a *false* position"—is a golden principle. *Secondly*, the judgments of men are varied and legal certainly is a chimera. Moreover, the judge may eventually acquit you but you cannot obstruct the prosecution whose duty and privilege are to judge by appearances, and

to make even the innocent and the great pass through the *ordeal* that is preliminary to acquittal. To come in the way of this duty and privilege is a political sin; to tempt it is a folly, costly and painful folly and mischief; and he who does not protect appearances courts an unnecessary and doubtful ordeal. The Poona Pleader's case is an example in point. In fact, never do anything that may chance to turn you into an accused person.

Thirdly, a pleader needs must bear an unstained reputation and character, which is simply the belief of the public. This belief is based upon the most superficial appearances, and yet it is indispensably so. Every man is personally responsible for the beliefs that he creates and he has generally no opportunity to offer explanations. It is not enough to be virtuous; it is necessary to *look* what you are. It is quite clear that acceptance of an adversary's vakálatpatra is the clumsiest thing from this standpoint, and, if it chances to ruin a lawyer, the ruin is well deserved. *Thus*, as a matter of policy, my act is exactly what it should have been, and these three principles should be written in golden letters. The cost of observing the principles is a straw, for it is at the most "money".

Look at the thing from the Duty standpoint. It is my personal duty to see that I do not give rise to bad examples, for such is the duty of all who are observed or followed. The third principle of policy above mentioned is, therefore, a principle of Duty also. Old people used to court Yasha [1] and avoid Apayasha [2] and the philosophical explanation of the course was desire to favour people [3] or a duty such as the above. The mistake lay not in this notion but in its misapplication which arose when people hunted after it as an object and not as a means, or when they sacrificed it to higher things. "Public opinion" or

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[1] यश, Fame, good name. [2] अपयश, Ill fame, Bad name.
[3] लोकानुग्रहकाम्या, Desire to favour people.

yasha [1] is a safe test in cases of doubt. It can only be justly sacrificed where a higher result and end have to be achieved at the sacrifice of temporary yasha [1] for it is worth while to choose a bitter medicine in order to attain true health whose restoration must also prove the restoration of the yasha,[1] at least to those that will inquire into the truth. On such occasions to care for public opinion is to court popularity. In ordinary life these principles seldom offer any difficulty of application; the difficulty is common in political life, where at times it taxes and tests both heart and mind, virtue and power, sentiment and skill. It is an appreciation of this difficulty that makes poor Chárudatta [2] a Great Man when he trembles and says

"न भीतो मरणादस्मि केवलं दूषितं यशः।" (18)

and in the same breadth defies the theory of Reputation by saying

"यदि संभाव्यते पापम् अपापेन च किं मया।" (19)

The banishment of Sītá by Ráma for yasha [1] at the sacrifice of what was personally costliest in his heart, his begging and craving that the people would pardon the solitary tears shed at the end of twelve years, during which he had obeyed his hard-hearted duty, because duty relented to allow a truce in its war against the depths of his life's Love: these and cognate scenes are beautiful in the extreme from the standpoint of the high world in which yasha [1] moved only as a factor of duty. That someone should utterly fail to approach this beauty and should hate the whole scene is only in keeping with the lower platform of his ideas, for it would be a wonder, indeed, if this highest platform of mixed poetry and philosophy and politics could ever be seen, even dimly, by a poor vision like this.

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[1] यश, Fame. [2] चारुदत्त, the hero of the exquisite Sanskrit drama मृच्छकटिक.

So I must thank the Ambica Mill case for all this noble *thinking*, and I feel as if the fees I have lost were more than repaid.

Another standpoint of Duty. A client who engages a pleader for one stage has a right to choose his pleader for another stage. The exercise of this right cannot relieve his first pleader from the consequences of his past retention. One of the consequences is that he should not, at any subsequent stage, put himself in a position threatening to destroy the past confidence and confidential communications, and place an old client's arrangements at the disposal of his adversary. When a leading lawyer gave notice to his old client, he virtually said, "Look you! Unless you pay me again and forego your right of not soliciting me again, I shall break my duty and put myself in a position which will threaten you as above." In such cases the fact that nothing has to be done in the particular case in breach of confidence is immaterial. If there is a principle, the fact that a particular exception is harmless cannot justify deviation from the principle in a matter of morality. A lie may do good without injuring, and may be a white lie, and yet it is to be condemned. The fact that the client breaks his duty, if any, to engage you again, is no reason for *your* violating your own duty arising out of past events. No doubt this may involve a pecuniary loss. But, if the loss was one of those potential losses which were a part of duties once undertaken, the incident of your adversary coming to you with money does not alter matters. This is a loss of what you were never entitled to gain. It is not a loss, and certainly not a sacrifice. No doubt it means resistance to a temptation to go wrong.

8th August, 1892.

Poor Dr. Gokhale! He is suffering from Diabetes, and I think he is right in viewing his life as uncertain.

He has lost his practice by his long illness, and his sacrifice for his relatives has been great. There is a parallel between our circumstances to some extent. But I don't mean to waste time by drawing it. It is enough.

I have engaged a Shástri to read Yoga Vásishtha [1] to my wife, and she is well catching the flame from the writer—I hope the flame will have the strength and duration of philosophy, and not the unsteady fickleness of her poetry. When she gets the power and will to internally smile away the littleness, the folly, and the tricks of other people, she will then have risen to a stage which will make her happy and great and secured, while one great duty of mine to her will have been done. It is not enough for me to be strong at heart; it is necessary that in her I must not have an element of weakness.

For me, I am a houseless man, and my wife and children are houseless, and parents think this is good, because they fancy I am full of money—which I am not. I think I have served them at great cost, and I think I have only done a duty thereby. The fact that they have never practically thought so is welcome in that it consumes me the better. But the same fact also deprives me of all faith in their ever taking a delicate and proper care of my wife and children in case of my death; and this want of faith makes me a little gloomy at moments. I have only to thank my philosophy and my faith in the Great Will for the removal of this gloom; but I cannot help pitying my wife for her own gloomy thought on the subject, and it is good that she begins to philosophise.

The fact is everybody wants me to give away and not to reserve! My policy of clearing up matters can no longer help, because this is a time when its application can only spoil tempers. A gentle and sound

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[1] योगवासिष्ठ.

advice to mother to speak and talk gently to my wife, when my wife was suffering from a serious complaint, was not quite appreciated. It is thought that I am growing partial to her. This means that I am no longer entitled to advise! But why should I think of these little things! I follow the poet and say:

वृद्धास्ते न विचारणीयचरिताः। (20)

Perhaps this is, in them, what the people call Dotage and Old age, and I must treat it gently and lovingly and with endurance. Good that I do my duty to them in this way. Only I must take care that I do not feed this my menagerie of duty with the flesh of those whom I may bound to save and rear up. But the task is both difficult and delicate, and I cannot deal with this puzzling knot as Alexander did. Just see how the Great Will wants and works at its two-fold Teeth. In the meanwhile, wait, mark, and be happy! The puzzles of Duty need not darken the Innate Brightness of the Great Ánanda [1] at the little Ego-Point. So the Great Will wills!!

It seems all people, young and old in the house, are not quite respectful to my wife. There is a good explanation of this. Up to this time I had kept her under my protection, and I have for some time past been relieving her from that situation for the simple reason that no human being ought to be dependent a day beyond when his or her own protection requires it. She is quite fit to be free and I can no longer prolong her period of training. This position of hers—the liberties and privileges which I thus give her—seem to take the whole family by surprise, for they find my treatment of her *more liberal* than before, and they mistake this my liberality for a new partiality, and the idea of partiality for her engenders the relative idea of my lowering the position of those who used

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[1] आनन्द्, happiness.

to gain by my treating her less liberally and who now think their loss in such way is directed against their own personal interests. If they could consider a little more, they would find that I have also been losing like them and that the liberties that I now allow to my wife were allowed to themselves at an earlier stage. Then there is the fact of my treating the wants of my children better than I could treat those of the other children in former days. This also is a result of improved circumstances, as also of a duty I owe to my children. The idea has grown up around me that my wife is growing more influential and that I am submitting to her. This is only partially true; and, so far as it is true, they cannot complain if it results in no injustice to them and if the growing influence deserves to be more respected. It seems I must try to impress upon my people the real facts and the soundness of my policy. Can I do it?

15th August, 1892.

Something that touched me with pity and sadness. I appeared for a minor who has cross appeals with one who has, for the last nine years, launched himself into a litigation which, like Hydra, has worn heads after heads; and the litigation has teemed with all kinds of sub- and side-litigations. He has been invariably foiled throughout. The drama is now coming to a merely apparent close, and his appeal was heard last Wednesday and virtually dismissed. So he pays Rs. 4,000/- and costs. The appeal against him will shortly be taken up and the result is difficult to say. In that case he will not gain by his success, but may lose by our success to the extent of Rs. 8,000/-. Consider his anxieties. I saw the man yesterday in a haggard-faced state, and pity sprouts up on my Ego-point at the pass to which his Ego-point has been brought by the Great Will.

18th August, 1892.

A little, but bad, pinching of conscience today. I had a hopeless case for admission today. The case was not without a point, but the answer to the point was clear on the evidence and admissions. The Judges also thought that the case was hopeless, but the ground and reason they gave were rebuttable, if I had shown an authority and they did not answer my point with the unanswerable point of which I was aware. I did not keep the authority, because I was sure of being met with the unanswerable point and not with the rebuttable point, which I could not rebut without being prepared. My not being prepared has not injured my client, because the unanswerable point would ultimately have been raised at the last hearing. But I now think that, though I was right in all this my view of the points, I was wrong in not being prepared with my answer to the rebuttable point. I had no business, as a pleader, to start with pessimism and to neglect or omit to give my client chance to my pessimism proving wrong. Who knows but that unforeseen accidents might have in future made the unanswerable answerable, if only I had taken care to rebut the rebuttable ? I have already thought out long ago that the final cause of pinchings of conscience is to awaken and forewarn us against similar future errors. Done is done, as it was willed by the Great Will. I have committed a professional error or sin, even though nobody seems hurt by it. I must be an optimist in future, and my duty is to do my best for the most hopeless case, provided I do not talk like a fool and waste the time of the court.

Yesterday I saw a woman filling up ant-holes with flour. Was she right or wrong in doing this ? Is it proper consumption and duty to look after ants and what may be called Human Ants ? Are they in the long run benefited by this mode of charity, or injured ?

Has anyone a better claim to what goes to them? These problems are to be solved at leisure.

The day before yesterday I finally talked to brother about the matter of the notes written on the 15th and gave him time to consult and elect after full deliberation, though he was prepared to argue with me at once. There should not be the slightest or remotest pressure, moral or sentimental, from me, and I must guard against my unconsciously exerting it.

19th August, 1892.

A pecuniary question of principle is to be settled. The Municipal Bonds bought at Rs. 104-12-0 are now at Rs. 116-0-0, and 4 per cent Government Notes formerly at Rs. 108-0-0 are now at Rs. 104-0-0. A profit may be made by selling the former and buying the latter. What should I do?

My principle of investment is twofold. One, not to invest *all* in one field. Secondly, not to buy what I intend to sell or may have to sell. Both principles would be violated by seeking the profits in question.

Are the profits real or a mere semblance of profit? If the bonds have risen now, I am worth so much more today without selling them; and if the high prices will be steady, I can always value myself at a steady high price. But if the prices may go down, I lose a chance of making hay while the sun shines. But, if I sell them now, it must be to buy something else that has a normal rate. There is no saying that at some other stage the latter may not fall. If this latter thing falls, what I get now I may lose then, as in the Queen and Ripon Share affairs. Again, at present my general average is neither profit nor loss; for if some of my things have gone down, others have risen. The oscillations are a permanent condition of investment, and to try to swim with them is the business of one who has no other things to attend to.

I am not of that class; and, if I seek profit now, I may lose again, as I cannot afford to keep an ever watchful eye on the oscillations. It is enough that I succeed in preserving my average present value. I can do that by sticking to the said two principles, and by further trying to avoid plunging myself in investments which do not superficially oscillate but go down for substantial intrinsic deterioration and decay. I thus reach a useful principle, viz. that the profits like those in question should not disturb my brain.

30th August, 1892.

The house-question has gone through brother to parents, and father has sent word through Desaibhái to me and to brother that they have all confidence in me. This is of course an indication, but not a direct answer. Desaibhái's opinion is that I am correct. I think that, in spite of all complications of considerations and sacrifice and fears, the comparatively highest convenience to all concerned lies in adopting my view, and, as all agree to it and brother likes it, I must carry it through. The question of the sum to be settled on brother is a question left to me, and I wish to solve it during improved circumstances when my mind would be fully liberal. At this moment I may chance to be unconsciously stingy.

27th September, 1892.

A particular lady had the idleness to throw a bunch of keys from the higher storey and to break one of the keys thereby, and the information made me blame rather excitedly my wife for entrusting that lady with this work. My friend Mr. Keshavlál Ghodi who was present made the remark "Poor fellow! She (the other lady) does her work with all her ability." I replied, "No, she has her moods, she can work well in one mood and not in another." Of course I know her faults and merits *both* better than Keshavlál does,

and do not wish to dwell on them here. But I wish to note the remark from Keshavlál. It is a sympathetic remark, and sympathy is a good thing. But when others have similar sympathy for somebody in his own family, he would not be inclined to join in that sympathy, and would accept the general principle enunciated by me that outsiders would do well to abstain from judging of such concerns in other families and from having sympathies and passing adverse criticisms which could not but be based on such judgments internally formed. In such cases sympathy for one is generally an adverse comment against somebody else, and comment is judgment. He had also admitted my proposition that one inside the family is likely to be a better judge of his concerns than an outsider who was not likely to know the details. I enunciated these propositions in order to avoid having to show concurrence with his own views on his own matters by referring to grounds disabling an outsider like myself to form a judgment one way or other.

He has a mother and a brother's wife, both of whom have been quarrelling, and he thinks the one is an embodiment of merits and the other of faults, and he cannot brook a word against the former and a word in favour of the latter!! My principles make me abstain from attempting to dispel this delusion—from doing what is not my province. I, therefore, declined silently to express my opinion one way or the other, except by enunciating the said principles; and he accepted them. I did not also assert that all members within the family are necessarily their best judges—for the exceptions are so usual as to devour the rule, and he himself is not outside the exception. What a nice thing it would be if he could have in his family the same sympathy that he had for someone in mine! It would be at least consistent to have no sympathies in either case, though it would be adding generosity to consistency if one could have sympathies in either case. But, in either case, it is a wise and just thing

to hold your tongue about other peoples' concerns. Keshavlál is a gentleman of education, virtuous sentiments and good discretion. But wise impartiality of spirit in matters where one is personally concerned requires a long, patient and delicate exercise and discipline of internal activities, which lie dormant in such natures, but cannot be awakened into their sweet music until the fingers of Providence touch it in some rare hour of experience and necessity. It requires a touch of Shakespeare to have this.

8th October, 1892.

I do not wish to advise my wife *at present*, because so long I have been advising, or rather seeming to advise, her alone. If I strain her co-operation further, it will be out of time. The others have not been directly advised, but they have been doing their best and utmost; and I can only sin by finding fault with their powers and exertions. But the task of turning their work and powers into a different groove is a task that inevitably remains; and the task is so delicate and difficult that a single false impatient step can only break some heart that believes itself to be doing its best and enduring. And yet—and yet—the securing of the whole family's both present and future requires that the task be undertaken. That is the only problem now. Until it is solved, wife, mother, father, brother and *all will be fancying or feeling grievances*, which it is not impossible to remove. *I am the only man resolved not to feel any grievance from man or world.* I am a point of the Great Force and Will, and the first stage of my consumption, as well as knowledge, must destroy the power of all grievances to harass or even touch me. If the Great Will, and through it the point 'I', do will *all* grievances, the grievance is no grievance. My grievances are willed by me; they should only mean Strength and Duty, in the world of

Relativities and Consumption; and outside that world, what are they? The wise swims through sorrow.[1]

22nd October, 1892.

What *will* be my state after death? Not what it may be, but will be. Will it be desirable, and, if not, can I foresee and better it?

Now "I" means (i) the Ego-point of Great Will and (ii) the organism at the Ego-point. That the organism *may* live after death is undoubted. If it does, I am undoubtedly putting myself in a mould where I shall be well-prepared for the future. I am drawing both poetry and philosophy from my umbilical cord and I am subliming myself for a sublimer state. The organisms that are not sublimed and healthily nurtured and disciplined may (i) either *miscarry* or (ii) *decay* into rotten forms of life. If, in the unknown future, organisms outlive this world, decayed and sublimed lives are distinctions that must follow as corollaries.

But miscarriage of organism is nullity of organism, a destruction of Ego. If my *consumption* is destruction of Ego, how does consumption differ from miscarriage? A miscarried organism is reduced into inorganic conditions and mixes up with the surrounding inorganic forms. A consumed organism is, on the other hand, absorbed in a subtle way by the surrounding organisms into their own framework. In either case the Ego ceases to exist. Where then is the difference?

The Great Will is my true Eternal Self. It has willed a beginning—a Prárabdha;[2] it has willed its consumption too. The Ego-point must undergo the whole process, must consume before it can finish: the Great Will did not will in vain; did not will to miscarry. Miscarriage can only mean "Begin again, Try again"—on the same or other lines, until consumption

[1] तरति शोकमात्मविद्. [2] प्रारब्ध.

is properly performed. The point that miscarries must begin and try again; the work at that Ego-point is not yet done, and it must hardly be that the Great Will set about sending forth a single pencil of its rays to do half-work and no work. What it began, it meant to finish in right earnest. The miscarried Ego must rise from its fall and its work must be done again.

The consumed ego has, on the other hand, done its whole work. The results of the Will-Point are translated by Consumption into the surrounding spheres to vitalise and raise miscarried Ego-points. The Duty chalked out for the consumed Will-Point is done—it has done its work, is Krita-Kritya,[1] it is relieved, Mukta [2].—" It can fly or it can run ". It must then be the Narayana [3] that sleeps on the great Shesha [4] on its Sabbath Day and listens to the love of Eternal Beauty, Lakshmi,[5] and sleeps awake in the fruition of Joy, Parmananda.[6] The unconsumed points move and chatter on the head or the heads of the Shesha [4]—the remnant Relativity, with one thousand infinite heads and tongues of Time and Space and what not.

I have no mind to miscarry. The last moment of Consumption may come at death, or after death. But it *shall* come, and I shall hasten it, reach it, and feel it. Asceticism, in its usual sense, is a mistake and a substitution of miscarriage for Consumption. Asceticism, in its real sense, is most Beautiful Consumption.

I am indifferent whether death brings other life or not; it is enough if I can consume myself, relieve myself. The Great Will is at my Ego-point; I see it, I feel it, I am it; and what I have willed, I shall work out to its end, I propelled by the ordinary and extraordinary Teeth of the Will in some resultant direction. My Sabbath Day must come; I must ride my Shesha [4] and, of my Ego-point, shall say,

"न च पुनरावर्तते न च पुनरावर्तते।" (21)

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[1] कृतकृत्य. [2] मुक्त. [3] नारायण. [4] शेष. [5] लक्ष्मी. [6] परमानन्द.

23rd October, 1892.

The principle of conservation and immortality of things is fully secured by the principle of Consumption, for the organism of the Ego-point is thereby conserved to pass into another stage of existence, is passed on like a flame to other Ego-points of the Great Will, points which had been already working and living, and not non-existing, as the Theory of Transmigration of Souls would make us believe. The Transmigration theory (i) distinguishes between the physical and the spiritual organism, (ii) calls the former the body and the latter the soul, (iii) makes the soul an entity living before and after the body, (iv) supposes the soul to vivify the body and to give it organic form anew at each transmigration, and (v) imagines that the soul merges into the Brahma[1] by some active process at Mukti,[2] and had been living a separated existence till then. All these five propositions were enunciated to explain the divergences and varieties of morals and lucks of individual animals.

The explanation is, as once shown, uncalled-for and untrue. The distinction between Body and Soul is good, but ill-defined. That organism of Soul pre-existed the body, is without evidence. The spiritual organism grows out of the physical, and, in the first stage, it is not the soul that vivifies and organises the body, but clearly it is the body that vivifies and moulds the soul into an organism. The Soul may, no doubt, survive the body, but it will do so only as having sucked its organistic nature out of the body, until the body was left behind like chaff. The same organism that once was the body is now the Soul and, on Consumption, will be diffused over a larger number of contemporaneous and already existing bodies and souls; and what, by that process, will be relieved or made Mukta[3] is the Ego-point of the Great Will, and not

[1] ब्रह्म. [2] मुक्ति Freedom, Liberation. [3] मुक्त Liberated.

the organic Soul. Organic Soul will, no doubt, merge in a sense in the surrounding organisms of Ego-points; but the Ego-point that is relieved is not merged in the Great Will, because it never has been dismerged or severed from the Great Will with which it had always been identical and united by identity of Will and Force. The miscarried and decayed organism of Soul, on the other hand, must itself regrow into some kind of organism or organisms, until it is able to consume itself away. It cannot be assumed that this organism will be necessarily physical. Nor can it necessarily and inevitably launch us on beliefs of ghosts and devils. There is only a probability that our organisms will live after death, unless we are consumed before that; but whether those organisms will live and move in the same world of Relativities that is present to these our eyes and ears: whether the umbilical cord and maternal womb which will nourish and prepare them for perhaps some higher form of life will be the same as ours: these are matters on which there are no materials to speculate with. If we can argue by analogy, the answers to both these queries must be in the negative. It is enough for us that we can understand and feel the identity of our Ego-points with the Great Will. It is enough that we know what we have willed and must will, and how we must consume, both body and soul, and be relieved of the work that we have undertaken because it was undertaken by the Great Will, whose tendrils we are. When we are thus relieved, we shall cease to be patent, and we shall be latent again at our own will. In the Great and Patent yajna [1] that is blazing around us, we throw as Havis [2] the patent yajna [1] of body and soul and, having thus fed the flames with themselves, we the Ego-points become latent again—the Devas [3] retire to the Náka [4] again. To have done all this was our Dharma: [5]

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[1] यज्ञ Sacrifice. [2] हविः Oblation. [3] देवाः Gods. [4] नाक The heavens. [5] धर्म Duty.

यज्ञेन यज्ञमयजन्त देवास्तानि धर्माणि प्रथमान्यासन्।
ते ह नाकं महिमानः सचन्त यत्र पूर्वे साध्याः सन्ति देवाः ॥ (22)

The Latent Stage is referred to in the first verse of the Purusha-sûkta [1] as the part that is in excess of the Patent Phenomena of the Purush.[2]

10th November, 1892.

This vacation is over. 21 Sanskrit verses are prepared to help my memory when books may be invisible, and the mind must be its only book. One great thing of life is thus done. My favourite conclusions and reminders are here stored up in a focus to awaken me when necessary.

Note.—These verses with translations are given at the end of this Scrap-Book.

22nd November, 1892.

INDIA AND THE FOREIGNER

India is under foreign control and the foreigner is the kindliest of all foreigners available. To get rid of the foreigner by force or fraud is an idea associated with all incidents that remind us of the rule being foreign. The idea naturally haunts our uneducated instincts; to the educated instincts, the idea is both foolish and fallacious. It is foolish because it is not practicable, and because any experiments founded upon it would send the country from the frying pan into the fire. It is a fallacious idea, because the distinction between a native and a foreigner is only transient, and the distinction is not a guarantee of the native being a better ruler than the foreigner in such a mass of heterogeneous people as my country is. The proper

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[1] पुरुषसूक्त. [2] पुरुष.

problem is not the absolute eviction of the foreigner, but *his accommodation to the native element.* If it be possible to create a homogeneous nuclear class in which the foreigner mixes with the native, where the one accustoms the other to his own elements; where the native opens his heart and the foreigner sympathises with it; where the foreigner lends his strength to the native and the native his co-operation to the foreigner, on a footing of equality; where the distinction between native and foreigner ceases to madden each other's brains and hearts; where India and England *become one on Indian Soil*: if all this is possible—the process of thinking out the yes *or no to* this, and the method of it, is a *Duty* that falls to my lot, after I retire from this active service of the smaller garden in which this plant of Ego-point has grown. There must be a point at which I must stop and retire from this life, as having done enough for my present cares, country, God, or the Great Will or the Great Self.—*If I live* after 40, I must try in these directions.

Everybody's business is nobody's business. The sovereign is wanted to be the national bridge and to take up this business. In India the sovereign is enlightened, and yet has an interest *foreign* to the country. Two things have to be done. This interest has to be made to cease to be foreign; and, while it is foreign, we want the natives that shall guard against the civic temptations to which the foreigner is exposed by his position, that shall enable the native interests to grow and develop during their minority without any hindrances from the adverse interests of the rulers, that shall in fact watch over the real interests and develop the future welfare of the country. And it is possible to do this both loyally and patriotically.

The native that shall do this is wanted. Poor Dádábhái is single-handed, and the Congress is a tangent in one direction only. We have specialists and not general physicians. Not a single soul is visible on the

horizon who thinks of this, and is able and willing to direct the right action for this.

The political sagacity and shrewdness, the moral unity and strength, the practical art and energy and activity, the physical stamina and virtues etc. make the rulers a giant to the ruled pigmy. Yet, in the comparative conscience of British Institutions and people, there is a real and most pregnant hope for the pigmy. It is also a question of turning the pigmies into beings with higher statures.

Who is to attempt this ? Not the man who has no time or energy for this for the single reason that both are absorbed by the belly and the family. We have not stock and store that can stand their absorption in two directions simultaneously. I must, therefore, cease one absorption at 40 or so, and begin the other then.

I am a pigmy, and the pigmiest of pigmies. Yet my Shakta [1] and my Ishta [2] may admit of *thinking* for the country in the above directions, and may leave my thoughts, poor and crude, as a humble but organic legacy to my people, even though I may never be able to attempt so much as a beginning in the right direction for the simple reason that abilities may be extinct ashes long before matured desire has learnt to wing its baby-flight, or even before it has emerged from its eggs. This is my duty, and the future alone can solve the problem, whether the helpless old people and baby-orphans of India are subjects for the constructive or the destructive wisdom and care of the Great Will. If such, and so uncertain, is the destiny of the vast ocean of individuals that makes up India, how vain and stupid would be my anxiety about the few, very few, water-drops, which I and my family are in the Great Ocean ? And what is novel in India being swept off from the globe, either by the force and genius of

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[1] शक्त Within ability. [2] इष्ट Desirable.

the foreigner, or by the degeneration and imbecility of the native ? Nations have died like this, and nations have been killed like this. To the Great Will all this is a question of a transfer of Energies from one limit to the other.[1]

The study of the Direction of the Will stops complaint, but does not relieve from Duty. So be it. Must consume till Death, and yet must make Consumption change its groove at 40 or so, as a matter of Duty, because Consumption itself is a Duty.

My present sphere of work qualifies me for it. I see the European and the Native; and what is great and little in either. The smallest European is a very powerful spark of fire: powerful for good and for evil, and more for the latter in their present generation in India. Some of the greater Natives that I could see were bloated semblances of live coal without any real fire, except for absorption by Europeans: flatterers, place-seekers, cowards, fools, rogues and spies, were these Natives. Others there are of a really admirable type—but a Dádábhái is rare, and mostly there are those that have virtue and capacity without position, and it is generally a doubt whether the position, when reached, will not spoil both virtue and capacity rather than improve them.

Can we improve this motley crowd of people ? Can we create a better class of people ? These and the like are my questions and problems, to be solved by the light of study, observation, and experience—of course when I retire. And as I can find neither time nor energy for them until I retire, I *must* retire at the proper time, i.e. when my preliminary and present duties to my little dear ones—parents, wife and children—are done. So far as my little eye can see, that is Duty and that is Will, when I am able to stand on my own legs for this new career, which, if Death cuts down, so be it, by the Great Will.

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[1] गुणकर्मसंक्रान्ति.

25th November, 1892.

Bhawánibhái of Thásrá is here. He says he spends Rs. 1,000/- Bábáshái per year for five men, including Rs. 100/- for keeping up his Vatan[1] and Rs. 100/- for horse, etc. His figures are accurate, and therefore his ordinary expense would be Rs. 800/- Bábáshái per year, i.e. Rs. 670/- of Bombay currency. He is neither a miser nor a spendthrift, and his expenses may safely be taken as a test of what I may have to spend during retirement. Father, mother, self, wife and son is the family to which I must be ultimately reduced on that occasion, i.e. to five people, as in Bhawánibhái's case. I am not going to have any future children, and the loss of my family members will not involve more expense than that required for his or her maintenance. Brother and his wife and my 3 daughters will make up a full load-waggon, i.e. a total of 10 people.

29th November, 1892.

Imagination is a power that may work like an Angel or a Devil. It is the faculty of Flying and Running at the suggestion of men, the simplest observations and associations; and the more powerful the imagination, the more Powerful in Velocity and Duration is the Flight and the greater is the Power of the Flight to overcome all counter-acting forces. It is in this way that Angels are said to have fallen. It is for this reason that the more powerful Imagination of a Genius requires special caressing and protection, until its direction is matured and settled. The man whose dull head has no idea of a woman may be allowed to stare at her nudity even when she is Venus herself. Ordinary people do require prohibition from such inner precincts, but they might walk among women who are well-clad. But the imaginative rascal will catch fire at the sight of a thickly clad protuberance on her chest,

[1] वतन Estate.

will find a woman on trees and slabs by simile and metaphor, and a foolish Ixion will embrace a cloud—will go that length. In these instances, the power of imagination is excited into the frailty of burning out its fires. But when strong Reason and Virtue control this self-willed child of human nature and give it a proper direction and support as to a creeper, the self-same Power works for the good of itself and others. A child Hannibal, a girl Joan of Arc, are cases of this kind; Hannibal had a Reasoned Patriotism on his soul from the swearing at the altar, and Joan had the virtuous indignation of a resenting patriotism kindled *by subsisting injuries. On the other hand, Macbeth* was an Imagination turned into the devilish groove. The distinction and its appendant caution is an indispensable point which the memory should never lose sight of in these days of practical hysteria of life.

3rd December, 1892.

My life has been a struggle against misery ever since I was 13 or 14. The blessed curse of an early marriage was attended in my case with a cart-load of social evils and annoyances, within whose clutches I was entangled and brandished as Col. Nemo's party was within the clutches of the Poulps. Then died my wife, and failed my firm, when I was full 19; penury, insolvency, and the self-inflicted tortures of mental and physical ruin trailed their awful shades of hell behind the departed vision of marriage life. Then was all prospect-less and blank. Then followed the Bhownagar days of wondrous variety—broken studies, forced illness, examination-failures, and, midst them all, the happiest days of married life, and an almost death-struggle with studies. Then I leave the state and pass, and come to Bombay and begin a great life without a penny in my pocket.

Henceforth come forth my galaxy of struggles for getting health to self and wife, and wealth, with a

mosaic of chequered results, and I am turned into a man of large family with numerous demands on my purse and on my cares and anxieties. And now, in the midst of them, lies a prospect of competent retirement and, at the end of them all, a philosophy of Consumption and a nervousness about the life of my present wife—a life that has been useful and is wanted for greater purposes yet. And yet, and yet my heart fails at the idea that her life is uncertainest at this very moment—that my life is a whim—that my old parents are likely to close their old age—and that the future of my children hangs in the air! Wife has been ill for a month: fever, hysteria and cough, and what not? Consumption? If these former are so of such a long stay, and this last is said to lurk behind, who knows "what more" and "when"? I get up in the morning to know what may have happened in the night, and come home at night-fall to inquire "what strange symptoms have assailed her in my absence". Anyway my enquiries and anxieties are generally answered with some news. Such is the Great Will, and I do not know whether the extraordinary Teeth and fangs of its destructive wisdom are seriously grinning at this point of time and space. As it wills, so I must Resign to the Will, and yet do the Duty—the frail Ego-river must flow against the mighty current of the Ocean, if that be Duty. The fly-fish must go into the mouth of the Dolphin, and yet there must be the race! The fly-fish must fly at its best speed, though the Dolphin's grasp is inevitable in the chase. I am that flying fish—per chance! So be it! There is one Great Will present at both points of the awful chase! So said Bhagawad-Gîtá, and so unquestionably was the moral of the Vairâta.[1] Fight, Oh Arjuna, whatsoever the end of the battle, and if the end be inevitable! So the Great Will wills and propels its ray! So be it. I fought oftenest and I must fight till death!! What

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[1] वैराट.

remains is a part and parcel and concern of the Great Will alone.

परं ब्रह्म यद्विश्वरूपं मदीयं
प्रसादैकसर्वात्मनीनं स आत्मा ! ! (23)

There is but one Prasada [1] for the Atma [2] of all that is and will be, life and death, father and son, happiness and misery ! Such is the Prasada [1]—the Great Pleasure of the Great Will ! So be it.

1st January, 1893.

STUDY-PLANS

A whole year is over and I have no mind to recite my details of the year.

I have laid out a list of historical works to be sent for in time, etc. I settle today my course of studies during life and retirement as below :

(i) *History of the World* as covered by my list of Historical works in order, to have *precedence* over all other studies, as a first matter of Duty and with a view to practising it towards my country after my Duties to my Profession are over. The course is also made to include a list of Military and Naval literature, in order that I may be able to see what mental qualifications and character are necessary equipments of a people who wish to prepare for being equal to such crises as they may be launched into at any moment by at least the Ruling Power, who may have to go away discomfited at the hands of a Rival Foreigner, leaving the natives to take care of themselves against the new intruder. The object of the rest of the studies is to be the raising up of a peaceful, commercial and industrious people, happy at home, progressing in constitutional liberty and prosperity, and holding their own in harmony *with* the Government, and not against them.

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[1] प्रसाद. [2] आत्मा the soul.

(ii) Next after History, I put the study of *Religion* in which I include Nyáya,[1] Vedánta,[2] Schopenhauer, and all that may be congenial to my own Philosophy of Consumption. *But no more* as a matter of study.

(iii) Next after Religion, as above restricted, I put in a study of the *Vedic* Literature, the Great *Epics* of India, Buddhism, and the progress of the whole up to the establishment of the Bhakti Márga[3] and mythology. Also comparison with the other great Religions of the World, in a *passing* way.

(iv) The following subjects to be matters of only *passing* interest and recreation:

(*a*) Literature—English, American and Greek;

(*b*) Chief features of Literatures in Western Europe;

(*c*) Oriental and European Philosophies;

(*d*) Sanskrit, Prákrit and Gujaráti, with other vernaculars *as one whole*;

(*e*) Sanskrit and Gujaráti poets, including the Great Epics as poetry;

(*f*) The methods of educating the country—children and men, at schools, Universities, etc., in a *better* than passing fashion and for practical ends;

(*g*) The books that I have already got.

No MORE after this.

(i), (ii) and (iii), one *after* the other in *order* as to time of systematic study. *Until* Retirement becomes a reality, a cursory and random view of (i) and (ii), and a piteous wistful glance at (iii), may be attempted simultaneously. When Retirement begins and (i) becomes a matter of study, (iii) may be cursorily viewed at random; and (ii) to be given a serious *beginning* in right earnest. The sub-heads under (iv)

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[1] न्याय. [2] वेदान्त. [3] भक्तिमार्ग.

remains is a part and parcel and concern of the Great Will alone.

परं ब्रह्म यद्विश्वरूपं मदीयं
प्रसादैकसर्वात्मनीनं स आत्मा ! ! (23)

There is but one Prasada [1] for the Atma [2] of all that is and will be, life and death, father and son, happiness and misery! Such is the Prasada [1]—the Great Pleasure of the Great Will! So be it.

1st January, 1893.

STUDY-PLANS

A whole year is over and I have no mind to recite my details of the year.

I have laid out a list of historical works to be sent for in time, etc. I settle today my course of studies during life and retirement as below:

(i) *History of the World* as covered by my list of Historical works in order, to have *precedence* over all other studies, as a first matter of Duty and with a view to practising it towards my country after my Duties to my Profession are over. The course is also made to include a list of Military and Naval literature, in order that I may be able to see what mental qualifications and character are necessary equipments of a people who wish to prepare for being equal to such crises as they may be launched into at any moment by at least the Ruling Power, who may have to go away discomfited at the hands of a Rival Foreigner, leaving the natives to take care of themselves against the new intruder. The object of the rest of the studies is to be the raising up of a peaceful, commercial and industrious people, happy at home, progressing in constitutional liberty and prosperity, and holding their own in harmony *with* the Government, and not against them.

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[1] प्रसाद. [2] आत्मा the soul.

5. The old race of Hiranyakashipu[1] to Bali *might* be the names of some rulers of the primitive Indian race, Virochana[2] of Upanishad[3] belonging to them with his philosophy of body=Soul.

Such were the conclusions thought out in my morning sleep today. It was not a life in me—but a somnambulistic thought—not a dream at all. It has exhausted my brain today.

14th April, 1893.

હવે રહો માનસમાત્ર સ્નેહ, etc.[(24)]

These aspirations are realised since last Diwali, i.e. for the last 6 months full. The weaning process—the process of weaning one's self—is an arduous task, is a painful task, is a matter for repeated resolutions and repeated failures. But heaven helps the self-helping: in this as in various other matters. The Great Will has assisted this so called " Me " by forcing me through self-inflictions that awakened my self-teaching mind-meter, through consciousness of realities which tore the bitter veil of illusions, through errors of Prárabdha[4] which retrieved and consumed themselves by dire consequences to all that looked valuable in life, through sufferings that were secretly transformed into poetry and philosophy, through the voice of warning from mind and matter, through the kindly co-operation of those Objects and Persons whose co-operation ran wonderfully counter to the Groove, through in fact everything: friends and foes, blessings and miseries, supplies and wants, all *converging* in one thick line of Resultant Force.

Misery is not Misery and our *seeing is not sight.* One Great Force sees all and sees me, pervades and animates all, and when I feel within me its mighty electric current of the great vision through 1,000 points of life, may I feel strong and willing to bear through

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[1] हिरण्यकशिपु. [2] विरोचन. [3] उपनिषद्. [4] प्रारब्ध.

1. Vámana Avatára theory: Day=Bali, Vishnu=Sun (Vedic). Vishnu comes (at the gate of Bali—Day rises earlier) in the form of Vamana (dwarf) because morning sun is very mild. Day allows growth to Sun. The Sun becomes fiercer, and strides over the sky in three steps.

The last step of the foot of Vishnu (Sun) was placed on the head of Bali, whereby the monster Day was hurled down or crushed down below the sea into the Pátála, the sun himself following Bali into the Pátála and there becoming his Gate-warder. Day and Sun go away, and the night remains. Bali wanted the Indrásana,[1] i.e. the Dyaus—the mastery of the skies, as did Vritra and other Asuras also.

2. The Suras and Asuras (Devas and Dânavas) were step-brothers, born of the great father Kashyapa —(the first man, cf. Ádam) by Aditi (the Unbounded Infinite, i.e. North of India, to which no boundaries were known) and Diti (the bounded India). A brotherhood-tradition between the then natives and foreigners in India, such as the theory of Europeans and Indians being Aryans has created in these days. Brahmá=space or world, Kashyap=the race of men forming the stock from which the Devas and Dânavas had descended.

3. These were traditions preserved and remembered by the people and stored up in mythology.

4. The last point No. 3 of my programme of studies as put down in my notes of 1.1.93 may not be reached owing to shortness of life. I ought, therefore, to place my thoughts before the public in their embryo form, so as to lead other thinkers by a pointer to a new method of thought and investigation, which they in the new generation might develop.

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[1] इन्द्रासन, the throne of Indra, king of gods.

less and gloomy condition is a bitter trial to my fortitude, and the idea that she may be doomed is appalling. Whether in solitude or in company, her phantom-like skeletonish frame makes me heave deep sighs, and my even pretended smiles become difficult to preserve. My philosophy no doubt comes to my rescue from this furnace, but the period of rescue is itself a period of struggle and woe. If she died—what? What hard trials await me and my children? But is *not* that idea a selfish one, except in respect of my children? Pity and the pain of love is not selfish—is a duty—is it? If it is, what is philosophy? My Sansar-Pratibimba;[1] my strong belief in destructive wisdom of the Great Will and in my identification of myself and my wife with it; the unseen wisdom of that Will which works through mysteries and surprises: these must bring up this Ego-point into the Jeevan-Mukti[2] that does not brood over the past or fancy about the future, but simply accepts the present and observes it without yielding to its apparitions—Visions. So may the Great Will will! Or the Will-point must do its duty, which is anxious care and patient treatment of the patient without any faltering, staggering, negligence or fear of self-sacrifice, for months or even years, consistently with duty to the other members' vital interests and at the risk of these, if even that risk be a duty. The extra-ordinary Teeth and Fangs of the Great Will may enclose and crush the Will-point in the performance of this duty, thwart it, baffle it, vex it, kill it; *but* the flying fish must finish their exhausting race until the Dolphin devour them: this is duty—stern and awful! On to the struggle then! The Victim and the Hunter are but moved by the one self-same Will—they are but different limbs of the same Soul, and to the Soul destruction is not destruction. Poor beloved Lalitá, sweet sharer of my cares, brave bearer of the heavy

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[1] संसार प्रतिबिम्ब G.M.T.'s poem of that name published in અરુણોદય in 1893. [2] जीवन्मुक्ति.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

that lot. Left without thee, and alone, what will I and children be ?

When I lost my first wife, I felt much. Thy loss will make me feel a hundred times more. But to this inconsolable future it has pleased the Great Will to supply me with an antidote in my philosophy, which I must always read, especially as laid down at the close of the notes of the 12th July 91, on the 14th July 91, on the 4th November 92, the verses 7-13, etc., the 3rd December 92, and the 1st May 93. I *may* bear this sweet creature dead on my back, as the Great Shiva bore dead Párvati in the picture in my room. But Vishnu was at his back on this occasion as the Guardian Angel and friend of the Great God who was wanted for the world—to console him in his hour of inconsolableness, and I too must have my Vishnu behind me in that way! Or I may read Cowper's couplet, at page 287 of his work, cited in my notes of the 1st April 1892. These be my strength in my hour of weakness. One of us must die first, and if the Great Will wills and prefers that she, as being the weaker of the two, should be saved from the agonies of bereavement rather than the stronger-looking I, I am bound to obey and bear my *share of pains* in unselfish love. So did Krishna, as the strongest, survive to witness the ruin of all his people and survived for *calm* death—a death without anxiety for survivors.

15th May, 1893.

The Great Will has played a simple fun with my life. I was born a rich man's son to be turned into a pauper! I was then made to earn by strides in order to be made to spend by equal strides. My first marriage was meant to be a cruel hoax which my wife lived and was eventually to leave me a widower. I was made to be delighted at the prospect of a living relieved from future marriage; I was then married, under conditions to which I would never have assented,

open my lips *slightly* to my Uncle, as he is the only person to whom I could speak, even to that extent. But even to him I could not show the urgency of the affair, nor give out the reasons which are as above.

I do not speak to him about my wife, and he does not speak to me about my brother's wife. We have, therefore, no common language, and I have no help but to leave him to his own surmises and mis-informations. He can never know the truth, and it is an essential feature of our society that a person in *loco-parentis*, as he is, must remain in utter ignorance of a great many things concerning his dearest children —me, my brother, his wife, my wife, and even Tansukhabhái. My only consolation is that he has a Great Heart and that his love for me will never yield to these matters. That being so, I need not mind what I cannot remedy. It is enough if I have done my Duty to all. It is enough if I am not acting upon one-sided information to anybody's prejudice.

7th May, 1893.

Poor Lalitá! Your life is hanging upon a most apparent uncertainty. Most people affected as you are die after lingering pains, and the Doctors emphatically say you may grow worse at any time, and the tide may prove irresistible. This is most distressing to me, especially when I consider your age, your trials, your virtues, your powers, and even your weaknesses : when I see before my eyes our children—especially daughters —for whom no help of mine can do the work of thine own virtuous care. I am not one of those who think Providence will do the best for their Ego-points. I only know that the Great Will may help or crush some Ego-points to lead to some aggregate results, and I have no reason or right to think that I or you would be helped, and not crushed. We may as well fall in the whirl-pool of the Destructive Wisdom as so many things around us do, and we must resign ourselves to

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May I now, in these mature years, never—never be deprived of my dearest gleam of philosophy ! !

During the present phase of Lalitá's sickness, she has been killing herself with the idea that her own death is impending, and that I shall do nothing for her daughters ! She does not think of her son ! Feeling it a duty to relieve her from this sickening incubus, I have felt it a duty to give free scope to her frenzy for spending in one hundred mad ways. The care of her health and mind, including medical expenses, have been draining me and will drain me for months. The houses at Nadiád are yawning for awful repairs. Elder sister may require immediate expenses to marry her daughter Rasiká, etc. My Bombay expenses are growing monstrous and foolish, without any chance of my being able to control them, for want of that rough hard-heartedness which an economical man would have to assume towards all in the family, as a means to an end. And, to crown all, my income has been strangely and largely ebbing at this inconvenient hour ! I do not talk of the dreadful contingency I may have to face, if wife dies after all my poor care. So the Great Will wills, and if it wills that these difficulties must increase, flying at indefinite tangents, I am bound by my philosophy *TO FACE THE DISMAL,* AS IF IT WERE A FUN FOR A MOMENT ONLY, AND UNAFFECTING MY INFINITE ETERNAL SELF ! TRUE.

23rd June, 1893.

Passed a month at the Sion Sanatorium, and eventually called mother to stay with me.

What medicines have not done, change of scenery and climate have done for Lalitá. She is better. Hysteria and bronchitis and a kind of mono-mania or delusion that everybody is against her : these have been her complaints recently. The former two seem to have disappeared : for the last one, I separated her

if I had not been kept ignorant of them, to a girl reputedly ill-bred, but whom I have been able to turn into my family's Angel, and, as funnily, has that Angel the weaknesses of mind that swallow up her health !—so far so that she may die at any odd moment !

The funniest of my lots is my own pressure between the ordinary and extraordinary Teeth of the Great Will, the way in which I have to act at full gallop of Duty against the overpowering counter-currents of Providence, to sacrifice deliberately my best interests and earnings to the patent and obvious follies of my wife and parents, etc., and to find that *my Ego-point has been a mere conduit-pipe*, for the inlet and egress of accumulations of money, of energy, etc., *en masse*, to leave me in the end the vacant lonely thing it was in the beginning ! The old ideal of my 'Practical Asceticism' is thus realised, and I must wait to be the hard-hearted Sakshi[1] of the destructions of all the dead and beautiful worlds that have been and have played gorgeously on the bosom of my Ego-point to constitute eventually my phantom of the Past ! ! ! I am bound to be ready for this awful stage of my life, whenever I may be drifted to it ; for I am not one of those people who are really fortunate and successful in the world, nor am I destined to be one. My fortune is simply an illusive ducking-stool—a veriest mockery—in these matters, and I was not born to aspire to, or study and work for the narrow-minded ways to—real worldly fortune. I cannot repent not having got what I never stand for. It is enough if in the midst of all this humbug, I have been able to hold to my poetry *before* now, and to my philosophy *now* ; my only and greatest real fortune is *that* and I am content with it. Long ago I wrote of poetry

"બહુ બહુ મુને વ્હાલી મ્હારી કવિતા."[2]

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[1] साक्षी, Witness. [2] My poetry is dear to me.

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from brother's wife. They are now together again, and, to secure a permanent cure in this mental matter, I have called and am tutoring mother. Hope and misgivings oscillate in my mind; and still I must leave all to the Great Will, and be prepared for its destructive dispensations, if I be doomed to them. So be it. Service is an end to the means of securing her relief.

I am growing old. My eyes are failing. Have begun to put on spectacles for reading and writing, and my eyes feel exhaustion and over-work, yet my race for money is not run up to the mark.

Pecuniary prospects and conditions have been at their lowest ebbing-point, and my income fell to Rs. 100, and Rs. 50 perhaps, during May and some of the previous months, while my expenses have been preposterously high—Rs. 500 per month—a high road to pauperism, though not to insolvency. Father, Mother and Wife: they are all a set of kind and loving people, with all the failings to which superstition, innocence of all sense of duty, ignorance of the right use of money, etc., must subject them. To their drains on my purse, the Doctor has been a serious addition; my sense of duty *to make them use my money as their own*, brings my own misfortunes; and if I am the architect of my own misfortunes by the ordinary Teeth of the Great Will, the extraordinary Teeth are still more such architects with a vengeance; and Lo! while some are earning by strides, and some are saving by magical powers, and some are getting their fathers etc. to spend for them, I am doing none of these things, and my unfortunate Majesty is simply enjoying the fun of being Sovereign of all my misfortunes and gloomy prospects—the prospects of losing what I have earned, of losing my eyes, of losing my wife, or at least her sanity, of losing my earning capacities, and the all-powerful imps of mischief that the Great Will may heap upon my Ego-point to dismember it, limb by limb and joint by joint! The prospect may be a

mock one, but it may equally be a true one, and I cannot help seeing, though our seeing may not be sight! So be it. I SHALL TRY TO ENJOY ALL GLOOM OF EYES AND LIFE.

If I become blind; I shall cause somebody to read all this to me. I do not think I shall be blind. All I think is that I may have to give up reading and writing and then

એક દીપ હોલાઇ જાય તો બીજો તંરત સળગાવે ![1]

30th June, 1893.

Duty! Duty! Strange Duty! Duty to my wife's health and peace of mind has made me at last do what I did not do for my health, for my pecuniary conditions and for much more. Four days ago, I wrote my letter to Mr. Motilál Lálbhái, informing him that my wife's health makes it necessary that I should give up my favourite Bombay, that I cannot talk about her freely to Uncle, and that I want his advice. I did not write to him in plain words that I want other occupation, because (i) that communication I am bound to make through Uncle; (ii) that an open request might put him in the awkward dilemma or rather trilemma of (*a*) refusing me, if he is not in a position to accede to it, or (*b*) favouring me against his desire, or (*c*) giving an evasive reply. My letter leaves him free and leaves me free, and saves me from the awful feat of "requesting". He has not answered yet. (i) May be that he thinks of consulting his master; (ii) may be that he is a little idle or indifferent; (iii) may be that he does not like to accede; (iv) may be that my plain talk about his marriage has not suited him. If (i), all right. If (ii), never mind. If (iii), must leave him to perform his own duty—I cannot be sorry for his performing his duty, while with the letter, my duty is *done*. If (iv), my letter is guilty of political folly,

[1] If one lamp is extinguished, another is immediately lighted.

from brother's wife. They are now together again, and, to secure a permanent cure in this mental matter, I have called and am tutoring mother. Hope and misgivings oscillate in my mind; and still I must leave all to the Great Will, and be prepared for its destructive dispensations, if I be doomed to them. So be it. Service is an end to the means of securing her relief.

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and small gloom of eyes and life and swallow up the finiteness of all this nonsense within its—mine—infinity. What matters it if I do nothing more in life, if I shrink like a burning hair, if I do nothing, get nothing, enjoy nothing, suffer all, and write nothing? I shall only laugh to see that I must do all this without writing here or speaking anywhere—a Dumbness quite enjoyable! So the Will wills. It is my own fault if this botheration exists or continues. By flying away to asceticism like my hero, or by saying a blunt 'No' to all, I can keep myself free from these flies and mosquitoes that render the chambers of life sleepless. I am a prisoner to my sense of Duty—Duty which is but a self-created and self-sustained phantom of my Relative Ethics, and I am at perfect liberty to secure a Moksha[1] from this prison-house, and, with it, from all its anxious consequences. But "No!", says my philosophy, "Thou shalt wear this shackle of Duty as a bereaved lover wears the relics of his departed Lost, with tears and love and enjoyment *mixed.*" For this Duty be thou pained and robbed and undone from a worldly point of view. Do not mistake like the fools that expect a "Reward" from Duty. Duty and Virtue must be indifferent to Adversity. "Duty" is the only thing Relevant here; nothing else is. Eternal Ego! Be consumed into myself by Duty; this is the Will, and the Will alone wills.

Only note the forces of the day. Rajkot has proved a prospect of gain which is leaky. But the money will take long to come, while expense is actual and great. Very little money from Bombay practice now. Wife seems to be free from her complaints without medicine —by simply care-taking of her mind, and by her own force of will. During my absence at Rajkot, she and her mind were left to the charge of mother, who, herself doting on youngers and weak with old brain, has proved unequal to the task of carrying out simple instruc-

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[1] मोक्ष Liberation.

tions. A gulf seems to be opening between the loves of mother and wife—a peculiar result of many things. Father has been suffering from acute rheumatism for more than a month: mother is there, Motishanker is there—poor boy nursing (now him, and my wife before that) for 5 months stolen from his professional education!

"કાલક્રમે ધપતું આ નાટક માયાએ ભજવાવ્યું"[27]

Ramanik had an abscess on the abdomen—it troubled him for a month and had to be opened at last. I have withdrawn my money from the National Bank and left a few rupees there—part of that amount is used up. Wife's mania for expense is undergoing a suspended animation, but may be re-accelerated again at any time! So the drama of life is progressing and wisdom has to steer in a moving middle point. And the question of interest in this drama is when the bubble of this my wisdom will burst, for what guarantee is there for the continuance of the solemn airs? See how the fun goes.

22nd August, 1893.

Last Friday week, the Mahomedan riots began and last Thursday I sent away my children to Nadiád, and asked Lalitá to stay there.

I have been spoiling this book, and my mind, with the petty troubles of my household, but this is not *spoiling* in fact, for to my household I owe duties and I can think them out on paper. That being so, the fact that they are 'petty' to a large mind is 'irrelevant'. Is not my body the 'pettiest' of things? And yet, when I am sick, there is no help but to while away the best of my time in lying in bed and taking medicine. *Such a multiplication of great and petty things are we!!!*

Shámaráo Vithal says

"હરિ ઠેવીલ તૈસે રાહાવે હો"[28]

as forming the national burden of Indian character, and laughs. The impotent and self-destroying spirit of 'change' and 'turmoil' is what has overtaken my reformed friends in India. Both characters are mistaken mutilations. The former ignores Duty or Ordinary Teeth of the Great Will. The latter ignores the Extraordinary Teeth, or what Europe calls and possesses as "Resignation of the Will". My countrymen are thus foolish in the possession of the 'Extremes', and do not know the mean. The Patent Ego-point may be truly expressed as needing both the Sword of Duty and the Shield of Resignation. The soldier, armed with the sword without the shield, or with the shield without the sword, is imperfectly armed. His true art and perplexity lies in managing *both* simultaneously, like *Arati* [1] and Ghantâ.[2] The fool in perplexity and weariness throws off the sword and holds the shield with both hands! The vainglorious conceit of his own art makes the other fool throw off the shield and hold the sword with both his hands! Each has to learn a lesson. 'Tattvánanda [3] Swámy' must join 'Rasa-Sundari.' [4]

Friday, 25th August, 1893.

Friday fortnight the Mahomedan riots began, and ended after 5 days, and yet the feeling of insecurity has not gone. The English papers have been finding fault with the Hindus, the Congress, the Cow-movement, etc., and, in place and out of place, are trying to make a political capital for Englishmen out of the misfortunes of the Hindus, and have no courage to do more than lull the stormy children of Islám. They try to enlarge the split between the Hindus and the Mahomedans—a split which ought to be at once closed, etc. I could not resist the temptation of writing out a long letter to "the Bombay Gazette" four days ago, but have wisely torn it into pieces today, as such a contribution would have been plainly and unjustifiably a

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[1] આરતી. [2] ઘંટા. [3] તત્ત્વાનન્દ સ્વામી. [4] રસસુન્દરી.

violation of my orbit and of my resolution never to trouble and excite myself with ephemeral literature and subjects. Considering the duties I have undertaken for myself, it was simply a waste of time and energy to have written it at all. The world may be quite wise without my counsels on such matters.

28th August, 1893.

MY WILL

I endorsed under my Will, some two days ago or so, that I cancelled it. Today I tear the will into complete pieces to ensure full revocation. I preserve the pieces so torn off in order to study my past art one day and take lesson from the elaborate draft now undone. I had shown the will to parents, brother, wife, etc. The will was an elaborate attempt to benefit the whole family at the sacrifice of my son's interests on communistic principles. By making them read it and by having occasions thrown upon me by Providence for studying the idiosyncracies of all those that surround me, I have come to the conclusion that I would be doing my duty better by leaving things to Nature and to Providence rather than by putting my hand, and being instrumental actively, to a document which would have been neither understood nor appreciated, and could have only created confusion and trouble at the sacrifice of my son. I never meant to make the will a final document; I only wanted to make it and examine it with my own living eyes. I have done that, and having done that and found it a likely failure, I have now undone it.

Only this is to be noted that I almost think I had better die intestate and leave the Great Will to work out its ways and take care of all my people, as it has done hitherto, giving water, and air, and food, to those that it wanted to sustain, and killing those that it thought necessary to do so. If I ever make a will again, it should be short and simple. But having regard

to the expense of Probate Duties, etc., in Bombay, query if it is not infinitely better to die quite intestate !

29th August, 1893.

MY OWN IDIOSYNCRACIES

I wish today to study some of my own idiosyncracies, and weaknesses in brief :

1. *Intellectually*, my memory has no focus, is weary of perseverance, has a distaste for details ; it remembers only what it likes and remembers it for ages, but I cannot compel it to remember. 2. My "*reasonings*" are wayward, blunt at one time and laboured at another, unwilling to be guided or dazzled or forced, and anxious to work out their own things in their own odd ways. But they have acquired a great power over myself ; they give me my most valued strength, though hamper me at every footstep, and make me a tardy and vascillating person in practical matters, and their results are sometimes bewildering by their complexity. 3. My *imagination* goes like steam, voluminous, ambitious, but without density by nature, though my old reasoning has been of late getting the upper hand. 4. My *sentiments* and *feelings* are of late ejected by my philosophy, and circumstances have fostered their ejection. Desire for fame, for money for itself, love, sensitiveness to reproofs and censures, etc. ; these are fled like vapour, and I am the happier for their absence for good. May they never return. A *sense of Duty*, work as a corollary of life and Duty ; a desire for quiet and security and peace ; if these coquettes would glance at me, a preparedness for all toils and turmoils ; if the coquettes choose to keep off their prudish faces, an utter disregard for the results of things out of my control ; these constitute my strength or my faults, whatever they may be. I like to have them because they are my duty and my only happiness in the midst of a life that is not much obliged to Dame Fortune for any special favours

beyond her continued support and endeavour "to keep up my frail and feverish being", in the midst of monsters that would have eaten it up and hurdled it down long since, but for this desire of this Lady. Whatever my vicissitudes in the future, this phase is not likely to wear any improved colour in this life which is destined to play the great fun of striving, with its best energies as a matter of Duty, for ends that are involved in a hopeless prospect of aping and panto-miming. So the Will wills, and it will be no small obligation from this Dame if she only enables me, as she has done till now, to laugh out with perfect amuse-ment all the rest of the World in which she spins this Ego-point of 'I'. If even this favour is denied to me, why, then I ought to appreciate the remark of Swámi Krishnánand that

"रोनेमें भी और मजा है".(29)

I agree with him there ; only the advice is no discovery to me.

One day I wish to analyse my Uncle. A mind so splendid and powerful and ennobling as his, and so well and long transparent to me, is a Scripture by itself, and what an unfortunate fool should I be if I did not benefit by familiarity with it? Dame Fortune no doubt does not grudge me this great privilege of my intellectual Persona or masque.

1st September, 1893.

TELANG

Pity! Mr. *Justice Telang at last died* this morning. With all his faults, which were but few and small, he was a great man, indeed, great for my poor country. A clear intelligence and judgment, a rare moderation in views and sentiments, a discreet combination of independence and politeness, an innate regard for justice and goodness, a pure love for literary pursuits and men, a singular want of conceit and diffidence, a

convincing and cool-tempered eloquence and reasoning: these, etc., formed him into *the* man suited to go to the front ranks of society at an early age and to win him the secret regard he has from his enemies, the sincere admiration he commanded among his friends and acquaintances, and the frank and the free respect which he continued to draw from all Europeans up to the very last moment. His elevation to the Bench was a loss to the Public; it has now proved his death-blow—the hard work of a High Court Judge proved too much for him. No doubt, he, as well as Mr. Justice N ...... had the weakness to continue working till the last without enough rest. But weakness or not, he has died, and we have lost. So the Great Will wills, and we must obey. His Ego-point has dissolved from our horizon, and so will mine too one day. So be it.

Mr. Telang was like his house on the Chowpatty—on the last borders of the native town divided by the railway from the mostly European part of the town, yet on *this* side of the town—*within* our limits.

I have felt so much for him that I have done absolutely nothing today, could not go to his funeral because I am suffering from indisposition. When I want to go to his place now, it begins to rain badly. God knows.

LIFE-INSURANCE

I am asked to insure my life. Why should I, even if I were an insurable life, which I am not? Insurance is a present expense for the sake of survivors, which I need not undertake if I am likely to leave them enough for food, etc. As regards such likelihood, it exists to a humble extent. Besides, if God will destroy that likelihood, how may He not destroy insurance also? I do not think it a duty to spend more at present. There was a time when the duty existed and was baffled by my being found uninsurable, which

I still am. Am I to weep for this? No. As already noted once in these pages, God has already cared for my preservation and shown that my anxiety for this was always foolish. I trust to the same power for the preservation and conservation of my wife and children, and even of myself. If He wants to destroy, we must willingly obey. The past indicates that He has an eye over us. I resign all to that eye of the Great Will where I have no duty, and *May I* remember its past care to preserve me like a spinning thread. THE GREAT WILL HAS AN EYE OVER THESE ITS POINTS, AND I CANNOT REMIND MYSELF TOO OFTEN THAT MY ANXIETIES CAN ONLY AMOUNT TO FOLLY OR DISTRUST IN THE IDENTITY OF THE GREAT WILL WITH ITS POINTS.

10th September, 1893.

LALITA'S HYSTERIA

At last, "Off with the bauble!" as the Protector said. I think it right to leave all my family-members to settle and adjust their own relations in their own way, and to take the consequences of their follies and mistakes without my trying to help or rescue them, and to be taught by their own successes and punishments. I must leave them and their mental and moral cures to Nature. Things are finite in the world, and there must be an end and a terminus somewhere to my tutorship and to their tutelage. I think that terminus is now reached, and whatever money it may cost me to do so, I must no longer spoil this book and my time and peace of mind, with anxious arrangements to set right a pack of unreasoning people. I shall allow them the *status* of Adult Reasonable Beings, and see how the Great Will wills. I think these good people will quietly scratch off good things that surround me. So I reach a new epoch in my life. My duty will now be

to give full play to my old principle: 'I allow you your liberty and I shall have mine.' My only objects of care are now my children, neither wife nor parents nor brother, except so far as they actually expressly desire me—they must have the rights and share the risks of looking for themselves. They do not *want* more interference and should not have it; nor can they consistently ask me to interfere against any one of them. I must and do, therefore, plainly tell them all—"Do as you wish, speak as you wish, at my cost or anybody's—the merits, the sin, the reward and the pain—all must now be yours; I shall bear your scratchings, if any, so far as I may find skin with me for your scratching, and when I don't find skin, then you are at liberty to find your way—I am free to say 'I cannot help'. If you be happy, so be it; I claim no merit for that—it is the result of Nature's cure and of self-development of things. It may be, this may succeed where Art fails. So the Will wills and

> "Now my task is roughly done!
> I can fly or I can run!"

For me, when there is money to earn, I earn it. When there is no money I starve, and say "I have it not". When there is health, I work. When health is not, I lie down and do as illness bids—or Doctor bids. When Court work for money or without money presses, I do that, when it flies away and leaves leisure, I read and write my extra things and works. When eyes don't allow even that, I think and philosophise in my mind. When that is not possible, I see and endure and laugh. The only thing I always use is Duty as measured by capacity.

कृतं शक्तमिष्टं करोम्येव चैतत्।(29A)

and the great Benignity[1] is even there!!

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[1] प्रसाद.

11th September, 1893.

Cure for wife's hysteria: 1. Cause of hysteria: Prolonged and compulsory abstinence from natural tendencies and sentiments, and sickness and agitations of soul and frequent irritations, etc., etc., caused by a sense of enduring injustice and ill-treatment, etc.

2. Result: Bodily hysteria, and abnormal and incessant irritability and pain of mind, and melancholia and hypochondria, etc.

3. *Remedy applied*: A general abstinence on my part from contradicting her and allowing free scope for her *will* and *frenzies*, as a sympathetic course of treatment by showing a desire and giving encouragement to her speaking, spending and acting, to the fullest extent of her own secret wishes, and concealing my differences of opinion and abstaining from passing comments against her words and acts, and showing sympathy for her real and imaginary miseries, surrounding her with friends and sweet-speaking people, and placing all my resources at her disposal, etc.

4. Shortcomings in the remedy: I sometimes lose patience and temper, and I sometimes fail to study her mind and mood; the same *kind* of shortcomings in my other people to a degree which is not only very great but is often increased by a failure to appreciate the difference between weakness of character and disease of mind in wife.

5. *Results* to me: Reputation among people that I am uxorious to a servile extent, and wife's idea that I agree with or encourage others in their adverse opinions and ill-treatment of her, as I do not take her side when they comment on her or when she fancies they do so; and the pleasures and pains of having the effervescence of this reputation and idea directed against my devoted head at times. The necessity of sacrificing large amounts of money and abstaining from advising anybody as a means to saving the whole

family from demoralisation and to minimising the said reputation and idea by such saving, sacrifice to the interests of my children, etc.

" Both sides will feel dissatisfied with the dealing of justice by means of the Golden Mean ! "

" Sacrifice and secret sacrifice is sometimes a necessary means of preserving moral prestige—not to speak of other great results ", etc., etc.

" He is a fool who expects Reward or Credit or Appreciation when he is simply doing a duty."

" Man's power is small and even the performance of small Duties is a venture without goal, in the course of which he has to take into account his own frailties and the Great Will of the Dolphin—and his pride and conceit is vain even here ", etc.

UNCLE'S MIND

A study of my Uncle's mind :—

1. He has read much, persistently, lovingly, but unsystematically, and from his own standpoints of Great and Good.

2. He has risen from *nil* to undulations of good and bad Fortunes and from that to competence, and external and internal happiness, and to maturity of thought and views in mundane and Religious matters, and has had therein the rare fortune of having developed luckily selected gems, instead of having lighted upon points for experiment and for rejection or acceptance after trial. The Fortune implies a Sagacity of intellect.

3. He has confidence without conceit and pride, appreciation without succumbing to dazzles, steadiness and firmness without obstinacy or fanaticism, etc. : a result of 2.

4. He gives a sincere recognition to Truth and Justice and catholicity of spirit—in theory ; and in

practice and life his watch-word is Policy, though he would not accept the word ; and, while he is sagacious and shrewd and noble in the conception of his Policy, he is firm and persevering, careful and patient, cautious and manly, just and generous in wielding his Policy with strength and Art, without being unmindful of points of delicacy.

5. While he fights his adversaries in his wielding of Policy, he appreciates and loves and honours them in conclusion—in defeat and success—as a matter of justice.

6. In fact, he has, like his Vedánta, both Vyâvahârika [1] and Pāramârthika Sattá,[2] and, to unacquainted eyes, a Prâtibhāsika Sattá [3] too.

I may dilate and develop all these, but this is enough at present; he has shortcomings too, but I have no liking for analysing them at present. His merits are great and enlightening and ennobling, and that is enough for one so devoted as I am to him.

16th September, 1893.

IMPORTANT FAMILY-MATTERS

I have said I am not going to write more about family-matters. But the last word on the subject is not there, and I shall put it down today in brief. I commenced in these notes praising my wife's angelic goodness and ended with her hysteria and seeming reactions. I began and ended with statements unfavourable to my people. This book may chance to go to other hands and I may be misunderstood and charged with partiality. I have also to justify myself to my conscience. It was impossible to bring all details in these notes.

I have trained wife from the beginning to do voluntary and loving service and sacrifice to my people.

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[1] व्यावहारिक. [2] पारमार्थिक सत्ता. [3] प्रातिभासिक सत्ता.

She has done it and they cannot deny it. In her youth she sacrificed the commonest and urgentest enjoyments and desires of the period: in her later days she sacrificed a mother's feelings and love and vanity for her children; she worked like an ass for my people; and even now, when I propose that she should remove misunderstanding by direct talk with mother, she is afraid of occasioning bitterness and showing disrespect to one whom she has always respected. She has tried to serve parents, brother and wife, sisters and their children, with a singleness of purpose and with sacrifice.

Now that the tide is turned and that there are a number of clear things in which she may be right or wrong, she asks me wildly and hysterically why and to what end I ever took it into my head to bore her all life and stoicise her youth by training her in ways of goodness, for which she is repaid by being disregarded by not only the elders but the youngers. She asks me why those that grudged her spending a few annas out of my pocket during her youth and are unable, even at this stage of her age, to concede the reasonableness of her taking the liberty of using my money as her own for the sake of my children without any intermeddling or adverse reflections and criticisms from them are now forgiving waste and encouraging expenses by others.

Am I biased or partial in delivering a judgment in her favour under these circumstances? Am I wrong in saying my people must bear the blame of having ruined the health of my poor wife in this way? Am I passing a very harsh sentence upon them when the only thing I do them is to consider them foolish like myself, and when I call them so neither in public, nor in the presence of anybody, nor to their faces, but in my private book? In answering these questions my conscience decides in favour of myself and leaves the question between them and my wife to God, to Nature,

to the laws of Nature's consequences, or, as I say, to Nature's cure. My duty to my wife as the aggrieved party is another question; and if I do not put it on paper, I have reasons for that. My lesson from all this, as a student of Sociology, is a confirmation of my views against a Joint Family System by one more illustration of present experience. Individually and personally, I have, I hope, said the *last word* on this subject, and I wish I could now see my way to avoid spoiling more of this book, with effervescences on these my painful matters of paltry interest in the world. So the Great Will hurries me to the next epoch of my poor life—poor till now, now and hereafter. So the Will wills.

1. Do not, for heaven's sake, sit in judgment upon or intermeddle with the domestic affairs of other people; nor brook others doing so in your own affairs.

2. Men, women and children require food for intellect and sentiments; they will crave for it and a starvation in this direction will lead to morbid diseases of mind and sentiment. I see my child taking up useless papers, strangely playing with them and taking the whole pastime as if it were a great and absorbing business of life. Has this a meaning? Do not uneducated people have their avocations of a similar kind? Women want their own things—seeming useless to our eyes, but giving their own minds and sentiment a peculiar food which sustains their constitutions by natural aptitudes, gives them the kind of exercise most suited to develop their health and strength in the direction most useful to them, gives a satiety that enables them to start and work for other important matters of life with the vigour necessary for them, etc. Forget not this, and forget not that what is good for you may not be good for your child and wife, and parents. The art of sustaining their lives lies not in proselytising them to your mode of life, but in studying their own modes of demand and supply of life,

and by purifying, educating and supplying them. Observation and experiment are necessary here and *a priori* deductions from your own standpoints without a proper knowledge of the constitution of others can only prove a pedantic infliction. The food that you eat may prove too much for a delicate appetite, nauseating to another stomach, etc.

3. Sitting in judgment over your family, you are not of necessity justified in communicating your views to your people, who require a delicate handling and a loving communication of bitter truths, and you must pause and weigh if it be not better to leave things to Nature, which adjusts things well, rather than to complicate things and relations by finding fault and losing both love and prestige and seeming to be adverse and prejudiced when you are only stating a calm truth. Therefore form judgment, but *be silent.*

4. There are cases where attempts to do justice may produce serious injustice.

When my expenses are abnormal, they may be estimated as below as per last year's experience :—

A : BOMBAY EXPENSES :

Rs. 45—House rent
Rs. 20—Office
Rs. 12—Income-Tax
Rs. 12—Magazine, I.L.R., Papers, Libraries and Associations.
Rs. 20—Servants
Rs. 12—Superstition
Rs. 18—Education
Rs. 10—Embroidery and wants
Rs. 30—Clothes
Rs. 50—Ornaments
Rs. 50—Doctor, medicine
Rs. 20—Travelling, Bus, Tram, etc.
Rs. 100—Food in Bombay for 12 people average.

B: Nadiad = *Rs. 460/- per month,* while last year I spent Rs. 500/- per month. Now mark contingent sums to which I am or may be doomed one day; Rs. 15,000 total of funerals and marriages, etc. in the family, Rs. 1,000 Professional debts to clients on retirement, Rs. 1,300 father's debts to *Motibhái Raghunáthji,* Rs. 3,000 father's plan for Thákorji Temple, Rs. 2,000 house repairs, Rs. 2,000 new house. Is it difficult after this to see why India is ruined by herself and why it is my duty to resist and minimise these calls, in order to provide for my son Ramanik ?

19th September, 1893.

Conversation with Uncle today. Substance.

1. Uncle made me explain the meaning of the following as he did not understand the grammar of it:

आत्मानात्माकारं स्वभावसंस्थितं चित्तम् आत्माकारतया तिरस्कृतानात्मदृष्टि विदधीत (30)

He also asked me whether I understood the substance of the verse, or merely the grammar. I said I would ask him where I did not understand it. He: Yes, but you must always repeat what you think you understand; otherwise you may possess a false coin under the idea that you have a true one, and so risk prosecution for possessing a false coin.

2. He then explained as below:

"I shall teach by 'Parallel sentences'—a method of teaching by showing the same or similar things in different languages, one of which may happen to open our mind most suitably, etc. There is the Pot [1] with space [2] in; All things Drishya [3] are the Anâtmâ [4]—grainseeds in the pot [1] replacing the space; [2] you have to remove them from chitta [5] and space [2] will come of itself—refill it.

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[1] घट. [2] आकाश. [3] दृश्य. [4] अनात्मा. [5] चित्त mind.

3. The popular notion "Jnana"[1] is not a Jnana[1] of Vedánta. The Átmá[2] is like the Sun, which may be covered up by clouds; the clouds won't be distinguished in dark night; though they may conceal the Sun, their own existence is known by the light of the Sun behind them:

घनच्छन्नदृष्टिर्घनच्छन्नमर्कम् (31)

Such is Átmá[2] concealed, but not absent.

4. I was tempted (after 8 months and more of my usual and silent listening) to open a controversy this time. I told him Vedánta has developed "like other things".

He: No, Jnana[1] is light, same as 2,000 years ago.

I: The figure calling it 'light' is fallacious. We have to see and note if it *has* developed as a fact.

He: 'Development' is an idea not applicable to Jnana[1] proper, which is as *full* now as in the days of Shankara and Janaka.

I: This may be true of the ideas in their brains—but we have no means of knowing them; their books are our only evidence, and I refer to books and contents of books as showing a "Progress" or "Development".

He: If you intend to use a word of the day, say "Evolution", and not "Development", which is as antiquated as implying only the same thing in continuance, and I do not know that true Jnána[1] is so (*page torn*).

I: You need not think I mean by "Progress" more than change; for change can (*torn*) . . .; whether change takes us forward or makes us return to the same point, is a different question, so I keep side.

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[1] ज्ञान. [2] आत्मा.

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conclusions. If you do not find out a stage for so maturing your conclusions, you will die with Vásaná[1] and have rebirth,[2] though you don't believe in rebirth.[2] For me, if God ever tells me I have been wrong, I shall tell him 'I have seen me in Thee and—'

Here the carriage stopped and we parted.

To analyse Uncle's conclusions, I partially agree with and partially differ from him. As indicating a *Policy* for an individual, seeking a landing-place after weary pursuit of knowledge and a magazine for power and happiness to the individual, his views are sound, sagacious and forcible. They ask us in fact to adopt a *Res Judicata* in life and to prepare instincts in consonance with Reason, while we have the strength to form instincts, and they follow the business-like habit of the European who says "I have thought out my best and launched my career on the basis of it. I do not care if still I am wrong." They were pressed upon me with the greatest anxiety and solicitude and seriousness for my welfare. I agree with him so far as they are applications of principles from the standpoint of Policy for me as an individual.

But Duty to the cause of Truth and Humanity, howsoever, wheresoever and whatsoever it may be, makes me shrink from following up this line of Policy except so far as Duty is limited by capacity. I do not shrink from scepticism for life and do not wish to deceive myself by concealing and avoiding its existence if it forms my *Truth*—for Truths, sought for themselves, educate humanity for a sterner welfare for Peace. But I think the fear of scepticism is imaginary; the Historical Method of Truth makes us grow like our bodies, and each individual brain that pursues it finds itself after a length of time marching in one uniform direction, developing and getting stronger and stouter, and not 'Doubting' as a necessity of its conditions.

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[1] वासना. [2] पुनर्जन्म.

He : I don't believe Shankara suggested the system of Brahma Sûtra [1] and Upanishads ; [2] he was only engaged in controverting the opinion of his contemporaries—Samuchchayaváda [3]—they thinking : men must rise from Upásaná,[4] etc., by grades to Jnána,[5] he thinking : these Sádhanas [6] were unnecessary for those who could by brisk intelligence have Jnána [5] without wasting whole life with Sádhanas.[6]

I : Keep the same Samuchchaya [3] matter apart ; we find that our people used the principle of construction by reconciling old words to their views ; the principle is proper when you are reconciling same writer's words, but not by straining old texts to make them mean our opinions ; when we diverge from this wrong method of construction, we find that the Upanishad's [2] ideas have been used in Shankara's time.

He : Note : (*torn*) . . . but as a permanent condition of doubt ; and I think the Historical Method keeps us in a permanent Doubt by always suggesting that as our present conclusion has displaced the past, so the present conclusion may be displaced by something more tempting in future, and so on ; this method can, therefore, never lead us to Siddhánta [7] all life, which is miserable and involves the contingency of retrogression and error during weaker moments, especially of old age, e.g. in B's case. In other branches of knowledge, this may be allowed, but not in Jnána [5] where scepticism is a danger as

संशयात्मा विनश्यति (32)

is a fact expressed. Here, if we may go on doubting, weak moments may make us forget premises, and we must, therefore, always provide ourselves with " Conclusions ", and say to the world, even if God comes down I shall be strong and stick to my matured

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[1] ब्रह्मसूत्र. [2] उपनिषद्. [3] समुच्चयवाद. [4] उपासना. [5] ज्ञान. [6] साधन. [7] सिद्धान्त.

conclusions. If you do not find out a stage for so maturing your conclusions, you will die with Vásaná[1] and have rebirth,[2] though you don't believe in rebirth.[2] For me, if God ever tells me I have been wrong, I shall tell him 'I have seen me in Thee and—'

Here the carriage stopped and we parted.

To analyse Uncle's conclusions, I partially agree with and partially differ from him. As indicating a *Policy* for an individual, seeking a landing-place after weary pursuit of knowledge and a magazine for power and happiness to the individual, his views are sound, sagacious and forcible. They ask us in fact to adopt a *Res Judicata* in life and to prepare instincts in consonance with Reason, while we have the strength to form instincts, and they follow the business-like habit of the European who says "I have thought out my best and launched my career on the basis of it. I do not care if still I am wrong." They were pressed upon me with the greatest anxiety and solicitude and seriousness for my welfare. I agree with him so far as they are applications of principles from the standpoint of Policy for me as an individual.

But Duty to the cause of Truth and Humanity, howsoever, wheresoever and whatsoever it may be, makes me shrink from following up this line of Policy except so far as Duty is limited by capacity. I do not shrink from scepticism for life and do not wish to deceive myself by concealing and avoiding its existence if it forms my *Truth*—for Truths, sought for themselves, educate humanity for a sterner welfare for Peace. But I think the fear of scepticism is imaginary; the Historical Method of Truth makes us grow like our bodies, and each individual brain that pursues it finds itself after a length of time marching in one uniform direction, developing and getting stronger and stouter, and not 'Doubting' as a necessity of its conditions.

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[1] वासना. [2] पुनर्जन्म.

As man ceases to grow up at one stage of life, so this march ceases at one stage, and we call it the stage of "Matured Views". The early Consummation of this Happiness by an artificial induction of maturity by accepting a Pope somewhere, is sweet for the time being, but is deceptive as a means of educating and advancing humanity. Nature's voice, and not human artifice, must pronounce the hour when the Cord of Hymen must be broken for the mind in each individual case. Nor is it true that the immaturity and scepticism must of necessity keep up any Vásaná[1] up to death. The 'Policy' and the 'Truth' may grow up side by *side as distinct entities—the one for the commerce of* the individual and the other for the commerce of the community to which we owe a Duty, though Shankara's Vedánta ignores it.

These results amply illustrate the force of what I have often called the Great Gap in his system—very much unlike the old Vedánta which called on men to battle and not to retire, and, for the battle, provided duties to the family and to the tribe, if not to the country. The Science of Ethics, which was cut off by the later Buddhists and by Shankara, has now acquired a deep meaning even to the Atheist, and none of these Duties is greater than that conceived as due to Truth, as arising from man's connection to the whole and not to himself alone, and as forming a grand result by itself, even though it be barren of any consequential results. As said, this defect arises from giving up the *study* of Máyá[2] as hopeless and not involved in the idea of the "One". This point opens up another Vista of thought, and my time for sleep is up.

5th October, 1893.

The greater part of later day Vedánta[3] is taken up with spinning out the art of taming the mind of men

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[1] वासना. [2] माया. [3] वेदान्त.

into a consistency between views or theory and life or practice. It no doubt recognised Grihasthâshrama [1] as a necessity for the support of the world and of the Sannyasi;[2] but the Bhikshu [3] was the necessary ideal and the favoured goal for the individual who was taught to identify himself with the Latent Átman [4] and to estrange him from the Máyá,[5] with the result that the recognition of the worldly Áshrama [6] in the interests of the fictitious world sank into a fiction of Duty left to the option of the individual. The same result was achieved in another way by the Karma Kánda [7] which dethroned Karma [8] or 'Activity of life' and seated in its place a pseudo-karma which proposed to fill human life with ceremonials and formulae, which, by their irrelevance to all earthly good, made man ascetic in another form and was absorbed into itself by Vedánta [9] as its Sádhana [10] and Sampatti!! [11] Yoga [12] also was absorbed into a similar substance.

Thus did the philosophy of Shankara conquer opposition by absorption, by a process very similar to that of the illiterate and lay-man's Bhakti-marga,[13] which conquered its orthodox Vedic rival religion by absorption. The absorption by the two factors differed in this: The new Vedánta [9] was three-fourths of the old Vedánta [9] + the ascetic phases of Karma Kánda [7] and Yoga [12] and Buddhism + some other features of the same. The Bhakti-marga,[13] on the other hand, was a stroke of original genius, wearing the garb of ancient names and myths without their souls, and was a complete fiction, which, in the case of Vaishnavism favoured the non-ascetic tendencies of the world, and in the Vallabh Marga,[14] rose to riot in Epicureanism. This is illustrated in "Háramála" [15] where Narasimha tells a Sannyasi [2] "We shall mutter the name of Ráma on our death-bed—at present we worship

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[1] गृहस्थाश्रम. [2] संन्यासी. [3] भिक्षु. [4] आत्मन्. [5] माया. [6] आश्रम. [7] कर्मकांड. [8] कर्म. [9] वेदान्त. [10] साधना. [11] संपत्ति. [12] योग. [13] भक्तिमार्ग. [14] वल्लभमार्ग. [15] हारमाला.

Krishna."[1] Vishnu, as the Protective Deity, was naturally fitted for the ideal of these views. Its "Shuddhádvaita"[2]—the identity of Gopi[3] and Krishna,[1] in figurative sense, is only a taunt to Vedánta's[4] Brahma[5] and Maya.[6]

Neither of these religions was fitted to evolve an ethical standard for the world. Not Vedánta,[1] because it absorbed asceticism from its surroundings and reduced the secular Áshrama[7] into a Duty by fiction only. Bhakti-Marga,[8] because in its reactionary battle against Asceticism, it was warped into the grooves of Epicureanism, and also because its goal was the transfer of *love* from the world to the non-world, and morality was made to follow this transfer as a practical corollary without any effort of man. This idea affords a parallel to the flight of Dante's Beatrice in Paradiso (cf. Caird, Volume I, Pages 51-52). This was no doubt a way of becoming *moral,* but it made morality an ancillary—a subsidiary thing left to follow you like a dog. But this was placing the cart before the horse. Morality is an upward flight to be attempted and striven for and thought of and worked up with active exertion; left to live a passive thing, it stagnates and stinks and both dies and kills.

The older day Vedánta[4] and the whip to Arjuna[9] in the Gîtâ,[10] make all its difference from these religions in this way. Truth and knowledge come by these comparisons, and Uncle's plea for Policy and conservatism in the search after knowledge does not commend itself to my mind because of their being utterly subversive of Truth and Duty to the vision of Humanity looked upon as one sole and integrate vision. Truth is not what my or your poor eyes see; but it is what the Universal Eye sees. The Eyes of the Past, of the Present, and of the Future, make up the only way and

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[1] कृष्ण. [2] शुद्धाद्वैत. [3] गोपी. [4] वेदान्त. [5] ब्रह्म. [6] माया. [7] आश्रम. [8] भक्तिमार्ग. [9] अर्जुन. [10] गीता.

the nearest approach of the individual to the Universal Vision, and therefore of the part Truth to its Whole Truth. My Duty to Consume myself makes it essential that I should grow through my Umbilical Cord before I properly consume myself away into my surroundings. The Umbila is the Largest Absorption of the Total and Whole Truth within my reach into my Ego-point vision.

This is my Empire and I am bound, like Alexander the Great, to go in search of it as far as my army would follow. No Policy that is inconsistent with the proper foundations of this Empire is true, and in this sense it is that Truth brooks no Policy. A Philosophy that fails to grasp or promote this Truth and ignores this Duty is so far imperfect and unsound, and to say that I should call it perfection is to call upon me to abstain from food today because I had my meals yesterday morning. My Umbilical Cord is not intended to starve me while it lives; I am bound to *draw nourishment* from this material, and if that is the intention of the Great Will, I am not prepared to destroy the working of the ordinary Truth at my Ego-point. Such a destruction is the 'Ahankára'[1] and 'Traigunya'[2] against which Arjun was *warned* in the solemnest of tones, and my philosophy, which warns me in the same way, will not enable me to misconstrue the final warning of the Great Epic into Arthaváda,[3] or to bombard my own philosophy by introducing a Factor of Policy into a search for Truth. Truth is the guide of Policy and not *vice versa,* and Truth is vaster than the Biped of my Ego within the termini of my Birth and Death. To shrink from change of view in old age is to make Truth ride on the tail of this Biped. The author of

'अजरामरवत्प्राज्ञो विद्यामर्थं च चिंतयेत्।'(33)

shows even our people could see in the light in which I see the matter. You may form your *instincts* by

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[1] अहंकार. [2] त्रैगुण्य. [3] अर्थवाद.

knowledge acquired, and forming the one you may consider the acquisition provisionally complete and *res judicata*. But more than this is Breach of Duty. While in this womb of this Mother Life, in this house of Prajápati,[1] as the Upanishad would call it, I cannot and shall not refuse, until Death-Delivery, the food of knowledge—even if it be Relative Knowledge—which Nature pours into my patent frame through this All-sided Umbilical Cord specially provided for the Unseen Ends of the Great Will. I shall grow healthy and strong by that food for the Jnána Vairagya Siddhi[2] of Annapûrna[3] in a wide wide sense, and I shall draw my food by active *sucking* even. There is no consumption without this. The idea that Knowledge such as Vedánta[4] provides had reached its perfect growth in the days of yore, that Shankara had it in that perfection, and that we cannot develop it further is a simple insult to Shankara's genius and to the progressive civilization which, after a growth of centuries, produced him. Where would Absolute Knowledge have been but for all that growth? To refuse the provisions of the Umbilical Cord of knowledge is the suicide of knowledge; and if even the Ascetic's conscience, by jaundiced and perverted ways taught to set its face against worldly Life and Duties, stops and recoils at the idea of giving itself the last stab of suicide in this world, and chooses to beg in order to live, that fact is to me, and from the mouth of Ascetism itself, a sufficient rebuttal and a *reductio ad absurdum* of all arguments favouring the cause of suicide of our larger bodies bound to resist every stab against their existence. And the Ascetism preached to Arjuna was not this stab, but the strength that could resist the stab. The older Vadánta[4] was the philosophy of this strength: the later one was the philosophy of this stab. I am certainly not for the latter. I fear the author of the 'Gitâ' saw about him the germs of this Stab-

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[1] प्रजापति. [2] ज्ञानवैराग्यसिद्धि. [3] अन्नपूर्णा. [4] वेदान्त.

Philosophy, and that his object in introducing this Greatest chapter in our greatest Ethics was to give an early but powerful stab to the Philosophy of Stab which has, in spite of it, grown and absorbed it into itself by a blind misconstruction that makes the 'Gîtâ' say what it never said and unsay what it meant to say! Push the conclusions of the Stab-Philosophy to its extreme and legitimate conclusions, and do not allow its votaries to say "Play no practical *joke* with us"—for if a rule of the Ethical Philosophy of life is laid down, it should have *no exception,* and if a practical suicide *is* committed on principle up to point A, let not point B which falls within the same principle be spared, and if the philosophy proposes to go so far but declines to go any farther on this way, it is either cowardly or is awakened into resistance by the last and imperishable relics of a latent conscience through which the Great Will works. No Indian Philosopher is cowardly, and our only alternative is to take it that this refusal to go no farther is an admission of its *Reductio ad Absurdum* by destroying the consistency which, as noted at the head of this note, is its *first* principle. The admission may not make that philosophy retire *in toto* from the whole position to which it has committed itself. But the fact that it chooses not to retire, is not an argument for our admitting it within *our* pale.

19th October, 1893.

The Cord theory, etc., assume, (i) Past life, to explain present results, and (ii) future life to explain the imperfect workings of present causes under the hypothesis of an organism of moral Government. A fair theory is one which, while it explains on good data the majority of our puzzles, admits, as inexplicable by its present lights, the remaining minority of puzzles. But the Karma[1] theory reverses the whole process

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[1] कर्म.

and has no data to explain the majority of its puzzles, viz. the causes and results which compel it to resort to the unseen and unverifiable past and future lives. Butler in his Analogy could only suggest from a *minority* of data that a moral Government is not an impossible or unnatural thing. That may not be. But the transmigrationist is bolder. Because of the *minority* of instances he would call upon us to take it that the whole rest of the *majority*, not simply may be, but *are* subject to moral laws; and to the question "We don't find the subjection in most of the causes and results," he replies "Well, if you don't find it here, you will find it in other lives." If we say what makes him say we shall find it so, his answer is, "It could not be otherwise (*a*) God is just and (*b*) Social bonds would break asunder if this were not so". (*a*) is an assumption and (*b*) is equally so. Nor is it correct that God wants to preserve social bonds for ever—He as much destroys as He constructs. The justice and preservative desire of God are to be discovered from his worlds, and cannot be assumed *a priori* from the fact of the worlds being running their race. The major premise of this theory thus involves a *petitio principi*, and there is a complete fallacy in asking us to verify the conclusion of an inference built on such a premise by referring us to the unverifiable. Not only this, but, as said, the theory is not only wrong, but is hardly worth receiving, in that it is based not on any large majority, but on a very small minority of data quite opposed to the majority. It is in fact not a logical theory, but a poetic flight or a philosophical dream and no more. It is an assumption at both its ends, and a candle that burns at both ends must soon give up its existence.

I went days ago to Visnagar to defend two Visnagará Bráhmans accused of murder. I returned because the Judge, Mr. G. B. Kotháre, my class-fellow, was sick, and the case was postponed. I prepared myself for the case and obtained leave from Court, up to October

Vacation—nearly 11 days. I got fever on the day of starting. Fever increased to 104.5 degrees. I am weak yet. This is Dashera. My leave for earning money is spent in sickness and in paying Doctor. The case is fixed for tomorrow. There is fever at Visnagar. I must prefer health to wealth. So I give up going there and think of going to Mátheran, which means Expense! My purse is not full and such is my rare "short luck", and my purse must be empty. The Great Will wills this way, and my poor sick self is left to rot for a health which may or may not come, while of the hæmorrhage of money there is a ghastly certainty and actuality. So be it, and so I lose Rupees Six hundred!!

I enter upon my 39th year today! Alas! Not a whit progressed beyond 38!

4th November, 1893.

I resolved not to write here more of family matters, but the event is so grand and instructive that I cannot help noting it. The cat is out of the bag at last. The liberties given to, and special care taken (especially at Sion Sanatorium) of my wife during her illness, has roused the spirit of intolerance, jealousy, and folly, and the short-sighted have not been able to understand the nature of her illness or of the remedy ordered by me to soothe her mind, and have taken the remedy as indicative of my uxoriousness!!

In my novel "Saraswatîchandra", I do my sentimental duties to some of my people. I take the 'Vedánta' a step further through Vishnudás, and while, in introducing the subject, I mean to do a duty to my regard for my Uncle Manassukhram's most favourite subject, and try to show that his loving sermons to me have not fallen on me in vain, I do my duty of independence of mind to literature by not binding myself to views which are not mine. I do a similar duty to my father by illustrating and explaining the 'Vaishnava Márga.'

The picture of Gunasundari is a duty to my wifë, though I have neither the conceit to think that the latter is equal to the former, nor that *narrowness* of vision which would have confined the former to the traits of the latter. My wife is inadequate to be my heroine. Some of the traits of this heroine are also drawn from my mother. In other and many respects the picture is original.

6th November, 1893.

I write this not as a family matter *inter se*, but as a matter affecting me, outside the family. Mother has kept brother's wife at Nadiad, telling me that it is necessary in the interests of my wife's health and peace of mind. So be it. It is not my or her fault that it is so. I learn today that the caste people also have given me and my wife a bad name on the point. Well, I am indifferent to all this and only wish that wife could become of my cast of mind ; but her long-grown love for my family (for which I alone am responsible) cannot be wiped off ; and while she gets uneasy at this turn in the tide of her public character I pity her, and my philosophy at times gives way. For myself, I care a fig for other's opinions and defamation of me, but I feel for this weak partner of my fortunes. I have no right to ask God to forgive those who have unjustly brought her to this pass. I have no *locus standi* for such a request or prayer to God, if a point-will may pray to the whole at all.

I feel bound to use all legitimate means to relieve her from this position created by my people. Their views and feelings are clear : I laugh at them so far as I am concerned and judge against them so far as wife is concerned. What a perversion of things in these events ! ! !

But the book closes and the matter also is one worth closing with a laugh and a sigh ! !

NOTES : Vol. III

P. 88—(1). "The Gods did not feel satisfied with very costly jewels: nor did they take fright by the most powerful poison. They did not come to a stop without obtaining nector. The Patient never desist from efforts until they achieve the desired goal."

P. 91—(2). "One should combine desire with Duty."

P. 93—(3). One of the main incidents of Sarasvatîchandra on which the whole story hinges.

P. 94—(4). "The Soul is pinned down with limitations."

P. 94—(5). "A wise man swims over sorrow or grief."

P. 94—(6). "When the inner spirit is purified, there results a sure unwavering recollection; and when such recollection is achieved, there is freedom from all ties or complexities."

P. 95—(7). "The mind is torn, recalling how the Soul is transfixed (nailed down) only by contigent concerns; those nails are rendered (as harmless) as flower-arrows aimed at Shiva who burnt his foe to ashes; when the archer has been slain, the bow is not a bow, nor the shafts shafts, any longer: the witness Soul may or may not (as it chooses) deport itself with its various parts in the drama of delusion (Máyá)."

P. 95—(8). "Let Love remain."

P. 97—(9). "So long as this body is allright, is without disease etc.

P. 99—(10). "It neither rises nor sets: It is consciousness self-illuminating."

P. 99—(11). "This soul is the bridge of the universe and the regulator of all worlds."

P. 104—(12). "The magic spell is there, in the fullness, in every act (of the play); the changing states are but illusive appearances; forgetting that the play is but a play, the mind gets involved in the spell of cosmic illusion."

P. 104—(13). "The cosmic illusion, firmly planted erstwhile, has moved away: the mind's eye has given up the obsession."

P. 119—(14). Manchatur, father of Gunasundari and grandfather of Kumud and Kusum: a blunt, but very virile old man, who could rule the house when it was in difficulty and also run with sword in hand, to the succour of Kumud when she was in danger.

P. 119—(15). In the well-known story of King Harishchandra, he is forced to offer the earth to the sage Vishwamitra and with a rare delicacy and high-mindedness he says to the earth "Forgive me, please, this one bad conduct on my part—for that it is—that if I have given you up, it is only from my covetousness for such a worthy recipient, so difficult to obtain."

P. 119—(16). "Please forgive the single, imprudent act of mine: if I give you up, it is only from my covetousness for such a worthy recipient, difficult to get."

P. 121—(17). "Duty must be done as if death has seized us by the hair."

P. 135—(18). "I fear not death: I am afraid only of bad name."

P. 135—(19). "If sin be possible, what is that to me who is sinless?"

P. 138—(20). "They are old, and their conduct should not be judged"—Bhavabhûtî.

P. 146—(21). "It will not come again, it will not come again."

P. 149—(22). "With sacrifice the Gods performed the Sacrifice; those were the first religious practices. Then these great ones went together to heaven, where are the holy gods that preceded them."

P. 156—(23). "That Supreme Brahma, that cosmic form of mine transferred as the soul of all by the one Great Pleasure—that is Átmá."

Pp. 159 & 161—(24). Let only love remain.

P. 162—(25). "The knowledge of Sat is one; that Sat itself is knowledge. That is knowledge of (awakening into) Joy—that indeed is all."

P. 162—(26). "That lid (namely the cloud-canopy) is not without interstices. Through those holes you acquire knowledge of yourself and of Me. Through the meshes in that canopy of clouds you get an occasional glimpse of a portion of my infinite majesty."

P. 174—(27). "This drama going forward in course of time is staged by Máyá."

P. 174—(28). "Live, as God wants you to live."

P. 178—(29). "There is a special pleasure in weeping."

P. 181—(29A). "Enough that what is possible (within one's capacity) and desirable is done and indeed I do it."

P. 188—(30). "The recognizing consciousness, in its natural state, has both spiritual and material aspects. One should make it discard the material aspect, by means of (the development of) its spiritual aspect."

P. 189—(31). "The eye that is covered by clouds sees the Sun to be covered by the clouds."

P. 190—(32). "One who doubts is lost."

P. 195—(33). "A wise man ought to think of and pursue learning and wealth as if he was never to grow old, never to die."

VERSES BY GOVARDHANRAM

Please refer to note dated 22nd November 1892 on page 149 :

"The following lines are prepared to help my memory when books may be invisible and mind may be its only book, my favourite conclusions and reminders are here stored up in a focus to awaken me when necessary." G.M.T.

शरीरम्

शरीरं शरीरं शरीरान्मनो मे
शरीरं मनः शीर्यतां वा न वाऽपि ।
तदेधेत पीत्वा रसान्नाभिनालाद्
धरण्या जनन्या इवास्या हि कुक्षौ ॥ १ ॥

मनस्त्वेधतामेधतामेव नित्यं
मनो गर्भरूपं न वैफल्यमेतु ।
न मृत्युर्न नाशो जगत्यां भवेच्चेत्
मनोनाशवार्ता मनोगर्भपातः ॥ २ ॥

THE BODY

1. The body is perishable. The mind grows from the body. The perishable (body and) mind may or may not perish. It (the mind) thrives by imbibing the juices of the earth through the umbilical cord [namely, the senses] as does a foetus grow in the womb of the mother (drawing nourishment) through the umbilical cord.

2. Let the mind grow, grow indeed for ever. The mind is like the embryo; let it not become useless. If there be no death and no destruction in this world, the talk of the destruction of the mind is like the abortion of the mind-embryo.

सद्वस्तुविचारः

Brahma neither spirit nor matter but Force.

न पृथ्वी न चापो न वा द्रव्यराशिर्
न जीवत्वजाड्याख्यधर्मौ पदार्थौ ।
गुणानामिदं कर्मणां चैव जालं
अधिष्ठानवार्ता त्वहंकारजालम् ॥ १ ॥

प्रमाता प्रमाणं प्रमेयं यदात्थ
तदेतद् गुणानां क्रियाणां च जालम् ।
गुणानां क्रियाणामनेकत्वमेतत्
तदेकस्य सद्वस्तुनोऽन्यत् स्वरूपम् ॥ २ ॥

स्वयं यः क्रियात्वं गुणत्वं च धत्ते
तनोत्यात्मतामन्यरूपैरनेकैः ।
अतत्येष आत्मा गुणैः कर्मभिश्च
प्रसन्नः स्वसंसारस्वप्नस्य जाले ॥ ३ ॥

MUSING ON THE REAL THING

1. It is not the earth, nor water, nor the mass of substances, nor the objects characterised by animateness or inanimateness. It is only a web of attributes and actions. The talk of a substratum is a web of the Ego.

2. What you call the knower, the means of knowledge and the object of knowledge is only a web of attributes and actions. This is plurality of attributes and actions: it is another form of the one real thing.

3. The soul, who by himself assumes the character of attributes and actions, and in many other forms extends the character of the soul, is the soul that moves (shows motion) by means of attributes and actions, gratified, in the web of his own world-dream.

And yet it is the counterpart of our idea of matter and soul,

गुणैः शक्तिरूपा महेच्छास्वरूपा
क्रियाभिर्भवत्यात्मता नैकभासा ।
प्रमेयत्वभानेन माया विभाति
प्रमातृत्वभानेन साक्षिस्वरूपा ॥ ४ ॥

and spreads itself as Infinity even when Dormant or Latent.

आकर्षणं नाम बलं ग्रहाणां
न दृश्यते द्रव्यचतुष्कहानौ ।
काष्ठे सुगूढस्त्विशिखो न भाति
शक्तिर्महेच्छा च तथा ततेयम् ॥ ५ ॥

The *modus vivendi* is Its Patent Form.

How the Patent Form develops and evolves.

न्यूनत्वदोषो न महेच्छया स्यात्
इच्छा च पूर्तिश्च यदात्मरूपा ।
स्वस्मिन् गतिः स्वस्य न कर्मिभावः
स्वस्थो गुणः सा सगुणा न शक्तिः ॥ ६ ॥

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4. The soul-principle, having the form of Force by virtue of attributes and of the Great Will by virtue of actions, appears as many. Apprehended as an object of knowledge it appears as Māyā; apprehended as the knower it has the form of the witness.

5. The force of gravitation of the planets is not perceived in the absence of the four substances. Fire well-hidden (latent) in the wood is not perceived. Similarly does this Force and the Great Will pervade.

6. Since will and fulfilment are of the nature of the soul, there is no fault of deficiency resulting from the Great Will. The motion of a thing (latent) within itself does not mean its being active (doing activity); the attribute abiding (latent) within the thing itself does not mean that the Force has attributes.

महेच्छा सा विभ्वी तडिदिव तनोत्यात्मविसरम्
अहं त्वं तत्सर्वं स्फुरितमिव तस्याः परिसरः ।
करोमीच्छाम्यस्मिप्रभृति भवताद् मे व्यवहृतिः
महेच्छैवेच्छा मे न किमपि न तस्याः परिसरः ॥ ७ ॥

इष्टं सुखं मे च तथैव दुःखम्
इच्छाम्यहं यत् तनुते महेच्छा ।
बिन्दोर्विरोधो न जलस्य पूरैः
आत्माऽऽत्मनस्तु प्रभवामि कामम् ॥ ८ ॥

Ego-points: what are they? Here I define this.

अहं मेऽहमेव स्थितो मय्यनादिः
शरीरे तु शीर्णे न मुच्ये न बध्ये ।
न जीवो जडो नैव संक्रान्तिरेका
गुणानां क्रियाणां च संसारभासा ॥ ९ ॥

शरीराणवो मे तथा पुत्रदाराः
गुणानां क्रियाणां च संक्रान्तिरेका ।
तथा जन्म मृत्युश्च तेनैव तुल्यः
भजाम्येव सर्वं त्यजाम्येव सर्वम् ॥ १० ॥

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7. That Great Will, all-pervading, spreads itself like lightning. As the flash is of lightning, so are I, thou, it, all extensions of that Great Will. 'I do', 'I wish', 'I am' such may be my talk; but in fact my will is nothing but the Great Will. There is nothing which is not the domain of the Great Will.

8. Welcome to me is weal as well as woe. I will what the Great Will wills (ordains). A point, a drop, cannot go contrary to the flood of water. I as the soul am the master of self.

9. I am mine. I am in me, beginningless. When the body perishes, I am neither freed nor bound. Life is not; lifeless matter is not; there is only a transfer of attributes and actions, which appears as the world.

10. The particles of my body, as also my son and my wife, are only a mutation of attributes and actions; such is life, such is death, just like that. I betake myself to all, I quit all.

न युक्तो वियुक्तो न; नैकीभवामि
गुणैः कर्मभिस्तर्हि संसारवादः ।
ततः संक्रमन्ते गुणास्ते क्रियास्ता
भवेत्तेषु पञ्चत्वनामाभिवादः ॥ ११ ॥

Philosophy of consumption.
उत्सर्गसिद्धि = consumption.

गुणानैक्यजालस्य संक्रान्तिरेषा
गुणानैक्यशेषे शरीरस्य सर्गः ।
धनत्यागमेवं मनस्त्यागमेवं
करोम्येवमुत्सर्गसिद्धिं व्रजामि ॥ १२ ॥

भवाम्येवमेको भवाम्येव शान्तः
सदानन्दता त्वस्ति नित्यस्वरूपा ।
महेच्छासमीरस्य शान्ता लहर्यो
भवेयुर्यदा सा महेच्छा मदिच्छा ॥ १३ ॥

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11. I am neither united nor dis-united. When I become many (नैक) by virtue of attributes and actions, then that is what we call the world (संसार). When the attributes and actions are transferred from there, then that is talked of as death.

12. That is the transition of the web of multiplicity of attributes. While the multiplicity of attributes persists, there is the creation of the body. Thus I give up wealth, I give up the mind, and thereby achieve the goal of " Consumption ".

13. Thus I become one and indeed I become tranquil. The state of true joy is of an eternal nature. When the Great Will becomes my will (when I will what the Great Will wills), the breezes of the wind of the Great Will are becalmed.

The climax of the music: the Realisation of the Great Self.

न बध्ये न मुच्ये चिरादस्मि मुक्तः
कृतं शक्तमिष्टं करोम्येव चैतत् ।
परं ब्रह्म यद् विश्वरूपं मदीयम्
*प्रसादैकसर्वात्मनीनं स आत्मा ॥ १४ ॥

स शक्तिर्महेच्छा स संवित् स शान्तिः
अहंकारवाच्यः स एकः स एव
तरत्येव शोकं तरत्येव शोकम्
स्मरन्नात्मरूपं चिदानन्दमेकम्† ॥ १५ ॥

तरत्येव शोकं तरत्येव शोकं
स्मरन् विश्वसेतुं स्मरन् विश्वसेतुम् ।
तरत्येव शोकं तरत्येव शोकं
स्मरंस्तां महेच्छां स्मरंस्तां महेच्छाम् ॥ १६ ॥

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14. I do not get bound, I do not get freed. I have been free of yore. I did, and am doing, what is possible (within my capacity) and is desired. The Supreme Brahman, my universal form, is the one Bliss that is the soul of all; that is Átmá.

15. He is the Force, He the Great Will, He the consciousness, He the peace. He is designated as Ahamkāra, He is the only One. One who remembers (meditates upon) that form of Átmá which is one consciousness and joy transcends sorrow. He transcends sorrow.

16. He who meditates upon this universal support or bridge, transcends sorrow. He who meditates upon the Great Will goes beyond sorrow.

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*G.M.T.'s Note:—प्रसाद एव एकः सर्वेषाम् आत्मा, तदात्मनीनम्, अतः न केवलं विश्वरूपं किन्तु विश्वसेतुरूपमप्येव ॥ Hence its शक्त and इष्ट कर्म at the points is for the Whole One. The finite desire is produced by the Infinite for some motive. Finite शक्त and इष्ट has for its Fountain आत्मा of Infinite शक्ति and इच्छा. सर्वेषां = the Ego-point is not ignored. प्रसाद could bring out no sorry end. Therefore resign with confidence and cheerfulness.

†Not two.

तरत्येव मोहं तरत्येव मोहम्
स्मरन्नात्मसिद्धिं व्रजन्नात्मसिद्धिम् * ।
तराम्येव शोकं तराम्येव मोहं
व्रजाम्यात्मबोधं † प्रसादं प्रशान्तम् ॥ १७॥

अहं भो अहं भो अहं तु प्रसादः
न जीवो न मृत्युः प्रसादः प्रसादः ।
यतो याति दृष्टिस्ततो बोधमोदः
यतो दिङ् न कालो न तत्रापि मोदः ॥ १८ ॥

न जीवो न जीवो न जीवो न जीवः
न मृत्युर्न मृत्युर्न मृत्युर्न मृत्युः ।
सतो दृष्टिरेका सतो दृष्टिरेका ‡
सतो भद्रमेकं सतो भद्रमेकम् ॥ १९ ॥

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17. Contemplating self-realization, achieving self-realization, one rises above delusion. I pass beyond sorrow and beyond delusion; I achieve self-realization and attain to peaceful bliss.

18. I, ho! I am the Bliss. I am not life, I am not death; I am Bliss, I am Bliss. Where goes my eye, there indeed is Awakening and Joy. Where space is not, and time is not, there too is Joy.

19. Neither life nor death is there. One and only one is the vision of the Sat—the Real Being. One and but one is the beatitude of the Sat, the Existing.

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* महेच्छाशक्तिबोधमोदादिकस्वरूपानुभूतिरूपा आत्मसिद्धिः ।

† जागरणम् awakening etc. etc.

‡ Like रामबाण, once for ever and ever to be. "न पुनरावर्तते" etc. = does not return to the same position from the one of प्रसाद.

सतो बोध एकः सतो बोध एकः
सदेवास्ति बोधः सदेवास्ति बोधः ।
स आनन्दबोधः स आनन्दबोधः
स एवास्ति सर्वः स आनन्दबोधः ॥ २० ॥

सदेवास्ति बोधः सदेवास्ति बोधः
स आनन्दबोधः स बोधप्रमोदः ।
स एकः प्रबोधः स एकः प्रमोदः
स बोधः स मोदः सदेवाहमेषः ॥ २१ ॥

तरति शोकमात्मवित् तरति शोकमात्मवित्
न च पुनरावर्तते न च पुनरावर्तते
शान्तिः शान्तिः बोधः आनन्दः आनन्दः ।

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20. The knowledge of the Sat is one ; that Sat itself is knowledge. That is knowledge of (awakening into) Joy—that indeed is all.

21. Sat is knowledge. Sat is awakening. That is awakening of Joy, that is the joy of awakening. That alone is awakening, that alone is Joy. I am that awakening, that Joy, I am that Sat.

The self-knower transgresses sorrow. He returns not. Peace ! Peace ! Awakening ! Joy ! Joy !

GOVARDHANRAM SCRAP BOOK IV
1893-1894

20th November, 1893.

"I have now risen to philosophy in practice and, God helping or rather willing, wish to make it exclusive."

MAIN SUBJECT

The bursting of the volcano and its quietus, including its mischiefs and havoc.

20th November, 1893.

On the bosom of the Ego-point goes on a bitter struggle between strength and weakness, and I note an exhibition in which now weakness is stronger than strength, and at another moment strength aserts itself, and then fails. There is, however, this distinction that strength can succeed only by special assistance from the Great Will, while weakness fights by own power.

The other struggles in the same place are between Duty and Interest, between Self-interest and Encroachments from others, between Growth and Decay, between Acquisition and Sacrifice, and so on.

The Aggregate of the struggles is *Life.*

Life is the ocean, and the Ego-point its vast bed. And the permanent struggles of the Ocean daily *consume* the bed, in the Infinite.

24th November, 1893.

Some cardinal principles for enforcement in domestic matters are:

First, Everybody should be prepared to pardon faults the like of which he or she can or does commit. *Second,* the rights and liberties which each member enjoys ought not to be envied or disturbed by any other member. *Third,* I look after and regulate the amount of rights and liberties to be allowed to each member; and I never curtail the amount once fixed, and always try to see how it may be increased in a progressive ratio; and, so long as the increase in the case of one member does not curtail the fixed amount in the case of another, I do not brook intermeddling with or criticising against the former's gains by the latter. *Fourth,* I never intermeddle with, or form or express opinions about, other people's family and domestic concerns; and, though I cannot prevent, and do not mind, other people's forming and expressing opinion about my concerns, I severely resent their intermeddling with my concerns, or expressing themselves so openly as to directly communicate anything to my people. *Fifth,* I encourage the habit of speaking directly to me against me and my wife among my family, and look upon their speaking to or through strangers as a grave fault, except under special circumstances. *Sixth,* Without grudge, and as a matter of Duty, I sacrifice my money and anything to the enforcement of these principles, and, subject to that and such other sacrifice as my special duties to each member require, I look after my duty to myself and to each member and to my country and to my God as matters entirely for my own performance, without any further let or hindrance or sacrifice, and not the dearest or the most revered of my family members has a right to divert me from this line by punishing me, either with withdrawal of affection and regard, or by plunging his or her self into a sorry mood of mind. Such punishments, when I get them, I shall try to bear with philosophical calmness or affectionate pain, as I may be able to have, but without the slightest desire to relieve myself from

these punishments by flinching from my duties. This is a necessary *consumption* in my philosophy.

Mr. C. Apte told me the other day that I was in some anxiety, and that I was therefore not a true Vedántin. I diverted the conversation, and told him I did not profess to be a Vedántin. Thinking about this matter, I do not see how pain is to be avoided in all cases. Repentance is necessary to whip us into a discovery of the means of avoiding the repetition of old mistakes. Similarly, when it is my duty to extricate me or anybody from any particular situation, or to achieve any result, the method and means of such extrication and achievement are a matter for invention and discovery, and the powers of both mind and heart have to be brought to bear upon the performance of this difficult feat. Pain and anxiety for the time being may be as inevitable for this end as the emaciation of pain of body may be inevitable in the performance of bodily duties. Body and mind are both concreted forces or energies; if they have to be consumed in these ways for the sake of duty, my philosophy *wills such consumption.*

26th November, 1893.

He who wants to do justice is liable to displease either party, especially in domestic or political matters. The one party may think it has got less, the other might think it has paid more, e.g. my mother at present thinks I am partial to my wife, and my wife occasionally thinks I am partial to those of my own blood! Her opinion is confined to expression in private before me. Mother's opinion is reflected among all family people and gives me a public character for uxoriousness. I am thus a victim between two loved ones, if reputation and opinion in such cases is to pain us. But this ought not to pain, and, even if it pains, that is no reason for my flinching from duty in my own way. The position is not peculiar to me, but is a

usual and natural resultant in such cases. So we have to deal with our ladies. If there be an intellectual and sentimental distance between our wives and parents on the one hand and ourselves on the other, this double mode of living, as Mr. Ránade called it in his speech on Mr. Telang, may be inevitable as a result of having to do our duty to people who cannot understand us and expect us to speak their own little language, and see with their own little visions, when in fact, our language and vision are both vaster. To come up to these expectations is a duty, for which they have not the capacity to rise so as to reach us, while we have undoubtedly the power to stoop to reach them. Duty is both created and measured by capacity where those, between whom and us an interchange of duties is a duty, both have different capacities.

27th November, 1893.

Poor Dr. Gokhale! Dead! He last year heaved a tearless sigh at the prospect of the ordeal to which he thought I would be put by the long continuance of my wife's hysteria and cough, etc. No doubt my ordeal has been severe, and I have seen neither the last nor the worst of it yet.

The disease has been *prolonged* (*a*) by the united reflections and opinions and talks of people within and outside my family people, and (*b*) by the inability of my people to understand and carry out my reasons and directions for curing her mind. My recent family complications are all due to misunderstandings arising out of these circumstances. I think even my uncle is unable to grasp my position, if he feels the sting of my having what, no doubt, he thinks in that case to be a result of my wife's *disposition* and my own weakness. Giving my last consideration to this matter and casting my own eyes at the whole world outside my house, I feel that my countrymen, like my family people, have no idea of the psychological conditions of the mind and

of the mental disease and treatment. When hysteria is not uterine but affects the mind, it becomes a form of insanity, and these people neither see this disease nor appreciate the treatment for it. The diversities of human nature, like the Oriental who could not believe in ice, they cannot imagine; and of the new conditions being introduced by the growing fusion of the West and the East, they are absolutely heedless. Why our boys at school suffer, why women in the houses of our educated people grow sick or miserable or tender or sensitive, these are problems as difficult for them as an understanding of the constitution of my wife's mind tutored and reared by me for years into a novel organism, which finds all the surrounding elements conflicting with its frame, and is called upon to bear the destructive process of this struggle of the old and new things for self-preservation and for absorption of each other. When our girls are educated, when anything is done, that part of their doom and destiny which is inevitable ought therefore never to be forgotten, and the object of your care must be from the first made able to live among the indigenous elements with a minimum of conflict. This is a principle of Great moment in actual life, whether we are handling our small families or whether we are reforming societies, or dealing with practical politics, or building up the frame of the future man. Remember the dread consequences of want of skill and foresight in such matters. When I ask my wife to be a little hard and not to care for the foolish opinions of people, but to go on doing what is desired, as a matter of duty, and not sentiment, she asks me why I built up her affection and regard for my people for so many years with so much trouble to herself, if I want her to perform the impossible feat of substituting unintelligible duty for affection and regard by letting my people think and feel against her, and by not caring for that. If I am right now, she tells me that I have committed a mistake against her for so many years. If I was right for so

many years, I am wrong now and, she continues, I am bound to set matters right. I have no answer to this argument, though my people cannot understand it. The argument is sound in social matters and in politics and in educational matters too.

30th November, 1893.

As far as my wife is concerned, on this argument she raises up in her mind a fabric of imagination, melancholy and gloomy. The result is physical hysteria and mental depression with a number of ancillary results. To put up with her fits and spasms of heart, to begin and end with genuine forgiveness of the frailties and mischiefs of the agitations of her soul, to treat her helpless malady with soothing nectar of words and actions, in and behind her presence, such as would steep her soul in happiness and assuage the storm of her fancies: these and a number of other things constitute the only treatment for her relief, and any shortcoming in it, by reason of impatience or want of art and skill, can only upset her. My trying to teach these arts to my people has resulted in their misunderstanding me and they are unable to follow my views or wishes, and the discovery of my finding their shortcomings as such fills them with pain, strains their relations with me and my wife, and sows bitterness of heart everywhere. I despair of doing more, and my end *must* be failure; and Nature seems resolved to go on in her own anarchic ways. The Great Will which underlies this scene and heaves it up, plays the same kind of play in other spheres also—political and human, and seems to cruelly laugh at the perturbations for these its little things of dream. Well, I fail; that is all.

2nd December, 1893.

My own weakness and my wife's, etc.: (i) Not only is my body delicate, but I owe my physical degenera-

tion to a great extent to the moral and sentimental weaknesses of myself and others. It is simply a self-deception to think that my moral powers are great and capable of resistance and battle. I am virtuous in reasoning, but my only power for virtue consists in avoiding occasions and temptations and no more. But if I am put in charge of an occasion plus temptation, I feel weak, and my lot becomes a transition from error into repentance, and from repentance into weakness, the moment the occasion arises. So far as my private life is concerned, it has been a constant struggle of this kind in the vain hope for a position of moral perfection and triumph. I take no physical exercise, though I think this is bad.

(ii) I am careless in dealing with others; and with my own forum; my methods are sometimes crude and needlessly complicated, and unpractical. Three-fourths of my want of good fortune is the result of these things, and the source of the whole weakness is a mixture of bigoted generosity and supreme inertia. I cannot like to give up this generosity, and so the whole fabric of folly built upon it must stand with all consequences, and I must remain in life the unfortunate person of domestic and pecuniary pauperism. . . .

(iii) A habit of taking offence and losing temper—habit which, though she has succeeded in giving up, lives like dormant embers within her heart and eats it up, and it is this that has not been put up with by my people, themselves equally inflammable at heart and contributing to provoke the habit by forming a strong party against her, and either un-yielding in matters of smoothing over or following wrong methods against my instructions or warped by their own inability to study (their) own mistakes and to forgive others, etc. (iv) The same habit makes her speak and act inconsistently with her good aspirations and facilitates misconstructions of her. (v) She is a secret power for good to all *against* their will, and *beyond*

her power and in her own way, and doing that makes people forget that she has her own wants too. (vi) She expects other people to have her own *intensity* of affection for her and her children, and of regard for their interests, etc. . . .

3rd December, 1893.

Miserable is the mood that drives me to rave about these family matters in this book. Hush! There are sweeter things . . . ideas and aspirations and pleasures; with so many children, and this age and this philosophy, I am simply too old now. But these youthful raptures had a sweetness about them which have not yet lost their charm, and *my mind is not too old for* them, if, as I wrote only yesterday, I got the occasion to be tempted by them. I do not wish for the occasion, nor for the revival of the raptures, because sterner duties summon my energies to more arduous labours in the service of philosophy and of domestic and national concerns, and of my Eternal Self. But I wish to note that these raptures were not meaningless, and humanity wants them for the period to which they belong. They are an essential element of the "Utsahaka-Shakti",[1] etc., of my poem—of the 'Pavanalahari',[2] of the 'Usha'[3] and of the 'Chakraváki'.[4] They are to youth what the absorbing plays of children are to childhood. They seem to push man a stage further, to exercise and prepare him for it, to unite perpetuation of force with exercise and pleasure, and to build up new life and new hope. I feel this the more when I remember * . . . wondered at the smallness and tenderness of my last wife's hand—a fact that I put down in my "Hridaya-Rudita-Shataka".[5] The pleasures and wonderments of Rama on his "Navadára-Parigraha',[6] as described by himself in "Uttar-Ráma",[7] are of this kind. The fasci-

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[1] ઉત્સાહકશક્તિ. [2] પવનલહરી. [3] ઉષા. [4] ચક્રવાકી. *Portion torn off here. [5] हृदयरुदितशतक. [6] नवदारपरिग्रह. [7] उत्तरराम.

nations which drive young men after their pleasures, which drive poets after their ideals, and which drove my little Ramanik after the horse at Mátherán, which cause elopements in Europe, etc., which drive men to pleasure or virtue at all costs and in utter blindness to all things else: all these have a potent meaning in the Philosophy of Growth and Consumption, and cursed be the mind that seeks to educate children or men without proper regard for these inevitable and vital concerns of humanity.

5th December, 1893.

Mr. G.K.P. gets Rs. 30,000 in the Verával riots case when he can hardly use them. The amount would enable me to retire at once, and by position I ought to have been employed for the work; but proper questions of policy and principles have come in the way of getting it. I am glad Mr. G is so lucky; but I cannot be sorry that I am not so lucky. When, in spite of my circumstances, the luck is not mine, it means that the Great Will does not wish to put that money in this its socket of my Ego-point, but wants to put it in that its socket of G's Ego-point. That further means that the Great Will does not will that I should retire in that way, but that I must have some other orbit. It is not for my powers to pry into the motives of the Great Will, nor a part of my duty to find out why G gets the money, and to what end. Enough for me to be glad that he, a good and deserving man, gets it, and to feel that with the Great Will I have some different place and functions, to which I cheerfully resign myself.

Uncle returned from Rajkot today. He saw Mr. Dádábhái Naoroji, M.P., old man, who in describing his electoral struggles told him how, during those struggles by means of abuses, etc., he was always careful not to sting his adversaries by any indelible personal remark, in view of the contingency of the

Adversary one day becoming his friend. The contingencies did come on and Dádábhái had the satisfaction of seeing his virtuous sagacity well rewarded with a verification.

Gáekwár goes to England for two years. Uncle talked of the man as a miserable embodiment of suspicions, and yet being a Great Power for good or evil, as he is sure to do what he thinks good. This led to my classifying Great Minds: 1. Those who, like His Highness the Ráo of Cutchh, are wise and virtuous, good and great minds and hearts, and yet immobile in all practical matters, and therefore ineffective. 2. Those who, like the Gáekwár, are Practical Powers, and require being given a direction before they are determined to any direction—like some trees prone to shoot branches in such one direction as they be taught to go to—and not to be diverted after that. 3. Those who have great Thoughts and Actions in readiness, but are in the predicament of poor Chárudatta who weeps at his inability to reward the clever thief who, he fancies, must have been disappointed at his poor house—whose

"कोपप्रसादा विफलीभवन्ति" (1)

4. Those, who unite Great Thoughts, Actions and Lucky Circumstances. 1 and 2 correspond to Telang's men of Thoughts plus men of Emotion and Action, as supplementing each other. Uncle agreed.

Uncle said there were some minds, like the Gáekwár's, apt to suspect and pick up unhappiness in all things and there are others determined to find out happy things even in unhappy things, and possessing in that way a great philosophical and blessed trait —good to self and all. I agree *in toto*. Gáekwár is a result of mistake in first training. Wife is a result of proper training till now, *plus* a rising above the surrounding elements of lower level, *plus* an idea of duty to know where ignorance is bliss, *plus* want of philosophy and strength, *plus* physical weakness, etc.

I repeated the four classes at home. Wife, with an inward view to her own mind and to my advice to her, asks "Is it possible to divert the branches of the tree at the fag end of their growth without breaking them?" I say, "No, because they are 'Jadas'[1]; there are growths and growths; a river that flows and flows, *overflows* if stopped by a dam, while the sea, that flows in a sense, does not rise above its level when so stopped, and therefore, is given the epithet of having 'limit'[2] and depth.[3] The sea is like philosophers who know to move and yet to stop. The river is like a guided inanimate force, like railway trains, which cannot stop at once," etc.

I told her about uncle's divisions of "Sukhagráhi"[4] and "Duhkhagráhi"[5] people, and said: "The Tamo-Guna[6]-mind finds misery in both good and bad things, and its blessings are either most ephemeral or inanimate-like, if continuous. The Rajo-Guna[7] mind that moves and acts, hunts for pleasure, weeps through the thorn-stings and enjoys the final rose, and weeps if it does not find it. The Sattva-Guna[8] mind acts and moves for duty or the like, accepts the thorns as a necessity for reaching the rose, and yet temporarily weeps while the thorns prick, and enjoys the rose, and yet for duty reaches the rose. It seeks the "Rasa-bhoga"[9] without thought of "Kantaka-Dosha"[10] in the "Ketaki".[11] It is like the child whose sorrows are like shadows for a short time, but there is no "Rága-dwesha".[12] The "Nistraigunya"[13] accepts all conditions without pleasure or pain, and *converts pain into pleasure* by reflecting upon it its own light of "Ánanda"[14] which fills the one Great Will. I do not know whether these distinctions are in accordance with the Shástras, but they serve my purpose at present and involve a correct principle.

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[1] जड. [2] मर्यादा. [3] गंभीरता. [4] सुखग्राही. [5] दुःखग्राही. [6] तमोगुण. [7] रजोगुण. [8] सत्त्वगुण. [9] रसभोग. [10] कंटकदोष. [11] केतकी. [12] रागद्वेष. [13] निस्त्रैगुण्य. [14] आनन्द.

Her question on the tree and branch refers to her frequently taunting me with a remark: "You taught me from childhood to love and serve your people; how do you ask, at this late stage and age, to be indifferent to their opinions and remarks and to their wounded feelings, simply on the ground that you agree with me in thinking they are mistaken? Why should they mistake? How can I change my nature now? My only way to bliss is to see them love me whatever the sacrifice." If she did not feel the sacrifice, she would be right. But now the carrying out of her theory means the sacrifice of her religious and parental sentiments, and not merely of youthful and personal wants; this proves too much for her powers. He that wants to sacrifice must be strong enough for it.

10th December, 1893.

Chhaganlál writes that 2,300 are settled for me in the Hati Malia case. Out of that, 900 or so will go to pay for father's debts: I am resolved to pay off. Out of the rest, 100 will go to a fund, 300 to Chhaganlál for money promised to him by father, and leaving me 500 out of which poor Lilavati requires some ornaments, and 100 will have to be reserved for the Shástri who reads 'Yoga Vásishta',[1] and it will be gracious if 300 out of 2,300 remain for my pocket!! What a contrast between G.K.P.'s lot and mine!! I pity that he has not my ideal for enjoying and spending; with his three lakhs of rupees and 15,000 annual interest, and with professional income to boot, and his goodness and simplicity of heart, what a noble being would he be if only he had my ideal! Mine is on the contrary a lot of having the ideal without the money. Should I be sorry? Should I pity me? I do not want even one lakh, I want a small thing to enable me to retire, and I only get occasions to spend, waste or lose. So be it. The Great Will has no doubt its

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[1] योगवासिष्ठ.

own ends in view when it produces these anomalies, and our Ego-visions are too imperfect and crude to be able to solve these riddles. It is enough to live, to work when we can and to be tired when we cannot work, to hope, to aspire, to attempt, to witness failures and triumphs, to be content with that, and to witness pains and pleasures, oppressions and goodness, vice and virtue, effort and halt, and progress and falling back;—and there are we all a congeries of Eyes—behind which is the eye that looks through them all, links all, forms their unity, and there is the one great "Sákshi",[1] and even we the same one "Sákshi".[1] Witness the Growth and Consumption of the Eternal Infinite Energy that is also the would-be latent "Shánti",[2] energy and "Shánti"[2]—both *one*, both the second, form of the Great Will. Why the sorrow? Why the pity? There is no meaning in these follies, and yet we are here fools with these follies, strange stupid beings, worms and insects, and yet within the shells of these "We" blows the Eternal Trumpet—like Force—the Great Will—that heaves up all We, You and They out of its own Spirit, and We, You and They are nothing but the Great Will itself. Here comes in my poetry, Canto 100, to relieve and raise my mind on the point.

16th December, 1893.

In my piece on Clouds at Midnight in my "Sneha-Mudrá" those passions and wants and appetites which overhang our heads like so many elements of tempests and storms for reciprocal fiction and war, are set down as the parent of the nightly showers that are to fill and beautify the day of human fortune with vegetations and crops to feed our frames of senses and stomach. We judge of the Great Will's "Means and Ends", and we discover our duties by the application of process of final causes. There is no other way to

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[1] साक्षी. [2] शान्ति.

understanding the mysteries of the Great Will whose motives must remain inscrutable to our point-visions, as a matter of course.

Let us so proceed. The child plays, awakes and sleeps, full of play, and cursed be the hand that deprives it of this its legitimate food and exercise. And yet why should ascetic philosophy assail the plays of adolescence and youth, and try to hasten the pace of old age within the realms of youth ? Is this right or wrong ? This is a matter for serious consideration at leisure.

17th December, 1893.

1. Don't speak or talk about personal affairs or domestic things to anybody or any friend whatsoever. 2. When people won't open their hearts to you, or cannot have the courage to speak to you, treat them delicately and do not begin with blaming them, nor end with over-blaming. If they persist in committing faults allow Nature to work out her own laws for acts and punishments and reliefs, so that you may not be instrumental in having harshly treated x without being able to hear x's defence, when you think x is at fault. It is better to avoid *judging* and convicting and sentencing, when the accused would not defend. At the same time open their eyes to truths and facts and to Nature's system of rewards and punishments.

As regards item No. 1 in this note, such talk is a result of the weakness of the mind. I am not free from the weakness and hence this note. This weakness is reprehensible, because a talk like that is mischievous for the following results : 1. It is useless to the hearer, and therefore to him un-interesting, and may grow "disgusting". 2. Even to you it is resultless and therefore useless, and therefore mischievous ; because what is mischievous is useless. 3. It is a waste of time and energy for both. 4. It places your secrets, and to some extent your fortune, at the disposal and

mercy of a stranger. 5. It is tantamount to exposing yourself and your inner weakness. 6. It is setting a bad example to your own people, who are the subject of talk, and thereby you lose your right of blaming them. 7. You give an occasion to a stranger to form an opinion, and to sit in judgment upon yourself and your people. 8. It is a violation of the right of your people to see that you can keep their secrets, and not open their weaknesses and not complain to others than themselves. 9. It gradually grows into a weakening habit and, by slow degrees, demoralises both talker and hearer. 10. It is a womanish frailty, and no part of masculine manliness. 11. In politics the habit at once punishes; in domestic matters, which have many points of resemblance with politics, it equally punishes, but less perceptibly and less quickly, and the victims are your dearest people. 12. The habit was yours, since you went to Bhownagar; your efforts to control and undo the habit are as old; it seems the habit lingers yet, and it would be simply monstrous if even now you could not eradicate it. 13. It is the result of one's fancying the hearer to be a confidential friend, when probably the slightest thought could have dispelled the delusion; and why even should a friend be sought or necessary for such purposes, unless and until your people become real enemies and blackguards, as a faithless wife and husband would be, as brothers fighting for money would be, and so on? Whereas in your case, people are simply foolishly mischievous; this only contingency necessitating the search of a friend cannot be said to have arisen so long as one has enough common sense and strength and patience and goodness. I don't want a friend to talk to against my people, and I am misguided if I ever begin to think otherwise. If you thought it bad and demoralising to talk to yourself on these matters even in these scrap-books, *a fortiori* is it bad, etc., to talk to living ears what you could not properly write here. Mark the weaknesses of man!

20th December, 1893.

What is the meaning of Adversity? When is it great and when small? How do we in practice distinguish our receipt of small and great adversities? What is the best practical way of meeting them with a great and resisting mind that can turn the greatest of adversities into a small one—nay, looking upon it as *nil*—non-existent?

Circumstances created by results or by our surroundings, or by choice or luck (*a*) change, or tend to change, our situation in the world for worse, or (*b*) seem by some error of our mind to do so, or (*c*) resist or tend to resist the march of our favourite aspirations, or (*d*) seem by our error to do so, (*e*) clash with and strain our sentimental or emotional or physical powers of endurance, etc. Here (*a*), (*c*), and (*e*) are real adversities and (*b*) and (*d*) are a fancy of Adversity.

The fancy of adversity is, in its power for paining, as great as real adversity. It is caused by error as to the past. or present, or future. The first is rare among men, the second is common to either sex, and the third is far more common and the error that causes it is the result of impatience, anxiety, folly or ignorance. The removal of the error removes the fancy; and whether it will be possible to remove the error or not, the frame of mind which can nullify Adversity will always paralyse the fancy too. Nay, if you can be patient to wait until solution, you can at least defer the pain until the dread contingency is realised, and there is the chance of the contingency seeming extinct.

Adversity (*a*) is measured by the greatness or smallness of the change, (*c*) by the extent of the push to the aspiration, and (*e*) by the extent and amount of the clash and the strain. But we do not necessarily distinguish between our receipt of great and small

adversities. Our ordinary responses to adversities consist of mental and physical agonies. The great adversities happen also to be more durable, and the agonies also are more durable in proportion. But, so far as the intensity of the agonies go, men, like children, are not habituated to be cool and controlled in distinguishing shades and lights when an adversity overtakes them. All weep or are melancholy or sorrowful, whether the adversity is small or great, and the louder wail does not mean the deeper sorrow, nor *vice versa.* Exceptions there are no doubt, and we can do no small service to ourselves if we only can afford to pause and think whether we at any moment are in the exception or in the rule.

Preparedness for a change in (*a*) may in some cases lighten the agonies after the change, but the preparation itself is an ordeal which strains our nerves and induces a Fancy of Adversity. The strong-nerved may safely undergo the ordeal; for the rest "ignorance is bliss". After the change has come, the real battle must begin, and poetry, philosophy, religion and hard-heartedness must gird up their loins and accept the glove of challenge with a firm assertion of the Eternal and All-Powerful Self, which makes changes dance a merry tune on its changeless Bosom. The antidote for (*c*) is the memory of the fact that Aspirations are Duties and not Rights, that Duty is limited by capacity and that the destruction or diminution of capacity involves the same fate as regards Duty, and, if Duty is done, then our pilgrimage ends. Fools are they that think Aspiration is a Right.

As regards (*e*), the question lies between the destruction of sentiment and emotions on the one hand, and strengthening their powers of endurance on the other. Ascetic philosophy would prefer the former as a preventive, but it even must accept the latter, if called upon to choose between the two when the question refers to bodily adversities. Well, if you cannot

destroy the body as a preventive measure against the destruction of physical pains, why destroy sentiments and emotions, which also form a part of human and animal frame? Can you distinguish between the physical frame and the mental and moral frame? That brings me to the question proposed in my notes of the 16th instant. But pending an inquiry on this point, and whichever way the inquiry may result, there can be no doubt that the powers of endurance in all the three cases under (*e*) do require to be at least educated by habit and strengthened by exercise, if at least as a less preferable or powerful but certainly hardier tool. In any case these adversities can be and must be nullified by the awakening of the 'Sákshi'[1] —of our permanent changeless Vision; and by the Resignations to and Merger in the Great Will—a Panacea for *all Adversities* (*a*) *to* (*e*). You may or you may not thereby be able to destroy the pain, but you certainly separate yourself from it and disarm the Adversity of its power to perturb and agitate the frame of your Soul. In the case of emotions and sentiments, there is also a way to create counter-Emotions and counter-Sentiments according to the necessity of the hour, and here Art must co-operate with Philosophy.

So my soul is steeped in quiet.

Supposing you become a prisoner in a jail. It seems nonsense if you could not then assert yourself—your Eternal Self un-imprisoned by the prison walls. Why should it be otherwise when you are imprisoned within the walls of want, disease, domestic afflictions, or anything else whatsoever? There is no reason why it should be otherwise—no, not even if the world be a prison for you. But the world is the maternal womb and not a prison, and why should the worst adversities be viewed otherwise than a part of the nourishing and strengthening walls of this womb wherein you have blindly to grow up for an outer-world?

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[1] साक्षी.

Or if there is no power even for this vision, can you not feel and sing like the Prisoner of Chillon,

> "These heavy walls to me had grown
> A hermitage—and all my own!"

But my fortune is better, for I realise upon me the beams of this "Drishti"[1] and "Bhadra"[2] of which I said

"सतो दृष्टिरेका सतो दृष्टिरेका" and "सतो भद्रमेकं सतो भद्रमेकम्" (2)

If you get *one* beam, you get it for ever, and then you may say of the Ego-point

न च पुनरावर्तते.(3)

And I can at least on occasions say, like L'Allegro "Hence, Loathed Melancholy," etc., etc.

8th January, 1894.

I stole one hour from work this morning—Court opens today after X'mas—and read the last chapters of the Vicar of Wakefield. Beautiful and ennobling simple thing—it has raised me to contemplate the Vicar in the prison. I also read something of Lamb—'the Borrower and the Lender'. I think I must break the monotony of my serious readings—by the addition of some sallies of Humour. Gil Blas, Don Quixote, Lamb and Thackery would do. Humour is necessary for me to improve my health and to support my mood when it sinks. I shall only see that I feed myself with superior Humour and not with the light-headed nonsense of buffoons. Hence the above selection. Light-headed books should not be in my library—they might fall in the hands of my boys and work mischief to their mental constitutions.

The question of forming temporary opinions was again discussed by me with Mr. K. M. Ghodi the day

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[1] दृष्टि. [2] भद्र.

before yesterday. Where it is necessary to act and the opinion must be formed for that end, you *must* form it. The remaining cases may be divided into (*a*) Those which involuntarily press themselves upon our minds without any action on our part; (*b*) Those which we form about everyday trifles of life by reason of a natural habit of observing and thinking, as we note objects while driving in rail-cars; (*c*) Those which we propose to call our opinions on matters of some moment and which are formed with a view to carry weight in society, or to form our instincts by their gradual accumulation and operation of such opinions. (*a*) cannot be helped; but, when we can help, we must avoid, resist, or at least know our imperfect materials and provisos *as a reality.* (*b*) may be pardonable, but they form continuous accumulations of nervous waste; in virtuous and strong minds they may, but do not of necessity, create a nice and healthy poetry or philosophy for recreation; in other minds they foster vice and undermine character. (*c*) is unpardonable; it is opposed to the interests of student-life, of serious truth and philosophy, and to the safety of the society in which we move: it fills our brains with fallacies, our heart with unseen conceit, and our conduct with mischief. Keshavlal says if temporary opinions be not allowed, no theories can be built, no science can grow, no thought would be possible and all would be sceptics. There is a common sense force in his views, but his argument is specious. It is the argument of indolence of thought and research, of easy-going lightness of character into which our newspapers fill our generation, and assumes that Science is based on straw. He has no idea that Induction is Unchangeable Truth based on fullest materials and sternest methods. His idea of Induction is drawn from poor Bacon and literature on Bacon, and he has no idea of True Inductive Logic. His *modus operandi*, if allowed, would turn students of science into guessers

and talkers such as they are under the present College system in India. It is the root of our vaporous literature, and of the injustice our people do to men of sound and laboured opinions and stern habits and to those over whom people of such loose modes of thought happen to have power. I am strongly opposed to it. It is infectious. I should like my son and myself to have blank brains and silent tongues rather than fallacies to fill the former and untruths to dance on the latter. Small matters and great matters are not distinguishable to me in points of principle and my rules of duty brook no exceptions on these grounds.

Hush! Nobler regions of thought and talk are vast and available, and to these I leave myself with this conclusion that the *Bombay Gazette* leader, a day or two back, was perfectly right in appreciating the nervous strain placed on students by Joint Family complications, as one of the fruitful causes of our bad healths and early deaths. I add that it is equally a cause of the untold bad healths of our women. The Philosophy that has buoyed me up so often, and yet so often failed in the powers of saving me from sinking in the midst of these anxieties, is not a gift to all. The question is often put by old people: why did these causes not similarly operate in old days? The answer is clear. It is twofold. 1. Hereditary pains and diseases of the mind as of the body remain latent for generations, grow and accumulate in effects and results during generations further, and it is some one of the future generations wherein inability to bear further strain brings on the "catastrophe" of the whole drama; and shows it in potent visible form for the first time. 2. Old people had far less mental worry and nervous exhaustion, and far more physical life, than the present generation has, and they could afford to be less sensitive and imaginative, and more docile and friendly to social terrorism, than the present generation. I have heard old tales and seen new sights on all these points, and can bear witness to them.

The next generation must relieve itself from the complications now not possible to conceal or to bear —complications which destroy both oppressors and oppressed, and undo the very object of that endurance. Our old systems were "Protective", but that protection is now neither needed nor possible, and conservative spirit on the point must now mean only care and caution and patience in the application of the remedy, viz. people must in fact become Progressive, instead of Protective; and if Progressive is a misnomer, at least they must change their system and take what Doctors would call alteratives.

Joint Family System and Early Marriages must go to the wall, and man must be manly and woman must be herself—not the girl-daughter-in-law of the Joint Family, Mother-in-law at 25, nor the wife at 12, nor the powerless and clashing fraction of an exclusive unit of worms, but a self-subsisting unit of society by herself. Bring that day for the country if you can.

11th January, 1894.

I was in train in company today with Mr. Dave of Surat, now at Gondal. He is a Vedanti and was kind enough to accept my invitation to my place. He asked me what books were on my revolving book-stand—I told him "All varieties, History of America, Australia, etc., Infantry Tactics, Poets, Essayists and Philosophy." This did not satisfy him, and he rejoined, "Good, these things are good for this life, but the main object of your life should be provision for the next life", etc. I told him I had a bit of Vedántic literature on my book-stand—Upanishads, Pancha Dashi, etc., etc. He seemed satisfied, but not quite. He left me with a "Jaya Mahádeva" salutation.

Well, the visit has filled me with a number of reflections. The man is good, etc. But I see in him the "conceit" with which modern Vedánta fills people.

Knowledge should by all means create confidence and, when the Vedánta Philosopher says

"धन्योस्मि, तृप्तोस्मि, न किंचिज्ज्ञातव्यमस्ति ।" (4)

etc., he has a right to do so on the strength of his convictions. When knowledge is viewed as having Brahma for its sole end, I do not see how he who knows him can have thirst for any other knowledge. Well, he is in one way not unique here. The Poet, the Philosopher, the Scientist or the Artist, who devotes his life to one single pursuit of his selection, does not thirst for other things—the man has chosen his one and sole sweetheart in literature. If the Vedánti is content with his love and her perfection above all, he is entitled to that. But he proceeds, unlike the Poet, etc., to idolize his subject, and to think and say that there is nothing else in the world for *anybody* to seek and to like—like the man who has not only a partiality for his love but thinks there is no other beauty in the world. This is at least funny, and I should think it also a form of conceit in thinking, and the man that proceeds to utter his conceit is a bit of a clown and a bit of a monomaniac,—deficient in the appreciation of noble manners, and something more. I have noted sometime previously my difference from my Uncle who thinks there could be, or was, no difference in the 'Jnána'[1] in the brain of Vyasa and Shankara, though there was a distance of ages between the two, and such difference he thinks impossible. I do not see how some of the persons who find that "unchangeable fulness of knowledge" in themselves can be free from this conceit. It may be a justifiable conceit as being founded on convictions. But I cannot wish to have it for myself, it being opposed to the very spirit of my ethics. The ethics of Vedánta has no positive side, no admission of any positive duty or object of Life and Being. Vedánta teaches the infinity of your greatness; ethics is based upon the

[1] ज्ञान.

infinity of your littleness, and asks you to remember that infinity of littleness is related to the infinity of that greatness in certain ways, and that Duties are evolved out of those relations. There is no greatness without littleness, and the philosophy that aims at identifying both by destroying all 'Avachheda'[1] of Dik, Kála,[2] etc., ought also to find out that Duty and Consumption can drive too far east so as to merge into the west, and can thus make both ends of finiteness meet to constitute an infinity. The Ethics of Consumption has a meaning in this sense.

12th January, 1894.

Something to be glad of. Mr. Manchháshanker Jivanrám, my friend, has some nice dormant ability and visible energy which required to be properly directed. At Mátheran I suggested to him the 'Duty' of his doing something for the country, and he asked me to find him that one. I gave him a paper today containing my notes of what he may read and do. The notes propose that he should study (i) Political Economy in connection with Europe, America, Asia, Australia, and India specially; (ii) All information, etc., about Indian Trade here and outside, as he had mercantile friends who could inform him without professional jealousy on all matters; (iii) The ways and means to carry the signal of commerce among our college-people. The idea has perfectly agreed with Manchháshanker's tastes, and it has flashed across his brain like a fascination, and he promises to take it up in right earnest. May he succeed!

4th February, 1894.

Are our women to be raised? How? Take a particular woman, and see, how? I think both are distinct, and yet interwoven, questions of great diffi-

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[1] अवच्छेद. [2] दिक् काल.

culty. I have tried them with my mother, my wife, my daughters, with cost and trouble and anxiety. The success like all human successes has not been unmixed; the mixture is a thing nobody who will try in the line will be able to avoid. Mixture of Banes and Blessings, Pains and Pleasures—especially while the joint family hinges on its present framework. The result of my labours has been that both mother and wife have been turned into discontented imperfect machines—square pegs in round holes—my mother the peg and my wife the hole! To me personally the lesson is galling, if I be sensitive; torturing if I be weak; and a matter of no moment if I can be content with Duty regardless of consequences after they take place. I infinitely prefer to be the last thing, and it is also my duty to be the last thing. But the question to society arises in this that all have not my mind and temper, and 99 out of 100 individuals will be baked up or burnt on the frying pan or fire of the gall or the torture, and my crucifixion in my own family must direct me to rise from this grave and try to relieve my countrymen from the troubles from which I could not relieve myself. The next generation must always benefit by the adversities of its predecessor. Yes, the man that has fallen in the well may warn those that come to it.

The 'well' for drinking the pure element for the nourishment of our frames is a pure and blessed home and hearth, but the Joint Family is falling into this well and not drinking from it—it is sinking into it and choking ourselves up with an overplentiful dose of the blessed water, turned into poison by its pouring into the body through the nostrils, the ears and all possible holes in the body.

5th February, 1894.

If the Joint Family cannot be absolutely avoided, there must be for the people a means of minimising its

form, e.g. when one son serves in Bombay, the other in Karachi, and the father's home is at Surat. This preserves the nature of the Family as a Joint Insurance and minimises the 'Jointness' in other respects.

As regards the kind of Education now being given by me to my people, it is unavoidably a 'side-light training' and not a thorough and all-sided overhauling of the whole organism. We are compelled to be content with throwing such side-light on our women and girls and on our elderly people. And it involves all the evils of putting together a pack of people with some sides lighted and some dark, with the further result of frictions and oddities consequent upon a heterogeneous union of numerous lights and shades—caught or imparted according to individual idiosyncracies and aptitudes and powers of mind and heart. In the old state of things, though there were less lights, the shades of darkness were by nature few and homogeneous, and so they involved not only less and lesser occasions for friction, but also less 'sensitiveness' and more 'endurance by nature' in the shades than we can expect to find in our lights, and so people were happier to some extent. Failing our powers of thorough overhauling, the question is whether things should be left in their dark happy state or drawn up by such side-lights with correspondingly various and greater pains and pleasures and sensitiveness, and whether in fact it is our duty to sacrifice Happiness to Intellectual Life, or such Life to Happiness. I am disposed to prefer the latter for my own peace and quiet, and the former for my duty. But this is as yet an impression of instinct, and my reason must find out its way at leisure.

10th February, 1894.

Wife has a new complaint in her body for the last three days, and it may threaten to prove a troublesome malady. Miss Rebeca, a midwife, is just sent

for. Dr. Gokhale is dead! Dr. Chunilal was not to be found last night, and is gone out just now; and, though accustomed to these things three-fourths of my life, my heart is obstinately nervous—the Fancy of a likely Adversity gets hold of it. I shall see what philosophy can do. I am hard-pressed with professional work at this moment, and do not see whether I am more pressed by professional pressure or by domestic troubles—troubles which have been my boon companions of old.

17th February, 1894.

Caused Mr. Jardine J. to revise preface and Mr. V. S. Bhandárkar to revise first proofs of my essay on Gujarati Poets. No time to write. Reading of late, by snatched starts and fits of leisure, Don Quixote and Gil Blas. Gil Blas is in every page a repository of worldly instruction against rogueries and follies, but it was mis-described as a book of humour and wit. It is a book for pity and instructions. Don Quixote has no doubt humour in every page, but there is very little instruction for this age and country, where it looks more like a grand picture of Buffoonery. It gives me light-headed humour and laughing in the midst of my moods and toils. I read it also because I feel much sympathy for the adversities of Cervantes and can properly appreciate that that made him seek refuge in drawing such an exuberant and masterly picture of madness and shallow brain—two of the things that may have relieved him no little, as they did relieve myself in my moments of hopeless and blank despondency between August 1876 and December 1878—days which made me draft and conceive many strange funs and gorgeous nonsense-looking sense, as in my essay on Practical Asceticism "in my sense of the term"—a period most memorable in the history of my mental moulding, concealed from the whole world—a concealment wherein I exulted as in an act of revenge against my misfortunes, and which

I aspired to colour with an asceticism in dress and ways of living, etc.

18th February, 1894.

Don Quixote has one merit for this age. Is there no Quixotism within me and others ? There is a likeness in the Knight-errantry of this Hero and the coloured visions to which everybody is subject one or the other way.

Ambálál Sákerlál is said to be of opinion that he is not for certain higher fields of patriotic work, and possibly like me he may be holding that the country is not yet prepared for high political status. Uncle says this is no reason for the withholding of such status, inasmuch as the weak must be strong by learning to fight and fail, and fight and succeed, and that he who postpones fighting for higher things will never find occasions to court the means to get them. Yes, I fully agree with him. Men must struggle to go higher up and must court falls and failures as a means to the heat and struggle of being higher and strong. This is a truth of importance not only to the political life of a nation but to every phase of individual and national life—physical, moral, domestic, political and intellectual. If Goethe said—" Our life is weakness, error, strife ", he said so rightly and may I not despair, in my hours of weakness and in my repetitions of such hours and weakness, of unravelling strength out of weakness and hope out of despair. I have been subject to manifold weaknesses of suicidal kind ; have been vexed at their sight of repetitions ; and yet the sound advice from Uncle stirs up my latent energies, and I feel roused into a buoyant desire to swim and ' breast the wave ', even though by failure of power I may sink under it ! This is Duty and the Great Will commands it—a Command which is more than my Quixotism and Knight-Errantry, and more than that mad man's feeling of duty to his big Lady Dulcina. Well,

I must be up, not mourning but cheered, not failing by failures, but rising from falls.

5th March, 1894.

Last Wednesday I had set down a para on Evidence, etc., at the District Pleader's Examination. I have been appointed to the Examinership and I had taken special care to set up a paper, an easy one in view of the high standard of marks necessary to pass. 74 marks were assigned to questions which everybody with commonest sense and commonest reading was expected to answer. These were divided into book-work questions and problems of the easier nature. The book-work questions were set in a form intended to call out the 'understanding' faculty, as opposed to the 'cramming' faculty. The questions were not set in the exact words of the books. Ordinary brains were expected to get at least pass marks, and ordinary brain and ordinary industry to get 50 marks. The remaining marks were testing questions which a sound knowledge of principle or a proper acquaintance with case law would enable people to answer. The length of the paper was uniform to that of previous years, of which samples were sent to be as indications. The answers were on the whole short or at least not long enough for 3 hours, the time for answering. I find my anticipations answered in the paper.

But there was an accident. Some candidates who expected easy work and who generally form the class of failures, grew nervous or found themselves taken by surprise by the form of the questions which, though easy and short enough to answer, were not slavish to their texts. This small class (i) accustomed to scribble nonsense in their papers and to leave the hall after a show of answering them (ii) doomed to inevitable failure in that work, found themselves compelled to accept the failure without the show of answering and humbugging. They had to leave the

hall earlier and some of them from Junagadh, etc., probably managed to see Uncle and to set up a row about the paper, exaggerated facts, etc.

I saw Uncle the day before yesterday when he, in an unwonted fashion, (i) told me (*a*) that I ought to have erred on the safer side by drawing up a shorter and milder and milder-looking question-paper, (*b*) that I ought not to have followed the bad samples of papers supplied to me, (*c*) that his principle often imparted to me was that I ought to do nothing extra-ordinary at these examinations, (*d*) that I ought never to make my paper difficult or so difficult-looking as to make boys *nervous* and frightened at anything, (*e*) that the candidates ought not to curse me, a thing which everyone ought to avoid in life, and (*f*) that he was not prepared to hear a word from me in defence and (ii) he fired volley of advice and rebuke with all the thunder and smoke which anger, like gunfire, usually gives out, unmindful of the presence of strangers who looked amazed at or agreed with him in their hearts and of others who probably enjoyed the sight of a bullied examiner, and will surely carry the flame of rumour about them. What I did all the while was (i) to answer coolly with smiles and respect, but with truth, one who was resolved not to allow me to open my lips, (ii) to be sorry in my heart to see one like my Uncle so suffering from agony and writhing of mental and physical anger, (iii) to try to see in vain any particle of truth in the charge against me and to carry not the slightest conviction of this truth or its advice, (iv) to be sorry at my Uncle's plight and exhibition of wildness, (v) to philosophise upon and smile at and pity such plights and their fruitless strain, (vi) to be internally smiling in his presence, and even externally after that all that night, at the mis-representations to him and at the ignorant errors into which his mind was led, (vii) to feel no other pain or chagrin, (viii) to admire the high and well-wishing motives, the beneficent will, the

admittedly noble and correct principles on the whole, and the obliging efforts to improve me—which underlay all this volcano of smoke and thunder and lava, at one who could *never be within their reach in this way and by these means,* and (ix) to bear and endure, as a noble point of duty and without even internal grudge or revolt, and with perfectly cool and collected temper and resignation and good-will, the troublesome symptoms of a mental disease which was brought by the dunces upon one whom I so infinitely love and respect and admire.

9th March, 1894.

The examination-talk with Uncle leads me to reflect on other aspects of the question.

When he wanted me to accept his principles without answer or arguments, he no doubt meant well and wished well, and thought his was a wiser way of looking at things, and that I should yield submission as a *quasi alieni juris*—as a matter of filial faith, respect and obedience. So far as the particular conclusion is concerned, it may be right, and I may be wrong. But so far as the question of submission is concerned, I think he is wrong. I was discharging a public duty as an Examiner, and the utmost respect of Rome for patriarchal rights and respect considered their acknowledgment and exercise as out of place in all questions of public duty, if not altogether as a breach of public duty. The Indian patriarch admits the right of the *alieni juris* to disobey the former's commands where sinful, and to go the length of punishing him if he the patriarch is not simply commanding sin but is committing sin. This is a high and sagacious ideal, and I do think that it would not be otherwise than sinful if I had obeyed the commands or wishes of family elders in preference to my own, where I am bound by higher duties to the State or to God to exercise my own discretion and will. We can understand

and laughter of the Experimental boldness of Vedánta, and with the full-fledged convictions of my own philosophy of the Great Will and its ways of working, of my being identified with it, and of my aspiration for consumption as a Duty—a philosophy which carries my soul above old Socrates and modern Shankara.[1]

11th March, 1894.

I am an Examiner at District Pleaders' Examination this year, and several people come with or send or make recommendations. This stupid course on their part is very painful to me. Of course I do not and shall not bear any recommendation in mind—all candidates shall be subject to one lot and one justice at my hands. But other questions arise. Some examiners specially injure candidates for whom such solicitation is made. I think this is not a part of honesty, but is a part of vanity for honesty. I have no vanity. As regards the question of stopping such solicitations, this stopping is more a right than a duty, and a right being a matter of discretion, I think (i) I am not bound to trouble myself with trying to undergo the procedure which alone would entitle me to exercise the right; (ii) the disease of expecting success in soliciting being abetted by others, I am not justified in taking severe steps against the ignorant abetted people instead of the learned abettors, and I look with pity upon people so abetted; (iii) it is both enough and necessary in order to stop the disease that I should uncompromisingly decline to listen to or even entertain the solicitations, or even to create a secret hope of my being impressed with the request. So much is both duty and good policy. I tell them all that I do not look at the names of candidates until after marks are given. H. P., a Vakil of Ahmedabad, in whose power it greatly lies to improve my professional career came for such a solicitation, and was anxious that I

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the principle by referring to the extreme cases of the fathers of Manibhái Jasbhái and Gokulji Zálá wishing their sons to take personal rewards and the sons disobeying the wishes. The principle is one in all cases, though there is a vast difference in degree. Consider one point as an illustration in the present case. Uncle's sentiment is that I must not take curses of anybody on any ground. This is firstly Hinduism proper—a frailty of virtue. I do not admit of its propriety for me. Secondly, it is superstition; I have no room for it. Thirdly, it is a proper thing—a duty—where it does not conflict with the performance of a still higher duty. Uncle was exasperated by my very mention of the word 'Duty', which he thinks a foolish and cruel hobby of the new generation. His laying this down as a rule is wrong. On occasions he sees correct illustrations. He was not minded to allow to distinguish. There the matter ends, and I follow my own vision of duty. We differ on a cardinal point in our ethics. 'Policy' is one Force and Soul of all his reasons and sentiments in life and knowledge and world. With me policy is admissible only as a Handmaid of Truth and Duty without any exception, compromise, obedience or '*res judicata*'. With me Truth and Duty complete the all-absorbing End of Existence.

As regards his production of conviction on my mind, he yet does not know my nature which, humble as it is, was never convinced by the descents of anger on my devoted head, whether the anger descended from my loving Uncle or from impatient Sir Charles Sarjent, or from irrascible Justice Candy, or perhaps from the divine thunderbolts of the Heavens themselves in the form of adversities which have made me—and hope they will ever make me—accept them with the patience and independence and fortitude of Prometheus, with the humility and resignation of Christianity, with the "non-conducting medium" nature of paralytic frames, with the 'Delusion Theory'

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of Parnell and his friends, and of numerous others, show how human bonds, however disinterested and love-borne, may break at any moment, like all other human things, and how the sneer of Vedánta at worldly relations is too true in all its aspects. There is nothing but the Great Will for Identity and Reliance in the Great Dream for the Ego-point to count upon, and the bonds and ruptures of sentiments have an identity in the symphony of the Great Force.

14th March, 1894.

Some people are persistently fortunate, and some people are persistently unfortunate. Showers of lucks and misfortunes hail the former and the latter respectively and consistently and right royally. The only variety lies in the kinds of lucks and misfortunes; there is no variety like a reciprocal interchange of the two. Such people there are, and my good self is ever bathing in the showers of misfortunes—full of surprise, variety and power. Fortunate is this Bath ? I write as Ramanik is very sick. He is my only son and there is no unfortunate possibility of having another. I am just considering the contingencies of the illness. He may die of one such sickness as this—leaving me son-less for ever, or he may grow up and die a year or a day before my death, when I am aged. Which is the greater fortune or misfortune of the two ? That is a question of 'Self-concern'—better neither raised nor answered. There is only one thing for me—Duty now. Fortune—that which the Will wishes against me or for me; no wish in my mind; resignation and acceptance of what bitter dose may be in store. The Great Will wills that my tongue should taste bitters all life, and be a stranger to sweets. That then my Duty !

15th March, 1894.

Hindus create consolation by ascribing misfortunes to misdeeds of past life. If they are right, I must

should at least note down the number of the candidate whom he recommended, in order that I may not forget him, and was no doubt both vexed and disappointed at my declining to do it. I heard a whimper from some aerial friend asking me to note down the number and send back H. P. pleased and hopeful, and to be resolved to be impartial when examining the man—so that while I do duty to my position, I also avoid displeasing a man who can benefit me so much. There are fleshly friends who would, if they could, act indeed like this aerial friend. I smile at these friends and at their advice, and *un-compromisingly* and *absolutely* decline to follow their advice which has the merit of being ignoble, in addition to being sinful. I am pained at the sight of the pain caused by this conduct of mine, but think that the nervousness and pain and fear so felt by people who come to me and are driven away, is necessary to stop the diseased people coming near the door of my humble but sacred residence and personality. And it is a medicine with the minimum of bitterness and injury for the disease.

12th March, 1894.

Uncle, with his usual magnanimity of soul and toleration of contrary views and practices, has entirely forgotten the affair mentioned in my notes of 5th instant. But the whole thing shows me how liable are the bonds of human sentiments and unity to break at any moment and in a small matter for anybody . . . in which anger was the resultant of disinterested sentiments for the students and of a loving desire to see me acting well and spoken of well. But opinions differ, and would differ even doggedly, in matters of far greater moments and private self concern and I can always count upon the same magnanimity and love from Uncle even there. But there is a finiteness in all human acts and powers. The final separation of Ráma and Lakshmana, of Gladstone and Hartington,

and so I dismiss the whole matter as not proved. But she also says "Conscious conditions and varieties of the human mind are not hereditary legacies, according to some American statistics, which show large criminal people arising from virtuous parents." She therefore thinks that these conditions and varieties are the effects and belongings of other kinds of individualistic viz. spiritual ones; that is, the nature of each man is the outcome of his individual spiritual constitution previous to birth and in past life. I have to examine this matter.

2. *Anarchism, Socialism, Riots, etc. in Europe*, she says, are indicative of the great social and economical disease, viz. the unequal distribution of wealth among the people. That part of wealth which goes to swell the superfluities of the aristocracy, diminishes in proportion the productive necessities which ought to be with the poor ones. The accumulation of superfluities in a few hands tends in this way to promote luxury in one quarter and to destroy the necessities of life in another. The result is demoralisation in either case. The luxurious lord has an ideal of luxury without any sense of duty to his poorer fellows in the neighbourhood; or, if he is the rich employer of 3,000 employees in a mill or mine, he has no sentiment for them, and quietly and unconcernedly looks upon their being out of work and out of food for some days, when there is a little quarrel between him and them which he can remove by a little exercise of brotherly sentiment. The poor man on the other hand is either driven to despair or, if he is not in extremes like that, at least forms the materialistic ideal of imitation of his rich neighbour and wants to rise to that—the result being a state of discontent. The middle classes have also a luxury ideal of materialistic cast and spend all their time for that and feel jaded by their toils without time for any of the higher functions of a spiritual ideal. The bread-winner in the middle and poor classes is a materialistic being, and "competition" is

have been a great sinner in my past life, and the fortunates may congratulate themselves with the idea that they were very virtuous people in their past lives. In addition to arguments already discussed, it occurs to me to note today that whether we look to Hindu Cosmogony and cosmic science, or to the same things in the West, the aggregate total of animals and other living Population has been always increasing, and the original population started with Life out of inanimate creation. It is clear, therefore, that the one thousand million of human souls now inhabiting the earth, with so many varieties of 'Actional Organisms' special to each individual soul, have no corresponding entities to grow out of, and the whole idea of 'I' with my own fortune with my own past special life and action, and 'Thou with Thine', is a mere phantasmagoria of superstition in reasoning, and that the idea is not only a "not proven" but a "disproved" proposition. The true fact is one Great Will, reflected and refracted in various ways, one original sap rising from one mother trunk into infinite branches with infinite veins. As the forms of life have started from life—forms, the forms of fortunes and misfortunes have started from the forms of Inanimate Energy.

20th March, 1894.

Mrs. Annie Besant gave three lectures here. Two out of the several points raised by her merit consideration.

1. Atoms, she said, are destroyed by and generated by spiral motions, and hence materialism is not a satisfactory solution of the Cosmic problem. This fortifies my denial of the absolute existence of Matter and reduction of Matter into force. See my notes of 22.3.91. Out of the same data, or perhaps out of none, she assumes the existence of numerous souls as cosmic units and accepts the transmigration theory. Here the conclusion does not follow from the premises,

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would make the science depend for her progress upon other questions and interlace economics with ethics.

26th March, 1894.

Father and my wife and Shastri had a nice talk at the Kathá[1] the other day. The Shastri read the doctrine that the philosopher or 'Mukta'[2] wept and laughed, and yet he did neither. Father said this doctrine had been the cause and cloak of many a sin and vice. Wife asked how. Father said this was a matter of subtlety, which were better not mentioned to her. Wife asked me in their absence what this was. I explained as below and note it down for memory and expand it.

The Vedantis habitually say, "Body and senses and Minds all do their Dharma[3] and the Átmá[4] is not responsible, but is unaffected by them." Rogues and fools take this as saying that Jnána[5] is enough to give Mukti[6], and the Jnáni[7] and the Mukta[2] may afford to commit sins and practise vice with impunity." (Wife interrupts saying—"But is it not that you cannot be a Jnáni[7] unless and until you have conquered sin and vice, and that, if you sin, you are not a Jnáni?[7]) I reply, "True, the 'Shatsampatti',[8] i.e., the six kinds of wealth, and their continuance is a condition precedent to Jnána[5] and Moksha.[9] But there is another way of looking at Jnána.[5] If you know the great Truths of Philosophy, intellectually, you have Jnána[5] in one way. But the practice of morality is a question of strength and discipline, and the Jnáni[7] is a fraction of a world of "error and strife". The ordinary man enjoys his commission of vice and runs after it with joy. The Jnáni[7] has no *motive*—no *charm* for vice in his philosophy. He is Nishkáma.[10] But if he sins mentally, his mind com-

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[1] कथा. [2] मुक्त. [3] धर्म. [4] आत्मा. [5] ज्ञान. [6] मुक्ति [7] ज्ञानी. [8] षट्संपत्ति. [9] मोक्ष. [10] निष्काम.

the bane of his life and he is carried by it as by a whirlwind. The result of the materialistic ideal at Rome was her disappearance from the face of the world; Greece also had a materialistic soul in the Intellect Ideal of her sons and they disappeared. India is the only country where a nation, more ancient than any, is still living, and the cause is that society here is built on a spiritual basis as distinguished from materialistic, what with the four grades of individual life and what with that ancient classification of society where the *fundamental divisions* form a division of labour and duties, and not a division of wealth, which never could be equal; where this division carries with it a division of reciprocal duties between class and class; and where there is a fair reservation in favour of spiritual ideal to be worked up by a class who can depend for food upon others and spend their lives in spiritual pursuits, without care for bread and fear of starvation. The hidden forces of socialistic revolution in Europe and even America are the result of her materialistic ideals and may destroy their society as in Greece and Rome. While India, with her spiritual basis of society, with her Grihastha to take care of his joint family or of his ascetics and Bráhmans, has an ideal basis for society, and so long as the ideal is kept in mind and so long as the simplicity of life and living saves her people from hunting after luxury, will survive in future as she has survived her antiquity. If she imitates the Westerns and adopts their ideal and basis, she will inevitably be doomed to that destruction which, as effect follows cause, has overtaken, or will overtake, the Western Societies. This is my summary of her *views plus* my thoughts suggested on the line of hers, and yet "widening" her way of thinking. The matter is worth a serious consideration and suggests the possibility of an ethical side to the economical science of the day in that Mrs. Besant's line of thought, if correct,

mits an error by its own independent constitution of uncontrollable weakness, as the body sins by its own constitutional infirmities. *Next*, the ordinary sinner feels the punishment for his vice and weeps when he cannot bear the punishment, and rises from impurity to purity by "Repentance" and the like, involving improved vision of things. The Jnáni[1] that has sinned accepts the punishment as a natural sequence of his sin—as a natural effect of a cause without weeping or complaints—but as a thing due in its way. He does not suffer as a sufferer and he does not repent, because his vision is not improved at all by the suffering which he had foreseen and which he could not prevent, because he had no power to prevent the causal sin. The sin, the struggle, and the punishment are all, in his case, a connected continuity of things for which he is as little responsible and by which he is as little affected in this waking dream as in the dream of his yester-night. He takes the whole trinity as one indivisible whole and does not, like the pseudo-philosopher referred to by father, enjoy the sin and grudge the sequence; nor does he dispense with the struggle to avoid both sin and sequence. He treats the whole as people usually do their bodily sins, the sequential disease, and the attempt and struggle to prevent the one and cure the other. This is the condition of the erring Jnáni[1] who does not, like the pseudo-philosopher, deceive himself and abuse words, putting only partial constructions on the words of texts and doctrines. His is a way which even when he sinks into the abyss of his past irretrievable sins—past years ago or past by the time the present is being turned into the past, enables him to separate the Sight of his Eternal Self from these ramblings of Dreams and sins and sufferings which he does not stop but allows to *pass over* his body like the flames which Cranmer courted to pass over his sinning hand

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[1] ज्ञानी.

30th March, 1894.

Quotation as below from the "North American Review" for February 1894, page 230, 'On the Evils of Early Marriages'—by Cyrus Edson M.D.

Page 223—"Statistics of marriages in New York"

	1891	1892
Average age of grooms (years)	28.82	28.89
—do— brides "	24.59	24.43
Number of grooms under 20 years age	120	145
—do— brides —do— —do—	28.39	29.59
Age at which there was the greatest number of grooms ..	25.29	25.29
—do— there was the next greatest number of grooms ..	21.24	21.24
—do— —do— greatest number of brides ..	21.24	21.24
—do— —do— next greatest number of brides ..	21.29	25.
Total number of marriages ..	15764	16001

Court, has bought a house for Rs. 18,000, and may have other moneys besides. My reputation is that I am higher than all but Ráo ; the fact is I am poorer than all of them, and far poorer, and what I have may vanish in a moment as shown in my notes. That these others are rich is as it should be ; I should have been pleased to see them richer. They deserve. I would have been equally rich, if not richer, were it not for circumstances already stated in these note-books, and though I feel pinched at being kept off from that comparison, which would have enabled me to retire by this time, and though I have always been in want of the assistance which have made these people so rich, I (i) feel it a duty not to regret my circumstances which have made me useful to so many of my dearest people, or which have consisted in those adversities that have built up my thoughts and my sentiments and my powers of mind and heart, which, humble as they are, are my lamps and lights for self and some others, in a world of darkness, and (ii) feel it a privilege from the Great Will that it looks directly at my existence and keeps it up and sustains by its own direct supervision, instead of leaving it to be assisted by human hands. And though this privilege is so costly as to trouble me much and give me little and late, while those who are assisted otherwise get much and early, I think I should value my privilege as it educates me, shows me my weakness and sustains me.

[*Text dated the 30th March, 1894, is given on the next page to accommodate the table. The following para is to be read after the table.*]

Page 234—" In a discussion before the London Diocesan Conference, it was declared as the unanimous opinion of that body that the evil of early marriages (in Europe) has grown to such an extent as to render some reform in the marriage-laws urgently necessary. Subsequently, at the Congress of Hygiene Dr. Korosi of Budapest read a paper on ' The Influence of the age of Parents on the vitality of their children '. He showed from a comparison of several

is the function of the majority of women in this world to bear children, this demand then made that these girls should marry—has had nothing unnatural about it; it has been the result of a natural law. But it brought with it the feeling that the girls must marry, no matter whether they wished to do so or not. It creates for them one ideal—marriage; it logically attached a stigma to the title of "Old Maid", and, with equal logic, made it not exactly disgraceful but certainly "a bad form" for a girl to do anything to support herself. To further intensify the latter feeling, the pressure of over-population played its part. In homely words there was not work enough for the boys and girls both, and the boys were believed to have the first claim on what there was. In return for this they were expected to support the half that did not work for the daily bread. Of course, in their homes and in the cares of their children, the women did their full share of the labour. But the fact remained that they were not allowed to work in any other way." "... In this country there is work for many times the population we have. In point of fact, it is the demand for labour, the demand for more hands and brains to do the work, that has opened all fields of industry in America to women. The enfranchisement of these women is due primarily to this demand. ... As a consequence the women of this country, having been enfranchised and being today at liberty to support themselves as their brothers may, it is but natural that this freedom should reflect itself in the marriage-statistics."

"Life is weakness, error, strife" ... the sinner's confession and repentance as under Christianity and

"पापोऽहं पापकर्माहं रक्ष मां परमेश्वर," etc.(6)

are significant. The Great Will alone can relieve one from bitter strife and error, and neither repentance nor suffering gives a life to that spirit that is sinking in this dung-hill mire of self-torturing frailties,

thousand cases that the proportion of deaths among children from weakly constitutions or maladies traceable to their mothers was twice as large among the children of mothers nearly 20 as among the children of mothers over 30. Investigation also showed that the healthiest offspring was born of mothers between 20 and 30, united to husbands between 30 and 40. Where either husband or wife was under 20, the offspring proved generally weakly; this being the case even in Hungary, where girls become women at the age of 13. It may be safely said that this evil does not exist in this country (America), at least to anything like the same extent, among the America-born women. The reason is plain; we have removed the necessity which exists among foreign girls of marrying in order to be supported; and although the girls here are practically free to marry when they please, the instinct of self-preservation has guarded them well. They feel, *when very young*, that they are not strong enough, and they instinctively or wisely wait until the time when they will be stronger. The remedy for the evil abroad would properly be to allow the girls to support themselves, to remove from them the reproach of not marrying, and then to trust to their instincts to guard the health of themselves and their off-spring. Unfortunately the remedy is one which time alone can bring to them."

Page 231—"As the majority of girls cease to grow after they are 17, it is from this age on that this storing up of the reserve strength which will enable them to undergo the physical strain of motherhood takes place. Consequently it is apparent that when a girl is married before the reserve has been gathered, she is called on to meet the physical strain without the necessary force. . . . The only career open to girls in European countries has been marriage. The father has supported his daughters until they have become women, and has then expected them to marry into homes of their own. As a matter of course, since it

ness have an end!". I cannot care for success and defeat. Cannot wait to be elated by the one and depressed by the other.

With these circumstances the retirement which I have been aspiring to seems to fly from me as far away as first the going up for, and then the passing at my LL.B. did in my younger days. And yet, and yet, I must strive to hasten it. I meant to retire at 42, and if possible at 40. There is no question of 40 with these circumstances. Retirement at 40 was conditioned on proper circumstances, and the condition is not at all likely to be fulfilled. I meant to retire at 42 at all events and to measure my wants to my means, whatever these latter turn out to be at the time. At, or about that age, I proposed to retire irrespective of any conditions as to my means. I wish to adhere to that proposal still, and my only question is as to the method of doing it. I must wait for some time until I solve it, though I firmly believe that my means will not have made much progress by that time. The only thing to be thought of as a matter of urgency is a House, which I have not anywhere in the world. The building of a house is an undertaking which always greatly exceeds your first estimates, and I am not prepared to spend more than 3,000, while the estimates already rise to that. My daughters are getting old, and the necessity of providing decent rooms for their conveniences under paternal roof cannot safely be deferred too long. I can no longer look to the good sense of mother as a safe guarantee to the preservation of my wife's and children's peace and conveniences. They have ceased to understand each other, and I think rightly, for in either case the cat has come out of the bag. Life is frail and is frailer in my case; and none but Providence will look after my wife's and children's want for a house after my death, and hence rises the idea of a parental Duty for me in the matter. But how to do that duty is a question of great difficulty.

and the "Shakti"[1] of the 'Upanishad'[2] that makes the Vayu,[3] Agni[4] and Indra[5] abashed at their powerlessness can alone come to our relief where our inspired "Purushártha"[6] fails. Refer to the note of the 26th ultimo.

Motilal M. Munshi says his expenses are not over 2,000 per annum. He has saved enough. I would have been rich, worth 50,000 or so, by this time if my expenses had been normal. But Parecchaprarabdha[7] which means the follies and rogueries of all that surround us, and Anicchaprarabdha[8] which means all the misfortunes of birth and being, of *vis major*, and much more: all these have combined to befool me, and to stew me into voluntary and involuntary draining of my purse, as of my body, and here I am at this age, near to 40, able to have no more than a poor 12,000, with the necessity of providing for a house and for marriages of my own and others' children and funerals of adults and old ones, and all kinds of nonsenses out of that 12,000 so as to turn this sum into a small part of its fraction. My life has been so far lived in vain, from a pecuniary standpoint, and with all that I have to spend for my sense of Duty, after buying books, publishing books, educating all under my charge, looking after their and my health, etc., etc.—Duties to self, family and country. And when I look to my body, and its foolish expenses and illnesses and non-exercise or inactivity, I seem to commit the great sin of living for a mind without a body—a body which I condemn to the galleys of penal servitude and much more. I have been for 20 years making a hard and yet ever-baffled, ever-vain struggle to keep up "its frail and feverish being". The struggle that lifts my mind does not much help my body. So the Will wills; and yet I mean to struggle against these things, with one upward wistful glance, crying, "Oh let my weak-

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[1] शक्ति. [2] उपनिषद्. [3] वायु. [4] अग्नि. [5] इन्द्र. [6] पुरुषार्थ. [7] परेच्छाप्रारब्ध. [8] अनिच्छाप्रारब्ध.

ness have an end!". I cannot care for success and defeat. Cannot wait to be elated by the one and depressed by the other.

With these circumstances the retirement which I have been aspiring to seems to fly from me as far away as first the going up for, and then the passing at my LL.B. did in my younger days. And yet, and yet, I must strive to hasten it. I meant to retire at 42, and if possible at 40. There is no question of 40 with these circumstances. Retirement at 40 was conditioned on proper circumstances, and the condition is not at all likely to be fulfilled. I meant to retire at 42 at all events and to measure my wants to my means, whatever these latter turn out to be at the time. At, or about that age, I proposed to retire irrespective of any conditions as to my means. I wish to adhere to that proposal still, and my only question is as to the method of doing it. I must wait for some time until I solve it, though I firmly believe that my means will not have made much progress by that time. The only thing to be thought of as a matter of urgency is a House, which I have not anywhere in the world. The building of a house is an undertaking which always greatly exceeds your first estimates, and I am not prepared to spend more than 3,000, while the estimates already rise to that. My daughters are getting old, and the necessity of providing decent rooms for their conveniences under paternal roof cannot safely be deferred too long. I can no longer look to the good sense of mother as a safe guarantee to the preservation of my wife's and children's peace and conveniences. They have ceased to understand each other, and I think rightly, for in either case the cat has come out of the bag. Life is frail and is frailer in my case; and none but Providence will look after my wife's and children's want for a house after my death, and hence rises the idea of a parental Duty for me in the matter. But how to do that duty is a question of great difficulty.

7th April, 1894.

Younger sister is just delivered of a daughter and gets some fever. Ramanik got measles some time ago and after-effects go on yet. Then Jayanti immediately got them. Now Jasu has been helplessly coughing. Father is again under rheumatic fits. Lilávati was badly wounded in a foot by a glass-bottle. Wife is not well too. Motishanker has got a chest-affection and coughs, etc., etc. Note the Samyoga.[1]

13th April, 1894.

4.30 p.m. I have just finished examining the District Pleaders' Examination Papers, and feel relieved from a great duty. The end of all Duties brings similar relief. If and when I am able to retire, after a proper season and in a proper way, I shall feel relief, same in kind and greater in intensity. The moment of death ought to bring the highest sense of the highest relief as a proper end and consummation of Life which simply means the Totality of our Period of Duty; Duty itself involving "weakness, error, strife." The relief from the pangs of these three ordeals during their existence, can be realised only by relieving ourselves from all ideas of Longings and active association of Pleasure and Pain, Reward and Punishment, etc.,—from all Dvaitism. Duty merging in consummation is the only way to be able to say

"भवाम्येव एको भवाम्येव शान्तः ॥" (7)

25th April, 1894.

Uncle remarked yesterday that our Society gave importance to women as the Mother, and in Europe to women as the Wife. We required each woman to wait for her happiness until she was mother and then

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[1] संयोग.

to have her turn. In Europe some women never become wives, and among us some never become mothers. My answer to the remark was a voice of dissent from this view of Goldsmith's "Balance of happiness is equal everywhere".

Ours is a patriarchal system of Society. The high sentiments of regard for the mater-familias [1] such as "First bow to your mother, and then to your Father" etc., are no doubt chivalrous to an extent, but this chivalry arises only in respect of the son's duties in ceremonial matters, and even the mater-familias was the chattel Kshetra [2] of the pater-familias as his wife. The story is cited in Manu's 'Hindu Law' of the Son who was angry to see his mother being carried away by another for using her as his wife and for begetting a son through her. The father told the son that this demand was sanctioned by usage as he had got his son through her, and that as his own want was over, he might, as a charitable friend, allow his neighbour to take away the woman on loan for begetting a son. The son is said to have revolted against the idea and worked a revolution in the law on the subject. But the story illustrates that even the mother was a slave and that the pater-familias was the only master. Nor is it true that the Hindu *alienus juris* was always a contented person. The thraldom must have been felt; and though the above son yielded to the father for the time his sense of filial duty did not enslave him to the extent of cooling his anger, for his anger ended in a social reform and law. The highest ideal of filial duty is the Ráma of Válmîki; but his creation of the ideal, if it may be looked upon as an example of the practice of the day, may equally be looked upon as an ideal raised to teach an erring world of reprobates and rebels against the authority of the pater-familias. In fact the ideal may point to the existence of a reverse practice which the author looked upon as wrong. It

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[1] मातृदेवो भव in the तैत्तिरीय ब्राह्मण. [2] क्षेत्र.

is also possible to conceive that the sage Válmíki wanted to draw the picture of a martyr to the then current oppressors of patriarchal rule, and that Ráma was intended to be an object of sympathy, and not an ideal for imitation, the sympathy being excited in order to create an antipathy against the patriarchal rule. Whatever view may be taken, it is clear that the author gives us ample evidence that even in that hoary age of his the patriarchal rule was not looked upon by the people with any ideal complacence or contentment. Kaikeyi, Kaushalyá and even the son Lakshmana who proposed to imprison and even kill the uxorious and unjust father of his family: these discover a mine of discontentment in the highest family of the State. There is no wonder that the system should be felt to be anachronistic in these days when the individual wants to rise to be the unit of society in the place of caste and family. The daughter-in-law naturally desires that she should have her liberties and rights, and wants to be a unit and not a mere fraction under the unit of society. In doing this she only tries to push a step forward and to claim for women the application of the principle already recognised as applicable to her husband when it was said

"प्राप्ते तु षोडशे वर्षे पुत्रं मित्रमिवाचरेत्।"(8)

If her husband is to have his emancipation at his sixteenth, there must be some year of adolescence for herself in the same way and for the same purpose. And it is not true as a point of actual practice that she gets this when she becomes a mother. In the first instance, it is not the daughter-in-law's maturity but the mother-in-law's death that emancipates the former, probably when she is old, and after all her youthful yearnings and motherly sentiments have been smothered and even violated until she has ceased to be young and has passed the stage of child-bearing age. The age, besides, is fast changing. The daughter-in-law's life and aspirations are a novelty to the

mother-in-law, and the most unusually tolerant mother-in-law cannot help pausing, if not shuddering, at the innovations and strides of the daughter-in-law. If the daughter-in-law is wise and virtuous, she will yield. But that will not alleviate the secret pangs of her soul and lessen her innermost discontent. The change is coming over the whole world, and in Europe even the daughter is revolting against her mother, as the daughter-in-law in India is revolting against her mother-in-law. The solution in both cases is the same. You have your liberties and allow me mine—*sic utero tuo ut alienum non laedas*—as the lawyers say: do your own work and do not inter-meddle with mine.—This is what I wrote in my notes of 24th November 1893. This is what they are pretty nigh doing in America. A cognate question is how far this is consistent with the Joint Family, and which of the two must yield, if the inconsistency is great.

Uncle listened to me in silence, probably opining that my views were the result of my personal experience.

The brightest side of the Joint Family is that, like caste, it is "*Protective*." The great distinction between tribal and territorial forms of Society lies in that whereas the tribal forms protect the tribe, the territorial ones protect the territory. Aristocracy, whether as among the Patricians of Rome or as among the rich men of Greece and America, is able to offer a strong impetus to the flame that fires the mind to rise above your neighbours in point of money and power, and sets up an universal agitation of competition to break through the monopolised points by emulation. The tribal forms hate both monopoly and aristocracy and aspire to put all people, except the Patriarch, on one common level of woes and weals. Territorialism spends its force in raising up Individualism; Tribalism revels in destroying Individualism. The subject of the former grows by attacking and displacing, and

has to bear the attacks and displacements which are given it in self-defence by others who are obliged by the instinct of self-preservation to help themselves in the war of reciprocal jostling.

Tribalism, whilst it suppresses Individualism and individuals, offers its whole strength to protect the integrity and existence of its system and members whom it feeds and clothes and saves from the inclemency of all elements outside the hearth. The earning sons and working matrons, the experienced elders and the strong-limbed youngsters, all contribute to an equal distribution, among the family, of the great or small results of their great or small powers without any distinction or "Pankti-Bheda"[1] as it is called and hissed out. The family as a whole takes care to find husbands and wives for daughters and sons, warns and saves the youthful members from the temptations and intrigues to which the intrusion and intercourse of unknown strangers exposes youths of either sex in Europe and America, and even of the Mahomedan faith. The whole family keeps a jealous watch over all individual vagaries or notions. At the same time this system carries within itself the elements of an Insurance Society built on affections and family ties, unviolated by the Lawyer's gaze and unwilling to introduce selfishness. Take for instance my own family. When my father's firm failed and he was a great and bankrupt debtor turned into a lunatic at the idea of his fall and of his inability to pay his great debts, where would the poor man have been if there had not been in all that darkness one gleam of light and hope in the idea that his son would assist him one day with heart and soul? There is my unfortunate elder sister, with children ever multiplying, with her own infirmities of body and mind: where would this girl and her poor children have been if it had not been allowed to me to contribute my poor mite to their

relief? Could I have left them in the cold, myself enjoying the warmth of my means? No, not for the world, so long as I was myself—a Hindu and not a European. True, I have suffered, lost and sacrificed for this course, and so has my poor wife. But I am not singular in that suffering. I can count numbers of friends who have suffered much more: Dr. Gokhale, Motibhái M. Girjáshanker, Maganbhái Lakhubhái, and several others. They and I have suffered. But the suffering was not in vain: it was a willing sacrifice for a noble and dear end—and the happiness and preservation of our dearest ones. Each of us had occasions to extricate ourselves from these our webs: but we have indignantly repelled the idea of such an extrication when it could not be affected except at the sacrifice of these dear ones. True, these dear ones are inconsiderate at one time, drones at another, troublesome here, expensive there, draining now and taxing all patience then. But there is a reward to our hearts in the very act of serving them and there was a great meaning in my training my wife to the sentiments which make her serve them at such sacrifice. True, there is no sense of gratefulness in these matters; but does not the expectations of gratefulness mar the beauty of the whole scene? True, we murmur and will murmur: but in spite of murmurs we do not like the idea of a severance which looks like a disruption of the oldest ties. We may be benefited by our people; we are not quite subjecting ourselves to a mere 'give' without any 'take'; those under our charge think they do their best to help us in their own ways, though we may think otherwise. It would break my heart to accuse them of shortcomings when they feel all the fatigue and the hard breath of the fast and long race which they try to run to the best of their old and untrained powers. I can mould them, move them, murmur at their sluggishness, but I can never abuse them for lagging behind when their legs feel the fatigue and their faces speak

exhaustion. The idea of my having done aught for them against my will and wish, the discovery of the very fact of my suffering agonies in the act of helping them to their idiosyncracies: these would break their hearts. Such is our Joint Family Tie, such is our Insurance, and such the love-borne secret of our protected Home and Family. One should pause and think a thousand times, know and study many things more, before an institution so holy and so invulnerable till now should be attacked. It is *the* point which would solve many an aspiration of Socialism. Can we find a conscience to treat it lightly? By all means, consider the other side of the case. By all means, attempt modifications and seasonable developments of even partitions in your own or other individual family. But, so far as the large society and nation of family goes, offer no quackery medicine to the ignorant masses that are protected by their own old, nature-selected, instinct-moulded ways of living, except by slow and well-judged alterations.

Thus though Philosophy of Consumption saves my heart from breaking, or even bending, in spite of all written to the contrary yesterday, the merit of the Joint Family is that it provides the fatherless with fathers, the motherless with mothers, the son-less with sons and the daughterless with daughters, paupers with maintenance, the homeless with homes, the sick with nurses and the decrepit and the old with the helping-hand to lean on for support, those exposed to the dangers of youth with moral support and advice and checks, the irreligious with religion and much more. It prevents and checks all untoward propensities, not only by its moral force and prestige, but also by lending to all its proceedings the weight of its inquisitional powers and indelible affection and of its all-searching detection and awful judgments. Socialism never went the length of aspiring to so much. The evils of the system are in some matters a natural outcome of its advantages: the meddlesome disposi-

tion, the jealous check of all progress and all liberties except in time-honoured ways, disregard of all sentimental grievances and at times even physical wrongs, the restraint of the exogamous instinct of the widow as of a dangerous overpassion for luxury, at the same time the anxious provision for the first marriages of all daughters as an indispensable necessity, the marriages of sons as a means to the continuity of the family: these and several other things are mixed blessings and mixed evils, for better and for worse. While the society, and even the nation, has received by these means both invulnerable protection and indestructible vitality, ever since the Aryans came to India, it is clear that the whole system is suffering a rude pressure from the aggressive influences which have developed themselves among territorial nations who now rule us. The tradition of social India has been "We neither invade others nor allow invasions by others upon us". This is a social force that repels both progress and retrogression as being of the nature of invasions. But the tradition now seems to give way; the force loses ground and ice-hard tribalism is giving way and melting under the severe warmth of territorialistic temperature. The conflict is and will be great and hard. The Transitional stage is full of writhings, agonies, uproars, agitations, upheavals, depressions, adversities and, in short, a powderless and none-the-less a true and actual war though a spiritual war with spiritual and physical results. Action and reaction roam and stride about in this vast battle-field, and cause desertions and oppositions in either ranks. I propose for myself to be patient and observing, and to see what will be best on the whole, to the whole, and in the end. To study this is a goal for me. Tribal India is heaved up to reach the folds of territorialism and the tribal dynamite of socialism like a concealed volcano working up its upward way to shake and explode the world in Europe with terrible earthquakes and shocks, is waiting only for its unknown destined

hour to secure this consummation which, if ever realised, will throw Europe back, far far back, into its archaic tribalism by a catastrophy in the geology of the human race. The wise Hindu will under the circumstances pause, observe, wait, study himself and others, and find out whether he is not better where he is, or whether he should move to a stage from which others are trying to recoil and to throw themselves into the abyss of anarchy as a relief. When we look to the evils of both, the question seems to be not what is better, but what is not worse. And with that question we could proceed, not under the stimulus of a ceaseless and restless aspiration, but in quest of a spot for retired contentment and of an hour for quiet breath. Can we say to our neighbours "Oh, leave us to ourselves, and meet us only for quiet talk and gossip, for peace and for fruition, and no more"?

MY TEMPER

My temper is generally calm and placid—a very happy thing. Occasionally it tends to be ruffled—occasions are not wanting for this in life. . . . But why any anger at all? Where is my Laputan Flapper at this moment? . . .

Well, I already begin to smile at the chirpings of these birds of passage on my ego-point! They are about to fly away—I think they fly away. They merge into the Invisible, and I am where I was before they came. So the Great Will wills. They come, they go, and "Time and the Hour run through the roughest day!"

तरति शोकमात्मविद्
तरति क्रोधमात्मविद्
तरति मोहमात्मविद्

GOVARDHANRAM
29-3-1892

NOTES : Vol. IV

P. 222—(1). (Whose) Wraths and favours both prove in vain.

P. 231—(2). One and alone is the vision of the Real, the Existent; one and alone is the beatitude of the Real.

P. 231—(3). It does not recur.

P. 235—(4). I am blessed, I am satisfied, nothing now remains to be known.

P. 253—(5). Your concern is with (the performance of) your duty, never with the fruits thereof.

P. 257—(6). I am sinful; I am doer of sinful deeds. Protect me O Great Lord!

P. 260—(7). Tranquil I am; tranquil I remain.

P. 262—(8). When he reaches the sixteenth year (of age) treat the son like a friend.

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